

Elton John, Oceans Away

I hung out with the old folks, in the hope that I'd get wise.
I was trying to bridge the gap, between the great divide.
Hung on every recollection, in the theater of their eyes
Picking up on this and that, in the few that still survive.

Call em up
Dust em off
Let em shine
The ones who hold onto the the ones, they had to leave behind
Those that flew, those that fell,
The ones that had to stay,
Beneath a little wooden cross
Oceans away

They bend like trees in winter, these shuffling old gray lions
Though snow white start to gather, like the belt around Orion.
Just a touch of faded lightning, of the powerful design,
Of the generation gathered, for maybe the last time.

Call em up
Dust em off
Let em shine
The ones who hold onto the the ones, they had to leave behind
Those that flew, those that fell,
The ones that had to stay,
Beneath a little wooden cross
Oceans away

Oceans away where the green grass sways and the cool wind blows across the shadow of their gra
shoulder to shoulder, back in the day, sleeping bones to rest in Earth
Oceans away
Oceans away

Call em up
Dust em off
Let em shine
The ones who hold onto the the ones, they had to leave behind
Those that flew, those that fell,
The ones that had to stay,
Beneath a little wooden cross
Oceans away