

Elton John, Passengers

Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Want to get on
He want to get on
Want to get on
He want to get on

To make a chain of fools
You need a matching pair
One hypocritical fool
And a crowd that's never there
There's anger in the silence
There's wheels upon the jail
A black train built of bones
On a copper rail

Company conductor
You need the salt of tears
Falling on a ticket
That no one's used in years
Non-commercial native
It's tattooed in your veins
You're living in a blood bank
And riding on this train

The spirit's free, but you always find
Passengers stand and wait in line
Someone in front and someone else behind
But passengers always wait in line