

Groovie Ghoulies, Graceland

Well, we took off like a sabre jet for Graceland one night.

Gonna raise The King; it'd be a hell of a fight.

To re-incarnate and re-animate his mortal remains.

What good is a king if he ain't got no brains?

As long as he can sing that song "Suspicious Minds" or the "Milkcow Blues Boogie"

Well, we took off like a sabre jet for Tennessee.

Pulled up to Graceland; pulled out my skeleton key.

Gonna find out where he's buried; gonna dig him up, and throw his remains on the back of the truck.

Perform some kind of voodoo-type ritual thing, and sit back and laugh while we watch him sing.

Well, his bones came to life and they moved pretty well,

but the rest of him was scattered 'tween heaven and hell.

Then he fell to the ground in a pile of white dust, kind of pointing the direction of Las Vegas.

There was a smell in the air like leather and sweat, and we took off for Nevada like a sabre jet.