

## **Jimmy Buffett** **"Elvis Presley Blues"**

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(David Rawlings and Gillian Welch)

I was thinking that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
I was thinking that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
Just a country boy that combed his hair  
And put on a shirt his mother made and went on the air  
And he shook it like a chorus girl  
And he shook it like a Harlem queen  
He shook it like a midnight Rambler, baby,  
Like you never seen

I was thinking that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
I was thinking that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
How he took it all out of black and white  
Grabbed his wand in the other hand and he held on  
tight  
And he shook it like a hurricane  
He shook it like to make it break  
And he shook it like a holy roller, baby  
With his soul at stake

I was thinking that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
I was thinking that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
He was all alone in a long decline  
Thinking how happy John Henry was that he fell down  
and died  
When he shook it and he rang like silver  
He shook it and he shine like gold  
He shook it and he beat that steam drill, baby  
Well bless my soul

He shook it and he beat that steam drill, baby  
Well bless my soul, what's wrong with me?

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Day that he died, day that he died

I was thinking that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
Just a country boy that combed his hair  
Put on a shirt his mother made and he went on the air  
And he shook it like a chorus girl  
He shook it like a Harlem queen  
He shook it like a midnight Rambler, baby  
Like he never seen

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