

# Guitar Man

## Elvis Presley

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 hitchhiked all the way down to Memphis  
Got a room at the YMCA  
And for the next three weeks, I went huntin' them nights  
Just lookin' for a place to play  
Well, I thought my pickin' 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 outta money and luck  
So, I bought me a ride down to Macon, Georgia  
On a overloaded poultry truck I thumbed on down to Panama City  
Started pickin' out some o' them all night bars  
Hopin' I could make myself a dollar  
Makin' music on my guitar I 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 roamed a thousand miles of track  
Till I found myself in Mobile Alabama  
At a club they call Big Jack's A little four-piece band was jammin'  
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  
Make it on out to a 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 Guess who's leadin' that five-piece band?  
Wouldn't ya know  
It's that swingin' little guitar man  
Yeah, yeah

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