

Zodiac Mindwarp "Elvis Died For You"

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Elvis went to heaven babe,
died for all our sins,
the son of God its his killer flares,
sunglasses and sequins.
Well I believe there's poetry in the soul of every man,
in FI-ll fighters and Roberto Duran,
there's poetry in the leather that he wears like big mack
trunks,
theres poetry in the little pictures drawn on a million
bucks.
NAH NAH NA NA GOD AIN T
IN HIS HEAVEN NAH
NAH NA NA HES WEARING BLUE SUEDE SHOES
NAH NAH NA NA GOD AIN'T IN HIS HEAVEN
NAH NAH NA NA AND ELVIS DIED FOR YOU.
There's poetry on the air babe,
sliding across the sky,
surfs right down on a radio wave and into my Hi Fi.
I believe there's poetry locked right up inside my skin,

tigers caged in the quantum zone and I here them
sing.
Poetry howls like Ginsberg and raw plutonium,
everything is holy,
even the nuclear bomb.
NAH NAH NA NA GOD AIN'T IN HIS HEAVEN
NAH NAH NA NA HE'S WEARING BLUE SUEDE SHOES
NAH NAH NA NA GOD AIN'T IN HIS HEAVEN
NAH NAH NA NA AND ELVIS DIED FOR YOU.
Poetry's under pressure sealed in an aerosol can,
splattered all around on the ghetto walls and the skid
row
Ma-Khayam's poetry dances on TV spins in the VCR.
Poetry's made in Scotland, they sell it behind the bar.....
the presence of the divine in the mundane, kind of .

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