

# Treaty Of Paris, Elvis Lives

Your excuses are useless  
Yeah your bad name confuses the situation  
When your actions speak louder than the words that ruined  
The reputation you're trying to hold on to.

Whoa, whoa.  
Tell me, tell me  
Tell me what it is (Tell me what is is)  
Tell me, tell me  
Elvis isn't dead (Hell no, yes he is)  
Tell me, tell me.  
Tell me what is is.  
'Cause someone has to be the king again.

And you can't seem to break free  
From having the same bad dream  
And it keeps repeating (keeps repeating)  
You're reminded of the life you had before you lef it all  
For fame and fortune on the cover  
Of a magazine.

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Something has to give  
Is this how it's always been?  
What did we lose  
Forgetting who we are?  
Something has to give  
So tell me what it is  
We're making fools think they're so goddamn special.

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