

## An Elvis Carol

“I hear you’re moving up to Parkes  
Where gum trees grow and sway,  
Where seasons come and seasons go  
Forever and a day.”

“Too right I’m moving up to Parkes,  
But there’s one thing of which I’m sure,  
You’ll not find me at Elvis  
With a silly pompadour!”

I packed my bad and packed the truck,  
And to Parkes I did come,  
And true to form I stayed away  
From all the Elvis fun.

Let’s face it, Parkes in January  
Is a sweltering place to be.  
But look at all these people!  
What did they come to see?

With the rising cost of living,  
Donald Trump and AI,  
Perhaps the joy of Elvis  
Might be worth a try?

I laid aside my suspicious mind  
And went and joined the fray.  
I even kicked off my Blue Suede Shoes  
And danced the night away!

Elvis has a certain way  
Of getting under your skin.  
I'm standing here before you  
And I am fully 'in'!

I love the festival tender,  
I love the festival true.  
You're here – and so that tells me  
You love the festival too.