

Elvis Presley "Guitar Man"

Visit "[Guitar Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 picking 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 bummed me a ride down to Macon

Georgia

On a overloaded poultry truck.

I Thumbed on down to Panama City

Started pickin' out some of the all night bars

Hopin' I can make myself a dollar

Makin' music on my guitar.

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 bummed a thousand miles of track

'til I found myself in Mobile

Alabama
In a club they call "Big Jack's".
A little four piece band was jamming
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.
Well
make it on out to the 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

Why wouldn't you know
It's that swinging little guitar man.

Visit [Elvis Presley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.