

Elvis Is Dead

Living Colour

Tabloids scream
Elvis seen at a shopping mall
That's the kind of talk
That makes my stomach crawl

Picture a zombie Elvis
In a tacky white jump suit
Just imagine a rotting Elvis
Shopping for fresh fruit

You can't 'cause

Elvis is dead
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When the king died
He was all alone
I heard that when he died
He was sitting on his throne

Alas poor Elvis
They made us know you well
Now you dwell forever
In the Heartbreak Hotel

Elvis was a hero to most
But that's beside the point
A Black man taught him how to sing
And then he was crowned king

The pelvis of Elvis
Too dangerous for the masses

They cleaned him up and sent him to Vegas
Now the masses are his slave
Slave? Slave
Yes, even from the grave

Elvis is dead

I've got a reason to believe
We all won't be received at Graceland
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