

Red Elvises

"Rocket Man"

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Looking at Earth through telescope
My spaceship is clean, and I love my job.
Music of space crawls in my ear;
I'm dreaming of girls and six-pack of beer.

4... 3... 2... 1...

I am A ROCKET MAN!
Be-bop-a-lulah
I am A ROCKET MAN!
Sha-la-la-la-la
(Repeat)

Saturday night tastes just like Monday morning.
Nobody's here; I'm lonely and horny.
Voices of stars turning me on,
I want to have sex, it's time to fly home.

I am A ROCKET MAN!
Be-bop-a-lulah
I am A ROCKET MAN!
Sha-la-la-la-la
(Repeat)

(Guitar solo)

I am A ROCKET MAN!
Be-bop-a-lulah
I am A ROCKET MAN!
Sha-la-la-la-la

I am A ROCKET MAN!

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