

## Last Elvis

Pond

The last Elvis in Madison square  
Billboards sparkle off his liquorice hair  
Last year's papers blow 'round his flairs  
At his cassette's crescendo, he kicks at the air  
No one's clapping, so he whips 'round his crotch  
Hearing only an echo saying, "Thank you very much"

The last Elvis sleeps 'neath the stars  
Scans the sky for father from his burnt-out car  
Sweet David Beckham, the facsimile  
Curls 'round his shoulder, purring, "At last we are free"

Goodbye to Peckham Rye and Hackney Downs  
The bridges to my future are burning down  
Goodbye to summers passed in Highland Park  
The innocence of summer nights is dead at last

Then there's only one more tradesman in the triangle of gold  
Clings to his body with the nails of his soul  
The extension's new but the money's old  
The plasterers don't come, the smoko never ends and the house i  
s never sold

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