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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|- -  -  -  -  - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
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                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

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
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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...