

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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