

Elvis Song

Liz Phair

Everyone's talking 'bout Elvis
'Cause it seems like the thing that we do
Elvis is walking around listlessly
Seems he can't even die if he wanted to
It's a bad business to be in
You don't get thanked and you don't get paid
It's a hard world to be in with
And to end with, and to think about leaving behind
Exhuming the body in Memphis
Waiting five hours to get into Graceland
Is this anybody's idea
Of a good time or a good joke?
Airport biographies are usually true
Fame and fortune took its' toll
He's not the king of rock and roll anymore
He's just a junkie redneck
Pull a sheet over your head
Fold your arms across your chest
Lie back in bed
You can call folks constantly tomorrow
Oh, oh, everyone's talking 'bout Elvis
'Cause it seems like a thing that we do
Elvis is living too fat and slow now to care
What we say about him
Picking up hitchhiking Elvis's
Christening babies at the foot of his grave
He was watching TV and laughing to himself
He just had to tell someone how he did it
Elvis, be good to me
Elvis, be true
Elvis, I love you
Elvis, be true
Elvis, be near me
Elvis, be mine
Elvis, come back to me
Please, Elvis, be fine
Everything's coming up
Roses
Everything's coming up

Elvis
Everything's coming up
Roses
Everything's coming up
Elvis
Elvis
Elvis
Elvis, be true

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>