

# Elton John, Curtains

I used to know this old scarecrow  
He was my song, my joy and sorrow  
Cast alone between the furrows  
Of a field no longer sown by anyone

I held a dandelion  
That said the time had come  
To leave upon the wind  
Not to return  
When summer burned the earth again

Cultivate the freshest flower  
This garden ever grew  
Beneath these branches  
I once wrote such childish words for you

But that's okay  
There's treasure children always seek to find  
And just like us  
You must have had  
A once upon a time