

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