

Oceans Away

Elton John

I hung out with the old folks
In the hope that I'd get wise
I was trying to bridge the gap
Between the great divide

Hung on every recollection
In the theater of their eyes
Picking up on this and that
In the few that still survived

Call 'em up, n' dust 'em off, let 'em shine
The ones who hold onto the the ones
They had to leave behind
Those that flew and those that fell
The ones that had to stay
Beneath a little wooden cross oceans away

They bend like trees in winter
These shuffling old grey lions
Those snow-white stars still gather
Like the belt around Orion

Just to touch the faded lightning
Of their powerful design
Of a generation gathering
For maybe the last time

Call 'em up, n' dust 'em off, let 'em shine
The ones who hold onto the the ones
They had to leave behind
Those that flew and those that fell
The ones that had to stay
Beneath a little wooden cross oceans away

Oceans away
Where the green grass sways
And the cool wind blows
Across the shadow of their graves.
Shoulder to shoulder back in the day
Sleeping bones to rest in earth, oceans away

Call 'em up, n' dust 'em off, let 'em shine
The ones who hold onto the the ones
They had to leave behind
Those that flew and those that fell
The ones that had to stay
Beneath a little wooden cross oceans away