

# Planes

Elton John

One, two, three, four  
Ooh, ooh, ooh

Oh Jessie, I'd like to be  
One of those men upon the screen  
With an elegant lady and a cafe in Paris  
Serving Pernot and Kalua with cream

You can see it I know  
All the doors have been closed in my face  
And the drinks at the Casbah  
Run a mile or more from this place

And oh Jessie, won't you look at the planes?  
Tell me, oh Jessie, is it true what they say  
There's a capital G in the name of the game?  
And the runway's a home for my silver red plane

And oh won't you look at the planes?  
Riding down the skyway  
Jessie, ain't those wings just fine?  
Don't it make you want to fly someday?

Ooh, ooh, ooh

Why friend, am I so still?  
Tied to my job, with time to kill  
Do I still bear the traces of Old Don Quixote?  
Tilting giants on imaginary hills

And oh Jessie, won't you look at the planes?  
Tell me, oh Jessie, is it true what they say  
There's a capital G in the name of the game?  
And the runway's a home for my silver red plane

And oh won't you look at the planes?  
Riding down the skyway  
Jessie, ain't those wings just fine?  
Don't it make you want to fly someday?

And oh won't you look at the planes?  
They're riding down the skyway  
Jessie, ain't those wings just fine?  
And don't it make you want to fly, oh, someday?

Ooh, ooh, ooh