

Guitar Man

Elvis Presley

Intro:

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E|- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -  
B|8s9 9 9 9 - 8s9 9 9 9 - 8s9 9 9 9- - 8 8 7 6  
G|9s10 10 10 10 - 9s10 10 10 10 - 9s10 10 10 10- ? 9 9 8 6  
D|- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -  
A|- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -  
E|- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
```

C#7

Well I quit my job down at the car wash

I left my momma a goodbye note

By sundown I'd left Kingston

With my guitar under my coat

F#7

I hitch-hiked all the way down to Memphis

Got a room at the Y.M.C.A.

C#7

For the next three weeks I went a hauntin' them night clubs

Lookin' for a place a play

G#7

Well I thought my pickin' would set 'em on fire

F#7 (hold)

C#7

But nobody wanted to hire a guitar man

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E|- - - - - - - - - - - - -  
B|? 8s9 9 9 9 - 8 8 7 6  
G|? 9s10 10 10 10 ? 9 9 6 6  
D|- - - - - - - - - - - - -  
A|- - - - - - - - - - - - -  
E|- - - - - - - - - - - - -
```

C#7

Well I nearly 'bout starved to death down in Memphis

I run outta money and luck

So I bummed me a ride down to Macon, Georgia

On a overloaded poultry truck

F#7

I thumbed on down to Panama City

Started pickin? out some of them all-night bars

C#7

Hopin? I could make myself a dollar

Makin? music on my guitar

G#7

I got the same old story at them all night piers

F#7 (hold)

There ain?t no room around here for a guitar man

spoken We don?t need no guitar man, son

F#7

So I slept in the hobo jungles

I bummed a thousand miles of track

C#7

Til I found myself in Mobile, Alabama

In a club they call ?Big Jack?s?

F#7

A little four piece band was jammin?

So I took my guitar and I sat in

D#7

I showed em what a band would sound like

G#7

with a swingin? little guitar man

spoken Show em son

Solo

C#7 / / / **F#7** / / / **C#7** / / / **C#7**

C#7 / / / **C#7** / / / **F#7** / / / **C#7** / / /

G#7 / **F#7** / **C#7** / / / **C#7** **F#7** **G7** **G#7**

C#7

So if you ever take a trip down to the ocean

Find yourself down around Mobile

Well make it out to a club called ?Jack?s?

If you got a little time to kill

F#7

Just follow that crowd of people

You?ll wind up out on his dance floor

C#7

Diggin? the finest little five piece group

Up and down the Gulf of Mexico

G#7

And guess who's leadin' that five piece band

F#7 (hold)

Wouldn't you know it's that swingin' little guitar man

C#7 / / / **F#7** / / / **C#7** / / / **C#7**
Yeah Yeah guitarman

Jam on the **C#7** til fade out...