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ELVIS'N'ME

Drivin' through Memphis on a hot sticky mornin'
The air clung like the smell of a ten-cent cigar
Me and the boys in our flash rented Chevy
Went drivin' along The King's boulevard
Our destination Graceland
On a pilgrimage long overdue
We bought our tickets from Mandy who called us all "Honey"
Then we took our place in the queue

Chorus:

There were people from England from France and Japan
There were Germans and Swedes and the boys in the band
A displaced Texan cowboy from Nashville Tennessee
And me – and me

So we all wandered through that Seventies time warp
The tourists, the curious and the loyal ageing fans
Through the house where he'd spent his happiest hours
Each one trying to get some sense of the man
We saw his costumes, guitars and gold records
His photographs and his souvenirs
And stood by his graveside, awkward and silent
As some people prayed and shed tears

Chorus:

And each of us there, pilgrim or Pharisee
We saw in Graceland what we wanted to see
A shrine or a circus, a tomb or a throne
I saw a home – I saw a home

We drove out of Memphis, we were headin' for Texas
Left Graceland and some old memories behind
For I couldn't help thinking as we went drivin'
Of a boy I once knew from a far-away time
Who saw his whole life as a prison
And the only release that he knew
Was when Elvis was singin', and the boy would start dreamin'
As on the wings of the songs his heart flew

Chorus:

They were moments of magic I remember them still
They live deep in my heart and they always will
Time cannot erase all the fond memories
Of Elvis and me – Elvis and me