

# Elton John, Latitude

Grey London morning, wet London streets  
Rain on the window, wind in the trees  
It's my time to write, it's your time to call  
There's something about distance that gets to us all

Dark clouds above me, little people below  
All walk with a purpose with someplace to go  
It's my place to paint my own selfish scene  
On this cold lonely canvas, it's just the weather and me

And latitude  
Fold back the morning and bring on the night  
There's an alien moon  
That hangs between darkness and light  
Latitude between me and you  
You're a straight line of distance  
A cold stretch of black across blue  
Latitude

Cracks in the sidewalks, dogs on the run  
An old poster reading "Give us your sons"  
Window frames capture moments in time  
But latitude captures the heart and the mind