

## King Creole

Elvis Presley

There's a man in New Orleans  
Who plays rock and roll  
He's a guitar man  
With a great big soul  
He lays down a beat  
Like a ton of coal  
He goes by the name of King Creole

You know he's gone, gone, gone  
Jumpin' like a catfish on a pole  
You know he's gone, gone, gone  
Hip-shaking King Creole

When the king starts to do it  
It's as good as done  
He holds his guitar  
like a Tommy gun  
He starts to growl  
From way down his throat  
He bends a string  
And that's all she wrote

Well, he sings a song about a crowded hole  
He sings a song about a jelly roll  
He sings a song about meat and greens  
He wails some blues about New Orleans

Well, he plays something evil  
Then he plays something sweet  
No matter what he plays  
You got to get up on your feet

When he gets the rockin' fever  
Baby, heaven sakes  
He don't stop playin'  
Till his guitar breaks