

Knockoff Elvis

Young Rising Sons

I'm no different than a counterfeit
Torn up 2 dollar bill
Like a royal flush that's been draining my love
I'm still chasing a thrill
If you're counting my cards I'm not showing my hand
But your eyes are so soft and their drawing me in
I been building you up
You've been breaking me out
We been spinning the wheel
Until it breaks down

But I could be your Elvis for the night
Yeah you could dress me up just right
I'll do a real nice impression
But deep down I'm just guessing
In a cheap suit rolling dice
Dancing to a devil in disguise
I'll still be counting my lucky sevens
Yeah I'll be your knockoff Elvis

You're a red roulette I'm a cigarette
And you're burning me out
So I'll just pretend make it up in my head
'Cause if I tried to break this down
And be honest I think that I'd just fall apart
Hit the jackpot and break up my stupid heart
You can call me a liar
I'll call you a fraud
Maybe we should admit
That we're both kinda off

But I could be your Elvis for the night
Yeah you could dress me up just right
I'll do a real nice impression
But deep down I'm just guessing
In a cheap suit rolling dice
Dancing to a devil in disguise
I'll still be counting my lucky sevens
Yeah I'll be your knockoff Elvis

Yeah I'll be your knockoff Elvis

Why you gotta do that baby
Why you gotta do those things to me
Why you gotta do that baby
Why you gotta do those things to me