

Elvis

Pat Green

A thick plush blue carpet at my feet
A peacock stained glass window
Starin' back at me
A nine foot crushed white velvet
Sofa in the hallway

There's a TV in the kitchen
She's cookin' in her panties
Flippin' them little sandwiches
Like she's flippin' her hair
Sure is nice to have someone to hold me

Well I'm the King of kings you see
Now everything you need
Baby, I'm Elvis
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)
Woo

Hahaha
(Baby)
I got a hundred golden records in this one room
I got fifty golden knobs upon my door
I got one black twenty five foot stretch Cadillac
To drive you home, drive you home

Well downstairs there's a room in the basement
(Ahh haa)
It's mostly made of yellow and black
Some folks call it the jungle
I just think it's a nice place to relax
(Haa)

But I'm the King of kings you see
Now everything you need
Baby, I'm Elvis
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)

Once a year they all come to see me
I watch them throwin' flowers at my toes
There's a line that stretches down the driveway
Past my plane and ends at the gift shop
Woo ooo

But I'm the King of kings you see
Now everything you need
Baby, I'm Elvis
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)

But I'm the King of kings you see
Now everything you need
Baby, I'm Elvis
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)
(Baby, baby, I'm Elvis)
Baby, baby, I'm Elvis

Baby, baby, I'm Elvis