

# Holly Palmer, Oxblood 2x4s

When Elvis Presley died we were curious  
We all knew he was something  
If a bit mysterious

And your mom watched over you sleeping  
Down from the pages of a girlie magazine

I dragged my paisley suitcase  
Up all those hundred stairs  
She said my Hollyberry's always welcome here

And your daddy smashed up the Porsche  
And painted the alley with broken oxblood 2x4s for no reason

She used to date the king  
They probably did it and everything  
She doesn't walk too well since the stroke  
But she can sure tell a dirty joke

And your mom watched over you sleeping  
Down from the pages of a girlie magazine  
And your daddy smashed up the Porsche  
And painted the alley