

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| - - - - -

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
I hitch-hiked all the way down to Memphis
Got a room at the Y.M.C.A.
For the next three weeks I went a hauntin' them night clubs
Lookin' for a place a play
Well I thought my pickin' would set 'em on fire
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| - - - - -

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
I thumbed on down to Panama City
Started pickin' out some of them all-night bars
Hopin' I could make myself a dollar
Makin' music on my guitar
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

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

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

Acordes

