

# Queen Elvis

## Robyn Hitchcock

People get what they deserve  
Time is round, and space is curved  
Honey, have you got the nerve  
To be Queen Elvis?

See that man who mows his lawn  
He'll hang in drag before the dawn  
Some are made, and some are born  
To be Queen Elvis

It could break your mother's heart  
It could break your sister's heart  
Coming out's the hardest part  
When you're Queen Elvis

Justify your special ways  
Justify your special ways

Getting blow jobs from the press  
Oh, I'm jealous, can't you guess?  
I could never fit your dress  
Queen Elvis

Oh, and I'll sculpt you  
So very hard  
Oh, and I'll sculpt you  
Till you bleed

Everybody must get stoned  
All together, all alone  
Babbling beside the throne  
Of Queen Elvis

Justify your special ways  
Justify your special ways

Two mirrors make infinity  
In the mirror, you and me  
Find out just what love could be

Queen Elvis

Oh, and I'll sculpt you  
So very hard  
Oh, and I'll sculpt you  
Till you breathe

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Honey, have you got the nerve  
To be Queen Elvis?

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