

Elton John, Please

We've been crippled in love, short changed, hung out to dry
We've chalked on the walls a slogan or two about life
Stood dazed in the doorway, the king and queen of clowns
We've been flipped like a coin, both of us landing face-down

So please, please, let me grow old with you
After everything we've been through, what's left to prove
so please, please, please, oh please let me grow old with you

We've been living with sorrow, been up, down and all around
We've buried our feelings a little too deep in the ground
Stood dazed in the doorway, the king and queen of clowns
We've been flipped like a coin, both of us landing face-down

But tied to the same track, the two of us look back
At oncoming trains ahead
How many more times can we lay on the line
Watching our love hang by a thread