

Elvis

Pat Green

A thick plush blue carpet at my feet
A peacock stained glass window staring back at me
A nine foot crushed white velvet sofa in the hallway
There's a TV in the kitchen
She's cooking in her panties
Flipping them little sandwiches likes she's flipping her hair
Sure is nice to have someone to hold me
I'm the king of kings you see
Everything you need
Baby, I'm Elvis
I got a hundred golden records in this one room
I got fifty golden knobs upon my door
I got one black twenty-five foot stretch Cadillac to drive you home
Downstairs there's a room in the basement
It's mostly made of yellow and black
Some folks call it the jungle
I just think it's a nice place to relax
Once a year they all come to see me
I watch them throwing flowers at my toes
There's a line that stretches down the driveway
Past my plane and ends at the gift shop

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>