



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

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

## Intro

| F C | Dm Dm7 | Bb Bb Bb9 C7 | F |

**Gm7** **Bb** **C7** **F** **Bb**  
When are you gonna come down? When are you going to land?

**Eb** **C7** **F**  
I should have stayed on the farm, should have listened to my old man.

**Gm7** **Bb** **C** **F** **Bb**  
You know you can't hold me for-ever. I didn't sign up with you.

**Eb** **C**  
I'm not a present for your friends to open

**F** **Bbm Eb Ab C# Bbm C**  
This boy's too young to be singing . . . The blues \_\_\_ Ah \_\_\_ Ah \_\_\_

## Chorus

**F** **A7** **Bb** **F**  
So goodbye yellow brick road. Where the dogs of society howl.

**D7** **Gm7** **C** **F C**  
You can't plant me in your penthouse. I'm going back to my plow.

**Dm** **A** **Bb** **C#**  
Back to the howling old owl in the woods, hunting the horny back toad.

**Eb F C Dm Dm7**  
Oh I've finally de-cided my future lies

**Bb C Bbm Eb Ab C# Bbm C | F | F**  
Be-yond the yellow brick road . \_\_\_ . Ah \_\_\_ . Ah \_\_\_.

**Gm7** **Bb** **C7** **F** **Bb**  
What do you think you'll do then? I bet they'll shoot down the plane.

**Eb** **C7** **F**  
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics, to set you on your feet a-gain.

**Gm7** **Bb** **C** **F** **Bb**  
Maybe you'll get a re-placement, there's plenty like me to be found.

**Eb** **C**  
Mongrels who ain't got a penny

**F** **Bbm Eb Ab C# Bbm C**  
Sniffing for tidbits like you on the ground \_\_ Ah \_\_ Ah \_\_ **Chorus**

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

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## Intro

| G D | Em Em7 | C C C9 D7 | G |

Am7 C D7 G C  
When are you gonna come down? When are you going to land?

F D7 G  
I should have stayed on the farm, should have listened to my old man.

Am7 C D G C  
You know you can't hold me for-ever. I didn't sign up with you.

F D  
I'm not a present for your friends to open  
G Cm F Bb Eb Cm D  
This boy's too young to be singing . . . The blues \_\_ Ah \_\_ Ah \_\_

## Chorus

G B7 C G  
So goodbye yellow brick road. Where the dogs of society howl.

E7 Am7 D G D  
You can't plant me in your penthouse. I'm going back to my plow.

Em B C Eb  
Back to the howling old owl in the woods, hunting the horny back toad.

F G D Em Em7  
Oh I've finally de-cided my future lies  
C D Cm F Bb Eb Cm D | G | G  
Be-yond the yellow brick road \_ . Ah \_ . Ah \_ .

Am7 C D7 G C  
What do you think you'll do then? I bet they'll shoot down the plane.

F D7 G  
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics, to set you on your feet a-gain.

Am7 C D G C  
Maybe you'll get a re-placement, there's plenty like me to be found.

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