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

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

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