

# Elvis Presley - Guitar Man

Tom: **Db**  
 Intro: 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| - - - - -

**Db7**  
 Well I quit my job down at the car wash  
**Ab7**  
 I left my momma a goodbye note  
 By sundown I'd left Kingston  
 With my guitar under my coat  
**Gb7**  
 I hitch-hiked all the way down to Memphis  
 Got a room at the Y.M.C.A.  
**Db7**  
 For the next three weeks I went a hauntin' them night clubs  
 Lookin' for a place a play  
**Ab7**  
 Well I thought my pickin' would set 'em on fire  
**Gb7** (hold) **Db7**  
 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| - - - - -

**Db7**  
 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  
**Gb7**  
 I thumbed on down to Panama City  
 Started pickin' out some of them all-night bars  
**Db7**  
 Hopin' I could make myself a dollar  
 Makin' music on my guitar  
**Ab7**  
 I got the same old story at them all night piers

**Gb7** (hold)  
 There ain't no room around here for a guitar man  
 spoken We don't need no guitar man, son

**Gb7**  
 So I slept in the hobo jungles  
 I bummed a thousand miles of track  
**Db7**  
 Til I found myself in Mobile, Alabama  
 In a club they call 'Big Jack's'  
**Gb7**  
 A little four piece band was jammin'  
 So I took my guitar and I sat in  
**Eb7**  
 I showed 'em what a band would sound like  
**Ab7**  
 with a swingin' little guitar man  
 spoken Show 'em son

Solo  
**Db7** / / / **Gb7** / / / **Db7** / / / **Db7**  
**Db7** / / / **Db7** / / / **Gb7** / / / **Db7** / / /  
**Ab7** / **Gb7** / **Db7** / / / **Db7** **Gb7** **G7** **Ab7**

**Db7**  
 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  
**Gb7**  
 Just follow that crowd of people  
 You'll wind up out on his dance floor  
**Db7**  
 Diggin' the finest little five piece group  
 Up and down the Gulf of Mexico  
**Ab7**  
 And guess who's leadin' that five piece band  
**Gb7** (hold)  
 Wouldn't you know it's that swingin' little guitar man  
**Db7** / / / **Gb7** / / / **Db7** / / / **Db7**  
 Yeah Yeah guitarman  
 Jam on the **Db7** til fade out...

## Acordes

