

Love Me Tender

Let me tell you just for starters
I fell in love with an Elvis tribute artist.
At the Parkes RSL I saw him on stage
His precise vintage was hard to gauge
We cut short our first date at the Parkes Observatory
Because he needed emergency open heart surgery.
He had dizzy spells and frequent collapses
And forgot things due to memory lapses
But all of this he failed to disclose
So I said *yes* when he proposed.
In addition to his senility
He was having a problem with his virility
But I felt I had to honour my commitment
Even though he was having trouble with his equipment.

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Our wedding night was at The Astro Dish Motor Inn
But during the night I shattered my shin.
Then I confessed to hubby that I have a propensity
For breaking bones and losing bone density,
My bones are particularly prone to breaking
During the act of love – making.
I am so very osteoporotic
The dangers have made me quite neurotic
But I wanted an Elvis all of my own
So I'd been afraid to admit that I'm bad to the bone.
I begged him to please love me tender
My bones are too weak and too slender
I feared I could disintegrate
Underneath his ample weight.

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The next night I reminded him to please be gentle
Even a hug could be detrimental
But between *my* osteoporosis and *his* halitosis
We really weren't in the mood for closeness.
The next morning the marriage came to grief
When he smiled at me without his false teeth
And then he got lost wandering down the corridor
And I found his teeth in my underwear drawer.
And then I realised he'd lost his mind
when he started calling me Sweet Caroline.
Then later that day to my amazement
He went off to get a hip replacement.
All of these things were a distinct disadvantage
To consummating our recent marriage.

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Finally we booked a honeymoon in Niagara
He packed a suitcase full of Viagra.
And although *he* was agile,
I was too fragile.
In our romantic room above the escarpment
Nothing much happened in the love department
We'd go to the falls every night
And just hold hands, but not too tight.
And though I reminded him to love me tender
Most of the time he couldn't remember
And often in a state of rapture
He'd cause another part of me to fracture
One night his behaviour was so risqué
I cracked a couple of vertebrae.

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Later, because I didn't want to be all alone,
I went with him to the Parkes nursing home.

My old Elvis finally left the building in a coffin
And I was left feeling pretty rotten.
He'd done his best to love me tender
Right up to the moment he returned to sender.
At his funeral I knelt (carefully) and wept by his grave
And felt the absence of the love that I so crave
But I'm so breakable
I don't think I'm datable
So if someone invites me on an Elvis cruise
Please remind me to refuse
From now on all I can handle is a gentle caress
As I arrive in Parkes on the Elvis Express.