Prophet, Priest And King

Smalltown Poets

Put down my thoughts in a letter to the president
Penciled and packaged with all due respect
Elvis commemorative just for effect
Never heard back, you think you know a guyWired my congrats to Chuck and Di some time ago
All my love to the queen
My invitation was lost in the mail
But I know I was missed
When they kissed 'neath the veil
I sent a nice gift, never got a noteBut my closet's a shrine to and old friend of mine
Here i talk all the time with a prophet priest
I pull out boxes and brooms
And I gush like a groom
For it's here I commune with
A prophet, priest and kingIf I indeed am misperceived
By some heads of state, hey, that's great
'Cause I talk to a prophet who tells me the truth
And I dine with a king at my home in Duluth
Better yet I'm in touch with a much needed friend
Who hears my confessions and pardons my sin

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