Body Electric

Erica Buettner

Elvis is my daddy, Marilyn?s my mother,
Jesus is my bestest friend.
We don?t need nobody, ?cause we got each other,
Or at least I pretend.
We get down every Friday night,
Dancing and grinding in the pale moonlight.
Grand Ole Opry, we're feeling alright,
Mary prays the rosary for my broken mind.
(She said don't worry 'bout it.)
I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric, baby.
I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric.
Sing that body electric,
Sing that body electric.
I?m on fire, sing that body electric.
Whitman is my daddy, Monaco?s my mother,
Diamonds are my bestest friend.
Heaven is my baby, suicide?s her father,
Opulence is the end.
We get down every Friday night,
Dancing and grinding in the pale moonlight.
Grand Ole Opry, we're feeling alright,
Mary prays the rosary for my broken mind.
(She said don't worry 'bout it.)

I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric, baby.
I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric.
Sing that body electric,
Sing that body electric.
I?m on fire, sing that body electric.
My clothes still smell like you,
And all the photographs say you're still young.
I pretend I?m not hurt,
And go about the world like I?m havin? fun.
We get crazy every Friday night,
Drop it like it?s hot in the pale moonlight.

Grand Ole Opry, feelin' alright,
Mary?s swayin? softly, to her heart's delight.
I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric, baby.
I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric.
Sing that body electric,
Sing that body electric.
I?m on fire, sing that body electric.
I sing the body electric, baby.
I sing the body electric, baby.
I sing the body electric, baby.

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