

# Town Of Plenty

Elton John

I'll say it again this is not my city  
I don't belong looking for a town of plenty  
There weren't these thieves  
We had some thing in common  
Goals to achieve  
We had some thing in common  
In a town of plenty

Can't you see it, this is not my writing  
I only asked if this was a town of plenty  
There were many archives  
We had no media  
Only art survived there  
Yeah we had no media  
In a town of plenty

And laid across the airstrip  
Were the passports and the luggage  
All that once remained  
Of a rugged individual  
And laid across the airstrip  
Were the passports and the luggage  
I came looking for a town of plenty

I'll say it again, this is not my city  
I only asked if this was a town of plenty  
There were many archives  
We had no media  
Only art survived there  
Yeah we had no media  
In a town of plenty