Nikita

Words and Music by
ELTON JOHN and BERNIE TAUPIN

Moderately

1. Hey, Nik-ita, is it cold in your little corn-
2. Do you ev-er dream of me? Do you ev-er see the let-
ers

of the world? You could roll
That I write? When you look up through the wire,

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and never find a warmer soul to know.
Niki-a do you count the stars at night?

Oh, I saw you by the wall,
And if there comes a time.

Ten of your tin soldiers in a row;
guns and gates no longer hold you in,

with eyes that looked like ice on fire,
and if you're free to make a choice,
the human heart a captive in,
just look towards the west and find.

the snow, a friend.

Oh Niki-a, you will never know.
anything about my home. I'll never know how good it feels to
hold you.

Nikita, I need you so.

Oh Nikita, is the other side of any given
line in time counting ten tin soldiers in a row? Oh no, Nikita—you'll
Oh Nikita, you will never

Counting ten tin soldiers in a row.

Nikita. Counting ten tin soldiers in a