

Elton John, Town Of Plenty

I'll say it again this is not my city
I don't belong looking for a town of plenty
There weren't these thieves
We had some thing in common
Goals to achieve
We had some thing in common
In a town of plenty

Can't you see it, this is not my writing
I only asked if this was a town of plenty
There were many archives
We had no media
Only art survived there
Yeah we had no media
In a town of plenty

And laid across the airstrip
Were the passports and the luggage
All that once remained
Of a rugged individual
And laid across the airstrip
Were the passports and the luggage
I came looking for a town of plenty

I'll say it again, this is not my city
I only asked if this was a town of plenty
There were many archives
We had no media
Only art survived there
Yeah we had no media
In a town of plenty