

King creole

Ski King

There's a man in New Orleans
Who plays rock and roll
He's a guitar man
With a great big soul
He lays down a beat
Like a ton of coal
He goes by the name of King Creole
You know he's gone, gone, gone
Jumpin' like a catfish on a pole
You know he's gone, gone, gone
Hip-shaking King Creole
When the king starts to do it
It's as good as done
He holds his guitar
like a Tommy gun
He starts to growl
From way down his throat
He bends a string
And that's all she wrote
Well, he sings a song about a crowded hole
He sings a song about a jelly roll
He sings a song about meat and greens
He wails some blues about New Orleans
Well, he plays something evil
Then he plays something sweet
No matter what he plays
You got to get up on your feet
When he gets the rockin' fever
Baby, heaven sakes
He don't stop playin'
Till his guitar breaks

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