

Camile Velasco, Goodbye Yellow Brick Road

When are you gonna come down?
When are you going to land?

I'm not a present for your friends to open,
This boy's too young to be singing the blues.

So goodbye yellow brick road,
Where the dogs of society howl.
You can't plant me in your penthouse,
I'm going back to my plough.

Back to the howling old owl in the woods,
Hunting the horny back toad.
Oh I've finally decided my future lies
Beyond the yellow brick road

What do you think you'll do then?
I bet that'll shoot down your plane.
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics
To set you on your feet again

Maybe you'll get a replacement,
There's plenty like me to be found.
Mongrels, who ain't got a penny,
Sniffing for tit-bits like you on the ground

So goodbye yellow brick road,
Where the dogs of society howl.
You can't plant me in your penthouse,
I'm going back to my plough.

Back to the howling old owl in the woods