

Guitar Man by Elvis Presley
Key of C#
4/4 Time

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	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

C#7

Well I quit my job down at the car wash
I left my momma a goodbye note
By sundown Id 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	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

C#7

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
There aint no room around here for a guitar man
spoken We dont need no guitar man, son
So I slept in the hobo jungles

I bummed a thousand miles of track
 C#7
 Til I found myself in Mobile, Alabama

In a club they call Big Jacks
 F#7
 A little four piece band was jammin

So I took my guitar and I sat in
 D#7
 I showed em what a band would sound like
 G#7
 with a swingin little guitar man

spoken Show em son

Solo

C#7 / / / F#7 / / / C#7 / / / C#7

C#7 / / / C#7 / / / F#7 / / / C#7 / / /
 G#7 / F#7 / C#7 / / / C#7 F#7 G7 G#7

C#7
 So if you ever take a trip down to the ocean

Find yourself down around Mobile

Well make it out to a club called Jacks

If you got a little time to kill
 F#7
 Just follow that crowd of people

You'll wind up out on his dance floor
 C#7
 Diggin the finest little five piece group

Up and down the Gulf of Mexico
 G#7
 And guess whos leadin that five piece band
 F#7(hold)
 Wouldnt you know its that swingin little guitar man

C#7 / / / F#7 / / / C#7 / / / C#7
 Yeah Yeah guitarman