

ROCKET MAN

She packed my bags,
Last night pre-flight.
Zero hour-Nine A.M.
And I'm gonna be high,
As a kite by then.
I miss the earth so much,
I miss my wife.
It's lonely out in space,
On such a timeless flight.

And I think it's gonna be,
A long, long time
Till touchdown brings,
Me around again to find,
I'm not the man,
They think I am at home,
OH NO. I'm a ROCKET MAN.
ROCKET MAN,
Burning out his fuse up here alone.

Mars ain't the kind of place,
To raise your kids.
In fact — it's cold as hell.
And there's no one there,
To raise them if you did.
And all this science,
I don't understand.
It's just my job,
Five days a week.

A ROCKET MAN

A ROCKET MAN.

And I think it's gonna be,
A long, long time ...

Elton John/Bernie Taupin

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