

# Lemon Demon, Elvis Porn

Tiptoeed up the stairs, climbed into the attic  
Opened up my Grandma's trunk; well, isn't this dramatic?  
What could be inside? I could almost squeal  
With delight as I pulled out an ancient, dusty reel

There was a label on the side reading E.A.P.  
I wondered to myself, what could this be?  
I dashed to my projector with excitement in my eyes  
But as the footage rolled it rather took me by surprise

&lt;i&gt;Cause Elvis Porn is what I viewed  
There he was, completely in the nude  
Strumming his guitar, quivering his lips  
Singing in the microphone and shaking his hips  
Oh, Elvis Porn, holy guacamole  
The big fat buck naked king of rock and roll,  
He was devoid of any clothes, with his naughty bits exposed  
Oh, what a sight, that Elvis Porn&lt;/i&gt;

What the hell, I thought, this is rather odd  
I thought of where I found it, and I shouted, oh my god!  
Where did Grandma get this footage of the King?  
Why the hell would sweet old Granny have this awful thing?

&lt;i&gt;(Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis!)&lt;/i&gt;

So I confronted her with the footage I'd found  
She didn't seem to recognize it, so I wound  
The film in the projector and gave it a spin  
She keeled over dead with a big fat grin

&lt;i&gt;Cause Elvis Porn is what she viewed  
There he was, completely in the nude  
Strumming his guitar, quivering his lips  
Singing in the microphone and shaking his hips  
Oh, Elvis Porn, holy guacamole  
The big fat buck naked king of rock and roll,  
He was devoid of any clothes, with his naughty bits exposed  
No blue suede shoes covering up his little toes,  
No white jumpsuit, and nobody knows  
The tale behind this Elvis Porn

(Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis!!!)&lt;/i&gt;