

Dixieland Rock

Elvis Presley

Well, down in New Orleans at the Golden Goose
I grabbed a green-eyed dolly that was on the loose
Well, I dig that music; "well," she said, "me too"
I said, "pretty baby, come on and let's do

The Dixieland Rock
Well, the Dixieland Rock
Let your hair down, Sugar--shake it free
And do the Dixieland Rock with me"

With the blue light shining on her swinging hips
She got the drummer so nervous that he lost his sticks
The cornet player hit a note that's flat
The tromboner hit him while the poor cat sat

The Dixieland Rock
Well, the Dixieland Rock
Let your hair down, Sugar--shake it free
And do the Dixieland rock with me

I was all pooped out and when the clock struck four
But she said, "no, daddy, can't leave the floor"
She wore a clinging dress that fit so tight
She couldn't sit down so we danced all night

The Dixieland Rock
Well, the Dixieland Rock
Let your hair down Sugar--shake it free
And do the Dixieland Rock with me
Let your hair down, Sugar--shake it
And do the Dixieland Rock with me