

# Rockabilly Run

*By Veronica Shaw*

Come on we've gotta make it to the show,  
In the great plains of Parkes we're gonna lie low,  
No bars or warden are gonna hold us tonight,  
At the great party for Elvis we'll be hiding in plain sight.

Filing out one bar one with our cake chisel,  
Soon we'll be hiding in the country sizzle,  
Onwards through the steamy poster tunnel,  
Onwards to Elvis we fumble and funnel.

Dipping, diving, twisting and jivin'  
Shimmy and a hop past the brightening-  
Spotlight, perching and turning on the spot,  
We just make it out, the whole lot!

Walking down main street in our finest crim-wear,  
We don't get so much as a stare,  
Everyone's here for an Elvis shake,  
They hardly notice the great Elvis festival jailbreak.