

Guitar Man

Elvis Presley

Well I quit my job down at the car wash
I left my mama a goodbye note.
By sundown I'd left Kingston with my guitar under my coat.
I hitch-hiked all the way down to Memphis
Got a room at the Y.M.C.A.
For the next three weeks I went a haunting them night clubs
Looking for a place to play.
Well I thought my pickin' would set 'em on fire
But nobody wanted to hire a guitar man.

Well I nearly 'bout starved to death down in Memphis
I run out of money and luck.
So I bought me a ride down to Macon Georgia
On a overloaded poultry truck.
I Thumbed on down to Panama City
Started pickin' out some of them all night bars
Hopin' I could make myself a dollar makin' music on my guitar.
I got the same old story at them all night piers
There ain't no room around here for a guitar man.
We don't need a guitar man son.

So I slept in the hobo jungles
I roamed a thousand miles of track
'til I found myself in Mobile Alabama at a club they call "Big Jack's."
A little four piece band was jammin'
So I took my guitar and I sat in.
I showed 'em what a band would sound like
With a swingin' little guitar man.
Show 'em son.

If you ever take a trip down to the ocean
Find yourself down around Mobile.
Make it on out to a club called Jack's if you got a little time
to kill.
Just follow that crowd of people
You'll wind up out on his dance floor
Diggin' the finest little five piece group
Up and down the Gulf of Mexico.
And guess who's leading that five piece band
Wouldn't you know it's that swinging little guitar man.