

# Elton John, Tell Me When The Whistle Blows

There's a dusty old gutter he's lying in now  
He's blind and he's old  
And there's a bottle that rolls down the road  
Me I'm young and I'm so wild  
And I still feel the need  
Of your apron strings once in a while  
For there's taxi cabs hooting  
But I can't be foot-loose forever  
My suitcase it's a cheap one  
My darling she's a dear one  
My head's feeling light as a feather

Take my ears and tell me when the whistle blows  
Wake me up and tell me when the whistle blows  
Long lost and lonely boy  
you're just a black sheep going home  
I want to feel your wheels of steel  
Underneath my itching heels  
Take my money  
Tell me when the whistle blows

Part of me asked the young man for the time  
With a cool vacant stare of undue concern  
He said nine  
It's not so bad but I really do love the land  
And rather all this than those diamante lovers  
In Hyde Park holding hands  
Blowing heat through my fingers  
Trying to kill off this cold  
Will the street kids remember  
Can I still shoot a fast cue  
Has this country kid still got his soul