

Elton John, Latitude

Grey London morning, wet London streets
Rain on the window, wind in the trees
It's my time to write, it's your time to call
There's something about distance that gets to us all

Dark clouds above me, little people below
All walk with a purpose with someplace to go
It's my place to paint my own selfish scene
On this cold lonely canvas, it's just the weather and me

And latitude
Fold back the morning and bring on the night
There's an alien moon
That hangs between darkness and light
Latitude between me and you
You're a straight line of distance
A cold stretch of black across blue
Latitude

Cracks in the sidewalks, dogs on the run
An old poster reading "Give us your sons"
Window frames capture moments in time
But latitude captures the heart and the mind