

# Elton John, Mansfield

It's a case I guess of paradise lost  
Ten years back on the hands of the clock  
In that little house on Mansfield  
On your old block  
Sometimes the magic of the past is all we've got

Just you and me at a crossroads then  
Ain't it funny how we were old friends  
Accidentally thrown together  
Did we intend  
To be the romantic novel you never want to end

And it's the contact of the eye that meets across a crowded room  
And how I kind of wound up the lyrics to your tune  
You said, 'Funny but it feels like I've known you all my life  
And how it might feel to kiss you on the mouth tonight'

In between the Star of David and the California moon  
The Santa Ana winds blew warm into your room  
We were crazy, wild and running  
Blind to the change to come  
In that little house on Mansfield  
We'd wake at the break of dawn  
In an Indian summer gone

In the candlelight I can recall  
Your naked shadow looking ten feet tall  
Like a wild pony dancing  
Along the wall  
Off balance I found love the only place to fall