

Neil Young, He Was The King

(Okay, we're gonna start with a... Uh...
Start with an F. Just ride in on the F.
Maybe that's a good way to start.
Or maybe the D. Whaddya think, Ben?
- Uh, the F sounds good...
- Just like a...)

The last time I saw Elvis
He was shooting at a colour TV
The phones were ringing in the pink motel
And the rest is history
He was the King

The last time I saw Elvis
He was singing a gospel song
You could tell he had the feeling
And the whole world sang along
He was the King

The last time I saw Elvis
He was up on the silver screen
Pushing a plough in a black and white movie
And everybody started to scream
Yes, he was the King

The last time I saw Elvis
It was some kind of Vegas dream
Spotlights flashed on a silver cape
And a blue-haired lady screamed
He was the King

The last time I saw Elvis
He was fronting a three-piece band
Rocking on the back of a flatbed truck
With an old guitar in his hand
He was the King

The last time I saw Elvis

The last time I saw Elvis
He was riding in a pink Cadillac
Wind was blowing through his hair
And he never did look back
He was the King

Thank you very much

The last time I saw Elvis
He was singing that gospel song
You could tell that he had the feeling
And the whole world sang along
He was the King

He was the King
He was the King

(- Elvis has left the arena
- But he was rocking while he was getting out.
- Oh, man, you blew me right outta my seat when you said,
"Thank you very much." I almost stopped playing!
- "Thank you very much." etc.)