

Treaty Of Paris "Elvis Lives"

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Your excuses are useless
Yeah your bad name confuses the situation
When your actions speak louder than the words that
ruined
The reputation you're trying to hold on to.

Whoa, whoa.
Tell me, tell me
Tell me what it is (Tell me what is is)
Tell me, tell me
Elvis isn't dead (Hell no, yes he is)
Tell me, tell me.
Tell me what is is.
'Cause someone has to be the king again.

And you can't seem to break free
From having the same bad dream
And it keeps repeating (keeps repeating)
You're reminded of the life you had before you lef it all
For fame and fortune on the cover
Of a magazine.

Whoa, whoa.
Tell me, tell me
Tell me what it is (Tell me what is is)
Tell me, tell me
Elvis isn't dead (Hell no, yes he is)
Tell me, tell me.
Tell me what is is.
'Cause someone has to be the king again.

Something has to give
Is this how it's always been?
What did we lose
Forgetting who we are?
Something has to give
So tell me what it is
We're making fools think they're so goddamn special.

Tell me, tell me
Tell me what it is (Tell me what is is)
Tell me, tell me

Elvis isn't dead (Hell no, yes he is)
Tell me, tell me.
Tell me what is is.
'Cause someone has to be the king again

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