

# 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