

# Elton John, Roy Rogers

Sometimes you dream  
Sometimes it seems  
There's nothing there at all  
You just seem older than yesterday  
And you're waiting for tomorrow to call

You draw to the curtains  
And one things for certain  
You're cozy in your little room  
The carpets all paid for god bless the TV  
Let them go shoot a hole in the moon

And Roy Rogers is riding tonight  
Returning to our silver screen  
Comic book characters never grow old  
Evergreen heroes whose stories are told  
Of a great sequined cowboy  
Who sings of the plains  
Of round-ups and rustlers and home on the range

Turn on the TV  
Shut out the lights  
Roy Rogers is riding tonight

9 o'clock mornings 5 o'clock evenings  
I'd liven the pace if I could  
Oh I'd rather have ham in my sandwich than cheese  
But complain' wouldn't do any good

Lay back in my armchair  
Close eyes and think clear  
I can hear hoof beats ahead  
Roy and Trigger have just hit the hilltop  
While the wife and the kids are in bed