

Elton John, The North

Have you seen the North
That cold grey place
Don't want its shadow anymore
On my face
A man grows bitter
We're a bitter race
Some of us never get to see
A better place

In the Northern Skies
There was a steel cloud
It used to follow me around
But I don't see it now
There's a farm in the rain
And a little farmhouse
There were a young man's eyes
Looking south

The North was my mother
But I no longer need her
You trade your roots and your dust
For a face in the river

And a driven rain that washes you
To a different shore
There's a North in us all
But my North can't hold me anymore