Splashdown, Elvis Sunday

What's that you say?
I've fallen into rewind and hit replay.
Under the maple shade, unafraid
Back on 317 Beckwith Street again.
Our only one crusade,
To build a fortress so we could hide away.

My home
Had to leave behind
Didn't like the change so I'd kick and cry
Never liked the changed, had to leave behind
'Cause that decision was never mine,
Never mine

I'll still kick and cry.
Yeah, I'm still kicking and crying, yeah
Guess I'm still kicking and crying when it comes to
Good-bye.

What's that you said?
I'm still poking around the neighbors' hedge
Under the window ledge, someone said,
"Hold her hand when you near the driveway's edge."
Our only one crusade,
We never did get to build our hideaway.

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