

Tame Impala, Elephant

I bet he feels like an elephant
Shaking his big grey trunk for the hell of it
You know, that you're dreaming of about being him
Too bad your chances are slim

And it's not like Mr. shock to get shallow
And the Eskimo is on call
Come on, get shot deep down in the end
We've got to get there

He's got friends but you get the feeling
That they wouldn't care too much
If he'd just disappear

Wake up!

He pulled the mirrors off his cadillac
Because he doesn't like it looking like he looks back
He don't like it, the big guns is a simple fact

Somebody grabbed his collar
He cried the whole way home
That's how it is till the end, yeah