

Was (Not Was) "Elvis' Rolls Royce"

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Well I saw a crowd a-gathered
Must've been somebody shot
Reporters scribbled shorthand
And photographed the spot
I moved in a little closer
But I couldn't see no blood
Just a gold-plated chariot
Arisin' from the mud
Then I heard a soulful murmur
And it sounded like his voice
It began to sing, it was the King
It was Elvis' Rolls Royce
Now the wood-grained bar was open
Like he was about to have a drink
A white-gloved chauffeur at the wheel
I never saw him blink
The bobbies looked indifferent
Clearly they were not amused
It was just another auction piece
And it didn't matter whose
D-Day was upon me
And I had to make a choice
Next thing I know
I'm at the wheel of Elvis' Rolls Royce
Well I made a left at Parliament
And hit the pedal hard
And I tipped my hat and I smiled
As I passed by Scotland Yard
Now the voice is talkin' to me
It says "There's nothing to fear"
It was coming from the back seat
But there was no one in the mirror
I got a little nervous
I think I lost my poise
As we crossed the great Atlantic
In Elvis' Rolls Royce
When we got to New York City
The crowds went wild to say the least
As I steered my precious cargo
Through the belly of the beast
Then I took off down the Interstate
And drove throughout the night

Till I reached the state of Tennessee
In the early morning light
There they were, the gates of Graceland
My eyes got kind of moist
Home sweet home to rock'n'roll
And Elvis' Rolls Royce

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