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Living Colour "Elvis Is Dead"

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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 rottin' Elvis Shopping for fresh fruit

You can't 'cause

Elvis is dead

When the King died He was all alone I heard that when he died He was sittin' on his throne Alas poor Elvis They made us know you well Now you dwell forever In the heartbreak hotel

Elvis is dead

Dead

Elvis was a hero to most But that's beside the point A blackman 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? Yes, slave Even from the grave

Elvis is dead Elvis is dead

Elvis is dead

I've got a reason to believe We all won't be received at Graceland I've got a reason to believe We all won't be received at Graceland I've got a reason to believe We all won't be received at Graceland I've got a reason to believe We all won't be received at Graceland No, not you, my brother

'Cause

Elvis is dead

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