

## **Prisoner of Love**

*By Michelle Lawford*

If I meet an Elvis of dubious integrity  
I know there will be such dangerous chemistry.  
I simply find it is expedient  
To seek an Elvis whose behaviour is deviant.  
I just want to be his darling Priscilla,  
A law-abiding man would be too vanilla.  
This is why I would never date,  
Any man who's thinking of going straight.  
A constant lover can get rather stale,  
So I prefer a man out on bail.

I'm a sucker for singers, rock and guitars  
And highly responsive to a man behind bars.  
And while I love men of all different types,  
I always prefer men in black and white stripes.  
Friends who know of my predilection,  
Suggested I search in another jurisdiction.  
So I visited jails all over Australia,  
But my search for love remained a failure.  
I need that pure jailhouse rock,  
Not just someone who rocks around the clock.

I've a soft spot for a criminal at large,  
I'm ready to testify I'm guilty as charged.  
And while friends warn me that a rogue or a vandal,  
Could prove to too hard to handle,  
I believe a repeat offender,  
Would know how to love me tender.  
And though I have been hell-bent,  
On finding a man with criminal intent,  
And though my search has been extensive,  
It's just been disappointing and rather expensive.

Then I came to the Parkes Elvis Festival,  
And met an Elvis in the Leagues Club vestibule  
But he was the law-abiding sort,  
So then I went down to the local court.  
There, I found that criminal element,  
In a handsome Elvis marriage celebrant.  
When I found out he'd been in a penitentiary,  
My feelings for him grew exponentially.  
Although it really dented my dignity,  
To discover he was wanted for bigamy!

I dated an Elvis who was a prison warden,  
And for a time, he relieved my boredom.  
He suggested I pretend I was on the run,  
He'd track me down and we'd have some fun.  
But hiding in a field near the Parkes telescope,  
I eventually had to abandon all hope.  
My rendezvous with Elvis never transpired.  
I thought his restraint was to be admired.  
But he wasn't protecting my reputation,  
He'd just been arrested for breaking probation!

Then, I dated an Elvis busker,  
With all the fervour I could muster.  
He wasn't a crim, but he had a bad attitude,  
So I was willing to give him a little latitude.  
And then I went to a hotel with a charming man,  
Who'd just escaped from a prison van.  
We made love that night but it was pretty tough,  
Without the key for his handcuffs.  
And then I met an old Elvis who was a bit antique,  
Let me tell you, it was a busy week!

Up until now I have only adored,  
Men who have a criminal record,  
But now I'm casting my net a little wider,  
And looking for men of a higher moral fibre.  
Bad men are no longer my vice,  
Now I'll only date a man who'll treat me nice.  
I still love Elvis, but here's my point,  
Don't look for an Elvis who's been in the joint.  
So ladies, my advice, and this is final  
Don't date a man unless his record is vinyl.