

# Billy Bones and the White Bird

**Elton John**

Take the wheel I hear the timbers creaking  
Take the wheel I think this ship is sinking  
Jamaica seems so far and I've been thinking  
Old Billy Bones has gone to sea and quit his dockside drinking  
Check it out, check it out, check it out  
And when I'm dead who'll fly the White Bird home  
I'm not the ancient mariner your children know  
And the sea's the field these old jack tars have sown  
`Cause Billy Bones just wants to know who'll fly the White Bird home  
Oh your majesty, your majesty  
I heard the boson cry  
Old Billy Bones has washed ashore  
Upon a foreign tide

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