

Al Stewart, Elvis At The Wheel

There's an independent bookstore
The last one that remains
All those others you might look for
Have been eaten by the chains
They soldier on
No one cleans the window panes
It was there I read the story
So strange it must be real
Of a car in Arizona
With Elvis at the wheel
He's looking up
The sky has something to reveal
It is the face of Josef Stalin
That is formed by drifting clouds
Above the sleeping Memphis mafia
And unsuspecting cows
This is a sign from God! It's plain
This is a sign that nothing he does for the rest of his life
Will be the same
It's a medieval moment
A religious episode
He is shaking in his footsteps
On the dusty desert road
His entourage are nervous
And subdued
How must it be to feel such passion?
To be caught up in the thrall
In some unfathomable fashion
Like a pink and black St. Paul?
Repeat chorus