

ROCKET MAN

(I Think It's Gonna Be A Long Long Time)

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Moderately slow, with a beat

She packed my bags last night pre-flight, Ze-ro hour Nine A. M.

And I'm gon-na be high as a kite by then. I miss the earth so much, I

miss my wife, it's lone-ly out in space on such a time less flight.

And I think it's gon-na be a long, long time till touch-down brings me round a-gain to find

I'm not the man they think I am at home, Oh no no no, I'm a Rock-et Man. Rock-et Man burn-ing out his fuse up here.

a-lone. Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your kids,

In fact it's cold as hell. And there's no one there to raise them if you did.

And all this sci-ence I don't un-der-stand. It's just my job five days a week.

A Rock-et Man, A Rock-et Man.

Repeat and Fade
And I think it's gon-na be a long, long time.

CODA
D.S. al Coda