

# Oceans Away

Elton John

I hung out with the old folks  
In the hope that I'd get wise  
I was trying to bridge the gap  
Between the great divide Hung on every recollection  
In the theater of their eyes  
Picking up on this and that  
In the few that still survived Call 'em up, n' dust 'em off, let 'em shine  
The ones who hold onto the the ones  
They had to leave behind  
Those that flew and those that fell  
The ones that had to stay  
Beneath a little wooden cross oceans away They bend like trees in winter  
These shuffling old grey lions  
Those snow-white stars still gather  
Like the belt around Orion Just to touch the faded lightning  
Of their powerful design  
Of a generation gathering  
For maybe the last time Call 'em up, n' dust 'em off, let 'em shine  
The ones who hold onto the the ones  
They had to leave behind  
Those that flew and those that fell  
The ones that had to stay  
Beneath a little wooden cross oceans away Oceans away, where the green grass sways  
And the cool wind blows  
Across the shadow of their graves.  
Shoulder to shoulder back in the day  
Sleeping bones to rest in earth, oceans away, oceans away Call 'em up, n' dust 'em off, let 'em shine  
The ones who hold onto the the ones  
They had to leave behind  
Those that flew and those that fell  
The ones that had to stay  
Beneath a little wooden cross oceans away

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