

Elton John, There's Still Time For Me

Turn towards the neon night
And watch the spectre of the night time
Read the sign killing time
And they can't see me, they can't see
Synthetic sounds around the town
Moaning bus queues all alone
Trying to find their own way home
Some are young and some are grown

There's still time for me
With just a little help from you

There's still time for me
There's still time for me

The mist of the city has soaked through my clothes
The people who were there before were only there to gloat
Synthetic sounds around the town
Moaning bus queues all alone
Trying to find their own way home
Some are young and some are grown