

# A Town Called Jubilee

Elton John

Lily pulled a horseshoe  
From a pile of junk  
Said "I'm gonna keep this good luck  
Piece of iron inside my trunk"  
The boy just whispered "Okay"  
And grabbed his old black dog  
As we piled on in and cut out  
Through that late November fog  
Oh yeah

Dull as a ploughshare  
Rustin' in the yard  
Old Cotton grinned  
And they waved goodbye  
While the auctioneers all played cards  
On every other Sunday  
I'd walk down to Moe's and back  
Eat a t-bone steak, watch a picture show  
For a dollar-and-a-half

C'mon little sister, get up off of my knee  
Gonna settle down someday  
In A Town Called Jubilee  
C'mon brother Jake, break on out and break free  
Gonna set things right  
And set up house  
In A Town Called Jubilee

That fire came out of nowhere  
Short of what I can tell  
Hand to hand we passed that bucket  
Up and down from the well  
Goin' to California  
Used to be what folks would say  
Down around these parts, if it was me  
I'd have hopped that West-bound stage

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One last Hallelujah  
A little less sympathy  
Lily and Jake, the old black dog  
A pinewood box, a rocking horse  
All gone to Jubilee

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