

Elvis Presley - King Creole

Tom: **D**

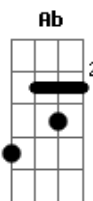
There's a [D]man in New Orleans who plays Rock and Roll.
 He's a [D]guitar man with a great big soul.
 He [D]lays down a beat like a ton of coal. He [D]goes by the name of King Creole.
 You know he's [Ab]gone, gone, gone, jumpin' like a catfish on a [D]pole,
 you know he's [A]gone, gone, gone, [G]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G[A
 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 [Ab]gone, gone, gone, jumpin' like a catfish on a [D]pole,
 you know he's [A]gone, gone, gone, [G]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G[A

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 [Ab]gone, gone, gone, jumpin' like a catfish on a [D]pole,
 you know he's [A]gone, gone, gone, [G]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G[A
 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 [Ab]gone, gone, gone, jumpin' like a catfish on a [D]pole,
 you know he's [A]gone, gone, gone, [G]hipshaking King Cre[D]ole.[G[D]

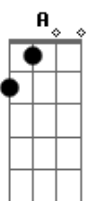
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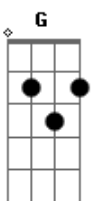
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