

# Elton John, There's Still Time For Me

Turn towards the neon night  
And watch the spectre of the night time  
Read the sign    killing time  
And they can't see me, they can't see  
Synthetic sounds around the town  
Moaning bus queues all alone  
Trying to find their own way home  
Some are young and some are grown

There's still time for me  
With just a little help from you

There's still time for me  
There's still time for me

The mist of the city has soaked through my clothes  
The people who were there before were only there to gloat  
Synthetic sounds around the town  
Moaning bus queues all alone  
Trying to find their own way home  
Some are young and some are grown