

Elvis Went To Hollywood

Counting Crows

November promises it seems,
Of broken February dreams
That don't come true
Until you remember me
I don't remember you.
Were you the one who liked to sing?
Or just some other one.
It's strange how hate remains and stays
The same and we're always changing. We are driving on the ceiling
There are aliens on motorcycles
Riding in the radio
While we destroy the world
I said, oh oh, oh no no
The news is read, the future's dead,
When Elvis went to Hollywood
That's when everything went wrong. So long goodbye,
It tastes of wedding cakes
And the sound of nursely rhymes
The ghosts of Roderick,
Of Alex Chilton, of Victor Frankenstein
The girl you always loved
The one you have no memory of
It's strange how hate remains
She prayed for rain on the invasion. We are driving on the ceiling
There are aliens on motorcycles
Hiding in the radio,
While we devour the world
I said oh oh, oh no no
The future said, the news is dead
When Elvis went to Hollywood
That's when everything went wrong. The god of Maine proclaims
The last evacuation of a dream
The gospel screams the sock of movie stars
And girly magazines
Spacemen too, from somewhere far away
You have to say it's strange we prayed in vain,
The rockets came and now we're fading. We are hiding on the ceiling
There are aliens on motorcycles
Riding from the radio, while they destroy the world.

I said oh oh, oh no no
The paper said, the King is dead
When Elvis went to Hollywood,
That's when everything went wrong.

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