

Joan Baez "Elvis Presley Blues"

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I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, the day that he died
I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, the day that he died

Just a country boy who combed his hair
Put on a shirt his mother made 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 you've never seen, never seen, never seen

I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, the day that he died
I was thinking that night about Elvis
The day that he died, the day that he died

He took it all out of black and white
Grabbed his wands in the other hand and he held on
tight
And he shook it like a hurricane
He shook it like to make it break
He shook it like a holy roller, baby
With his soul at stake, soul at stake, soul at stake

I was thinking that night about Elvis
Of the day that he died, the day that he died
I was thinking that night about Elvis
The day that he died, oh the day that he died

He was all alone in a long decline
Thinking how happy John Henry was that he fell down
and died
And he shook it and he rang like silver
He shook it and it shine like gold
He shook it and he beat that steam drill, baby
Well, bless my soul, bless my soul

He shook it and he beat that steam drill, baby
Well, bless my soul, bless my soul

