

Hitchcock Robyn, Queen Elvis

People get what they deserve,
Time is round and space is curved.
Honey, have you got the nerve,
To be Queen Elvis?
See that man who mows his lawn,
He'll hang in drag before the dawn.
Some are made and some are born
To be Queen Elvis.
It could break your mothers heart,
It could break your sisters heart.
Coming out's the hardest part,
When you're Queen Elvis.
Justify your special ways,
Justify your special ways.
Getting blow-jobs from the press.
Oh, I'm jealous can't you guess?
I could never fit your dress,
Queen Elvis.
Oh and I'll sculpt you,
So very hard.
Oh and I'll sculpt you,
'til you bleed.
Everybody must get stoned,
All together all alone.
Babbling beside the throne,
Of Queen Elvis.
Justify your special ways,
Justify your special ways.
Two mirrors make infinity,
In the mirror you and me.
Find out just what love could be,
Queen Elvis.
Oh and I'll sculpt you,
So very hard.
Oh and I'll sculpt you,
'til you breath.
People get what they deserve,
Time is round and space is curved.
Honey, have you got the nerve,
To be Queen Elvis?