

Diane Cluck, You Are Like Elvis

viva
viva you
I appreciate king presley finally when I see you
and your dignity
as the carpet is jerked out from beneath you
you are like [[elvis]]
on his last legs
sweating through his jumpsuit
knowing he would be a goner
in a few days
but giving his all to the present presley audience anyways

viva
viva you and long live your boots
with the holes at the seams
that let water up through the soles when it rains
cos' no one is holding a spare pair for you

long life to you
and long live the fever
that's burning you clean
and long live the fade
of your ever worn jeans
cos' no one's holding a spare pair for you