

I Can See Elvis

The Waterboys

I can see Elvis
Skinny like he was back in '57
Razor quiffed and leather squeezed
Sideburns flickering in the breeze
That blows across the veils of heaven

I can see Elvis
Throned like a king astride a golden Harley
Smoking a reefer he just rolled
Full of Acapulco Gold
With Hendrix, Dean and Marley.

I can see Elvis
Prowling like a cat across a funky bandstand
Keith Moon behind him banging drums
Charlie Parker all thumbs
John Lennon doing handstands

I can see Elvis
Talking philosophy and law with Joan of Arc and Plato
Quizzing Shakespeare on his plays
Showing Crazy Horse and Marvin Gaye
How to dance the mashed potato

I can see Elvis
High and low and high and low and high he's hunting
Looking for a special prey
Who only just arrived up here today
Break out the bunting

I can see Elvis
He's writing songs for Donald
In a little leather journal
And he revolved the words he wrote

"I'm gonna slit the throat of that skinflint the Colonel!"

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Elvis!
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