

Elton John, Billy Bones And The White Bird

Take the wheel I hear the timbers creaking
Take the wheel I think this ship is sinking
Jamaica seems so far and I've been thinking
Old Billy Bones has gone to sea and quit his dockside drinking

Check it out, check it out, check it out

And when I'm dead who'll fly the White Bird home
I'm not the ancient mariner your children know
And the sea's the field these old jack tars have sown
'Cause Billy Bones just wants to know who'll fly the White Bird home

Oh your majesty, your majesty
I heard the bosun cry
Old Billy Bones has washed ashore
Upon a foreign tide