

# Rocket Man – Elton John

She packed my bags last night, pre-flight  
Zero hour, nine a.m.

And I'm gonna be high as a kite by then  
I miss the earth so much, I miss my wife  
It's lonely out in space  
On such a timeless flight

And I think it's gonna be a long, long time  
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find  
I'm not the man they think I am at home  
Oh, no, no, no  
I'm a rocket man  
Rocket man  
Burning out his fuse up here alone

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Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your kids  
In fact, it's cold as hell  
And there's no one there to raise them if you did  
And all the science, I don't understand  
It's just my job five days a week  
A rocket man  
A rocket man

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Słowa: Bernie Taupin  
Muzyka: Elton John  
Rok wydania: 1972