## **Dixieland Rock**

## **Elvis Presley**

Well, down in New Orleans at the Golden Goose I grabbed a green-eyed dolly that was on the loose Well, I dig that music; "well," she said, "me too" I said, "pretty baby, come on and let's do

The Dixieland Rock Well, the Dixieland Rock Let your hair down, Sugar--shake it free And do the Dixieland Rock with me"

With the blue light shining on her swinging hips She got the drummer so nervous that he lost his sticks The cornet player hit a note that's flat The tromboner hit him while the poor cat sat

The Dixieland Rock Well, the Dixieland Rock Let your hair down, Sugar--shake it free And do the Dixieland rock with me

I was all pooped out and when the clock struck four But she said, "no, daddy, can't leave the floor" She wore a clinging dress that fit so tight She couldn't sit down so we danced all night

The Dixieland Rock Well, the Dixieland Rock Let your hair down Sugar--shake it free And do the Dixieland Rock with me Let your hair down, Sugar--shake it And do the Dixieland Rock with me