

Velvet Presley

The Wildhearts

Velvet Presley lives in a hole
No one can stop those neighbours talking
Velvet Presley rock and roll
Thinking he looks like Christopher Walken
Listen and he'll tell you
Of the time when it was leaving
'cos you never really had it that tough

And he's slick and he's beautiful
And he's the bastard son of a plastic gun
And no one dared tell where to stop, no
No one dared tell him where to stop, no
No one dared tell him where to stop, no

Velvet Presley filling his cup
A bottle a day without really trying
Velvet Presley living it up
Just as the conversation's dying
Teach you how to fake it
And the drug you should be taking
'cos you wouldn't wanna argue with the King

And he's slick
And he's beautiful
And he's more than wonderful, he's two-derful
And no one dared tell him where to stop, no
No one dared tell him where to stop, no
No one dared tell him where to stop, yeah

Velvet Presley where did you go?
I ended up under the pillow

And he's sick
But he's beautiful
He's inscrutable
And no one dared tell him where to stop, no
No one dared tell him where to stop, no
No one dared tell him where to stop, no
No one dared tell him where to stop, no

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah