

Elton John, High Flying Bird

You wore a little cross of gold around your neck
I saw it as you flew between my reason
Like a raven in the night time when you left
I wear a chain upon my wrist that bears no name
You touched it and you wore it
And you kept it in your pillow all the same

My high-flying bird has flown from out my arms
I thought myself her keeper
She thought I meant her harm
She thought I was the archer
A weather man of words
But I could never shoot down
My high-flying bird

The white walls of your dressing room are stained in scarlet red
You bled upon the cold stone like a young man
In the foreign field of death
Wouldn't it be wonderful is all I heard you say
You never closed your eyes at night and learned to love daylight
Instead you moved away