

Elvis And I

Denis Leary

(Hey tell the colonel he can kiss my ass.
sniffs Mmm, I smell bacon. Elvis is in the kitchen.)

Elvis and I order Domino's Pizza with extra cheese.
Suckin' down Formula 44D.
Elvis and I put on diapers and extra sheer pantyhose.
We never argue or overdose.

He says, "Do I look fat to you?"
I say, "No King, it's not true.
You just have very big bones."
And then he fires his .44 into the television.

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Elvis and I put on big belts and drive down to Burger
King
(lemme get a big ol' bag of them shiny FBI things.)
He lets me croon and I let him steer
(When I see that Kurt Russell, I'm gonna kick his ass.)
Elvis and I fry up demorol tablets and bacon grease
(Isn't that the biggest belt I've ever seen, I'll take
another one, ah look at these sideburns...)
Torkin' down microwave tacos and beer
(Eh, I'll give you a karate chop and you ain't never
gonna get up man there, it'll keep you down...)

He says, "I don't wanna be on no stamp man."
I say, "King, I understand."
He says, "My mama should be on that stamp man."
And then he fires his .44 into the television
(I am the King, man I am the King. Yeah, don't mess
with me man, cause I am the King, I'll tell you right
now man...)

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(Yeah, I'd like to make an order for delivery. Yeah,
this is Elvis. King.
Yeah, gimme a big ol' bucket of Kentucky Fried
Chicken, extra crispy, extra greasy.
Uhh, a pan of mashed potatoes, gravy. No skimpin' on
cole slaw this time.
Yeah, gimme some of them little hush puppies, ooh I
love them hush puppies.
Throw in some bacon cheeseburgers with everything on
it.
And maybe a peanut butter and nanner sandwich and a big
bag of chips.
And a pound sauce, and half a pound of dexies.
A big ol' stack of silver dollar pancakes.

Maybe a six-pack of Formula 44D. Put nickels on the bottles, will ya?)

Elvis and I chop up onions and methamphetamines
We cook 'em up with some peanut butter and cheese
Elvis and I call up Cadillac dealerships all night long
(Gimme twenty lime-green El Dorados with leopard interiors...)
Suckin' down Ny Quil stingers and cheese
(...and twenty sky blue cool DeVilles, uh, and how 'bout one of them big ol' Fleetwoods, yeah with a lacquer-beech steering wheel...)

He says, "What the hell's Lisa Marie thinking,
With that Michael Jackson crap?
She should have married Janet
or LaToya or Tito or even Mahalia Jackson."
(My boys, my boys, maybe come on down to my beach house, we're gonna have a clam bake baby!)

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(Now, uh I almost forgot to order dessert, yeah send up a box of Nutty Buddies, and a big ol' pumpkin pie. Maybe a chocolate cake, too. Uh, how 'bout a big bag of donuts, some of them little chocolate donuts, them little ones I like.
The donut munchkins, I like the munchkins with the powdered sugar all over 'em. Yeah, how 'bout a big ice cream sundae
with the nanners, nuts and, uh, sprinkles, yeah get a bunch of sprinkles all over it.
Yeah maybe some of them chicken-fried apple-pie hot dogs, or something like that, yeah yeah. I assume it's supposed to be, supposed to be *ramble* plus tax.
Mama, where are you mama?
Red? Anybody seen Red?
Joe? Joe Esposito, is that you?
Hey? Mama? Burn? Jesse Garon?
Can you hear me? Jesse? Jesse Garon?)