

# Elvis Presley Blues

## Jimmy Buffett

I was thinkin' last night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died I was thinkin' that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
Just a country boy that combed his hair  
And he put on a shirt his mama 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, never seen I was thinkin' 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, his soul at stake Alright, shake it I was thinkin' that night about Elvis  
Day that he died, day that he died  
He was all alone in a long decline  
Thinkin' how happy John Henry was  
That he fell down and died When he shook it and it rang like silver  
He shook it and it shined like gold  
He shook it and he beat that steam drill  
Baby, well bless my soul, bless my soul I was thinking last night about Elvis

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