

# Elton John, Planes

Music by Elton John  
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

Oh Jessie I'd like to be  
One of those men upon the screen  
With an elegant lady and a cafe in Paris  
Serving Pernot and Kalua with cream

You can see it I know  
All the doors have been closed in my face  
And the drinks at the Casbah  
Run a mile or more from this place

And oh Jessie won't you look at the planes  
Tell me, oh Jessie, is it true what they  
That there's a capital G in the name of the game  
And the runway's a home for my silver-red plane

And won't you look at the planes  
Riding down the skyway  
Jessie ain't those wings just fine  
Don't it make you want to fly someday

Why friend am I so still  
Tied to my job with time to kill  
Do I still bear the traces of old Don Quixote  
Tilting giants on imaginary hills