

# Tell Me When The Whistle Blows

Elton John

There's a dusty old gutter he's lying in now and he's blind and he's old  
And there's a bottle that rolls down the road  
Me I'm young and I'm so wild  
And I still feel the need of your apron strings once in a while  
For there's taxi cabs hooting but I can't be foot-loose forever  
My suitcase it's a cheap one, my darling, she's a dear one  
My head's feeling light as a feather Take my ears and tell me when the whistle blows  
Wake me up and tell me when the whistle blows  
Long lost and lonely boy, you're just a black sheep going home  
I want to feel your wheels of steel underneath my itching heels  
Take my money, tell me when the whistle blows Part of me asked the young man for the time  
With a cool vacant stare of undue concern  
He said, "Nine" it's not so bad but I really do love the land  
And rather all this than those diamante lovers in Hyde Park holding hands  
Blowing heat through my fingers, trying to kill off this cold  
Will the street kids remember, can I still shoot a fast cue  
Has this country kid still got his soul Take my ears and tell me when the whistle blows  
Wake me up and tell me when the whistle blows  
Long lost and lonely boy, you're just a black sheep going home  
I want to feel your wheels of steel underneath my itching heels  
Take my money, tell me when the whistle blows  
Take my money, tell me when the whistle blows

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