

Lemon Demon, Elvis Porn

Tiptoeed up the stairs, climbed into the attic
Opened up my Grandma's trunk; well, isn't this dramatic?
What could be inside? I could almost squeal
With delight as I pulled out an ancient, dusty reel

There was a label on the side reading E.A.P.
I wondered to myself, what could this be?
I dashed to my projector with excitement in my eyes
But as the footage rolled it rather took me by surprise

<i>Cause Elvis Porn is what I viewed
There he was, completely in the nude
Strumming his guitar, quivering his lips
Singing in the microphone and shaking his hips
Oh, Elvis Porn, holy guacamole
The big fat buck naked king of rock and roll,
He was devoid of any clothes, with his naughty bits exposed
Oh, what a sight, that Elvis Porn</i>

What the hell, I thought, this is rather odd
I thought of where I found it, and I shouted, oh my god!
Where did Grandma get this footage of the King?
Why the hell would sweet old Granny have this awful thing?

<i>(Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis!)</i>

So I confronted her with the footage I'd found
She didn't seem to recognize it, so I wound
The film in the projector and gave it a spin
She keeled over dead with a big fat grin

<i>Cause Elvis Porn is what she viewed
There he was, completely in the nude
Strumming his guitar, quivering his lips
Singing in the microphone and shaking his hips
Oh, Elvis Porn, holy guacamole
The big fat buck naked king of rock and roll,
He was devoid of any clothes, with his naughty bits exposed
No blue suede shoes covering up his little toes,
No white jumpsuit, and nobody knows
The tale behind this Elvis Porn

(Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis!!!)</i>