

# Elton John, Emily

The church bells ring out morning glory  
When summer bends to the winter's rage  
Emily walks through the cemetery  
Passed a dog in an unmarked grave  
The old girl hobbles, nylons sagging  
Talks to her sisters in the ground  
I saw a lie in the mirror this morning  
I heard a prophesy all around

And Emily they come and go  
The shadows and the distant sounds  
But Emily don't be afraid  
When the weight of angels weighs you down

Emily prays to a faded hero  
In a little frame clutched to her gown  
Hears the voice of promise in his memory  
Tonight's the night they let the ladder down  
In a cage sits a gold canary  
By a wicker chair and a rosewood loom  
As a soul ascends aboard the evening  
Canary sings to an empty room

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But Emily don't be afraid  
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