

# Elton John, January

Must have been the right month  
Must have been a good time  
Must have counted every cloud in the sky that night  
Every single glass of wine

Must have learned some home truths  
Sitting in that cool grass  
Must have counted every blade in that emerald field  
Every shooting star that passed

Should have had a talk with God  
Sitting in the great unknown  
Watching all the lovers in the world get together  
Sitting in Heaven all alone

And we were love's knot after summer  
Tied together in the dead of winter  
Wrapped up with spring fever in the air  
Bound together in the autumn  
Every month means a little something  
But January is the month that cares

Must have kissed you 'till I hurt you  
Must have been a wild night  
Must have rolled in the ashes at the break of day  
Rag dolls in the morning light

Must have found a secret place  
Hiding in our own world  
Must have counted every smile on your sweet, sweet lips  
Every single sound we heard