

Tell Me When The Whistle Blows

Elton John

There's a dusty old gutter he's lying in now
He's blind and he's old
And there's a bottle that rolls down the road
Me I'm young and I'm so wild
And I still feel the need
Of your apron strings once in a while
For there's taxi cabs hooting
But I can't be foot-loose forever
My suitcase it's a cheap one
My darling she's a dear one
My head's feeling light as a feather

Take my ears and tell me when the whistle blows
Wake me up and tell me when the whistle blows
Long lost and lonely boy
You're just a black sheep going home
I want to feel your wheels of steel
Underneath my itching heels
Take my money
Tell me when the whistle blows

Part of me asked the young man for the time
With a cool vacant stare of undue concern
He said nine
It's not so bad but I really do love the land
And rather all this than those diamante lovers
In Hyde Park holding hands
Blowing heat through my fingers
Trying to kill off this cold
Will the street kids remember
Can I still shoot a fast cue
Has this country kid still got his soul