

## Passengers

Elton John

Deny the passenger, who want to get on  
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Want to get on  
He want to get on  
Want to get on  
He want to get on

To make a chain of fools  
You need a matching pair  
One hypocritical fool  
And a crowd that's never there  
There's anger in the silence  
There's wheels upon the jail  
A black train built of bones  
On a copper rail

Company conductor  
You need the salt of tears  
Falling on a ticket  
That no one's used in years  
Non-commercial native  
It's tattooed in your veins  
You're living in a blood bank  
And riding on this train

The spirit's free, but you always find  
Passengers stand and wait in line  
Someone in front and someone else behind  
But passengers always wait in line