

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