

# Goodbye Yellow Brick Road (Elton John & Bernie Taupin, 1973) (A)

[Goodbye Yellow Brick Road](#) by Elton John (F @ 121) (1973)

**Intro** | A E | F#m F#m7 | D D D9 E7 | A |

**Bm7**            **D**                    **E7**    **A**                    **D**  
When are you gonna come down? When are you going to land?

**G**                                    **E7**                    **A**  
I should have stayed on the farm, should have listened to my old man.

**Bm7**            **D**                    **E**    **A**                    **D**  
You know you can't hold me for-ever. I didn't sign up with you.

**G**                                    **E**  
I'm not a present for your friends to open  
**A**                                    **Dm G C F Dm E**  
This boy's too young to be singing . . . The blues \_ Ah \_ Ah \_

## **Chorus**

**A**                                    **C#7**                    **D**                    **A**  
So goodbye yellow brick road. Where the dogs of society howl.

**F#7**                                    **Bm7**                    **E**                    **A E**  
You can't plant me in your penthouse. I'm going back to my plow.

**F#m**                                    **C#**                    **D**                    **F**  
Back to the howling old owl in the woods, hunting the horny back toad.

**G A E F#m F#m7**  
Oh I've finally de-cided my future lies  
**D E Dm G C F Dm E | A | A**  
Be-yond the yellow brick road . . . Ah . . . Ah . . .

**Bm7**            **D**                    **E7**    **A**                    **D**  
What do you think you'll do then? I bet they'll shoot down the plane.

**G**                                    **E7**                    **A**  
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics, to set you on your feet a-gain.

**Bm7**            **D**                    **E**                    **A**                    **D**  
Maybe you'll get a re-placement, there's plenty like me to be found.

**G**                                    **E**  
Mongrels who ain't got a penny  
**A**                                    **Dm G C F Dm E**  
Sniffing for tidbits like you on the ground \_ Ah \_ Ah \_ **Chorus**

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**Intro** | D A | Bm Bm7 | G G G9 A7 | D |

Em7 G A7 D G  
When are you gonna come down? When are you going to land?

C A7 D  
I should have stayed on the farm, should have listened to my old man.

Em7 G A D G  
You know you can't hold me for-ever. I didn't sign up with you.

C A  
I'm not a present for your friends to open  
D Gm C F Bb Gm A  
This boy's too young to be singing . . . Ah \_\_ Ah \_\_

## Chorus

D F#7 G D  
So goodbye yellow brick road. Where the dogs of society howl.

B7 Em7 A D A  
You can't plant me in your penthouse. I'm going back to my plow.

Bm F# G Bb  
Back to the howling old owl in the woods, hunting the horny back toad.

C D A Bm Bm7  
Oh I've finally de-cided my future lies  
G A Gm C F Bb Gm A | D | D  
Be-yond the yellow brick road . . . Ah \_\_ . Ah \_\_ .

Em7 G A7 D G  
What do you think you'll do then? I bet they'll shoot down the plane.

C A7 D  
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics, to set you on your feet a-gain.

Em7 G A D G  
Maybe you'll get a re-placement, there's plenty like me to be found.

C A  
Mongrels who ain't got a penny  
D Gm C F Bb Gm A  
Sniffing for tidbits like you on the ground \_\_ Ah \_\_ Ah \_\_ **Chorus**