

Mansfield

Elton John

It's a case I guess of paradise lost
Ten years back on the hands of the clock
In that little house on Mansfield on your old block
Sometimes the magic of the past is all we've got
Just you and me at a crossroads then
Ain't it funny how we were old friends
Accidentally thrown together
Did we intend to be the romantic novel you never want to end?
And it's the contact of the eye that meets across a
crowded room
And how I kind of wound up the lyrics to your tune
You said, "Funny but it feels like I've known you all my life
And how it might feel to kiss you on the mouth tonight"
In between the Star of David and the California moon
The Santa Ana winds blew warm into your room
We were crazy, wild and running, blind to the change to come
In that little house on Mansfield we'd wake at the break of dawn
In an Indian summer gone
In the candlelight I can recall
Your naked shadow looking ten feet tall
Like a wild pony dancing along the wall
Off balance I found love the only place to fall
And it's the contact of the eye that meets across a crowded room
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In an Indian summer gone
Wake at the break of dawn
In an Indian summer gone
At the break of dawn
At the break of dawn
At the break of dawn

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