

Elvis Is Dead

Living Colour

Tabloids scream
Elvis seen at a shopping mall
That's the kind of talk
That makes my stomach crawl
Picture a zombie Elvis
In a tacky white jump suit
Just imagine a rottin' Elvis
Shopping for fresh fruit
You can't 'cause
Elvis is dead
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When the King died
He was all alone
I heard that when he died
He was sittin' on his throne
Alas poor Elvis
They made us know you well
Now you dwell forever
In the heartbreak hotel
Elvis is dead
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Dead
Elvis was a hero to most
But that's beside the point
A blackman taught him how to sing
And then he was crowned King
The pelvis of Elvis

Too dangerous for the masses
They cleaned him up and sent him to Vegas
Now the masses are his slave
Slave?

Yes, slave
Even from the grave

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I've got a reason to believe
We all won't be received at Graceland
I've got a reason to believe
We all won't be received at Graceland
I've got a reason to believe
We all won't be received at Graceland
I've got a reason to believe
We all won't be received at Graceland

No, not you, my brother
'Cause

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