Old '67

Elton John

Hey, how about this?
A little conversation tonight
Thinking aloud how we struggled to find
Our place in the dizzy heights
Don't often do this
We never really get the chance
Nearly froze to death on Oxford Street
Now we're sitting in the South of France
Talking through the evening
It's good to shoot the breeze
Just you and me on a balcony
And cicadas singing in the trees
Old '67, what a time it was
What a time of innocence, what a time we've lost
Raise a glass and have a laugh, have a laugh or two
Here's to old '67 and an older me and you
Sentimental twilight
Conversing on those virgin days
Laughing about how the two of us sound

Like a Tennessee Williams play
Honest, it's amazing
That we can get together at all
For in between the saddle and the grand piano
We can read the writing on the wall
Talking through the evening
Sitting here side by side
Just you and me on a balcony
It's a little bit funny this feeling inside
Old '67, what a time it was
What a time of innocence, what a time we've lost
Raise a glass and have a laugh, have a laugh or two
Here's to old '67 and an older me and you
Old '67, what a time it was
What a time of innocence, what a time we've lost
Raise a glass and have a laugh, have a laugh or two
Here's to old '67 and an older me and you
Here's to old '67 and an older me and you, yeah

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