

# Elton John, Funeral For A Friend

The roses in the window box  
Have tilted to one side,  
Everything about this house  
Was born to grow and die.  
It doesn't seem a year ago  
To this very day  
You said I'm sorry honey,  
If I don't change the pace,  
I can't face another day.  
And love lies bleeding in my hand,  
It kills me to think of you with another man.  
I was playing rock-n-roll and you were just a fan,  
But my guitar couldn't hold you  
So I split the band.  
Love lies bleeding in my hands.  
I wonder if those changes  
Have left a scar on you,  
Like all the burning hoops of fire  
That you and I passed through.  
You're a bluebird on a telegraph line  
I hope you're happy now,  
Well if the wind of change comes down your way girl  
You'll make it back somehow.