

**King Creole**  
**Elvis Presley**

There s a [D]man in New Orleans who plays Rock and Roll.

He s a [D]guitar man with a great big soul.

He [D]lays down a beat like a ton of coal. He [D]goes by the name of King Creole.

You know he s [G#7]gone, gone, gone, jumpin like a catfish on a [D]pole,  
you know he s [A7]gone, gone, gone, [G7]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G7][A7]  
When the [D]king starts to do it, it s as good as done.

He [D]holds his guitar like a gun.

He [D]starts to growl from way down in his throat.

He [D]bends a string and that s all she wrote .

You know he s [G#7]gone, gone, gone, jumpin like a catfish on a [D]pole,  
you know he s [A7]gone, gone, gone, [G7]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G7][A7]  
Well he [D]sings a song about a crawdad hole. He [D]sings a song about a jelly

roll.

He [D]sings a song about meat and greens. He [D]wails some blues about New Orleans.

You know he s [G#7]gone, gone, gone, jumpin like a catfish on a [D]pole,  
you know he s [A7]gone, gone, gone, [G7]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G7][A7]  
Well he [D]plays something evil then, he plays something sweet.

No [D]matter what he plays, you got to get up on your feet.

When he[D]gets the rockin fever, baby, heaven sakes,  
he [D]don t stop playin till the guitar breaks.

You know he s [G#7]gone, gone, gone, jumpin like a catfish on a [D]pole,  
you know he s [A7]gone, gone, gone, [G7]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G7][D]