

Loudon Wainwright "Happy Birthday Elvis"

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Happy birthday, Elvis;
You're not really dead.
It's a lie, it's just a crock,
Something some people said.
I heard a cassette of you speaking
On a telephone;
From a bunker beneath Graceland,
The king sits on his throne.

Happy birthday, Elvis;
Fifty-eight years old today.
It isn't true, you didn't die,
No matter what they say.
The colonel just decided
You should drop out of sight
After the Bicentennial--
The timing was just right.

(Bridge:)
Happy birthday, Elvis;
You're alive in '93.
They took away the body,
But who the hell was he?
Who was that tall fat man
They buried in your place?
Just another imitator;
Plastic surgeons did his face.

Happy birthday, Elvis;
You still love to ball.
Somebody said she spotted you
In a Memphis mall.
Check out the checkout counters;
Read what the tabloids say:
Aliens abducted you,
But somehow you got away.

Happy birthday, Elvis;
I for one will not shed tears.
You'll be back for the millennium;
That's in seven measly years.

And if you're blue and lonely,
Pick up that telephone,
Down in that bunker beneath Graceland,
The king sits on his throne.

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