Trouble / Guitar Man

Par Elvis Presley

Album : The Concert: 1999 World Tour

If you're looking for trouble

You came to the right place

If you're looking for trouble

Just look right in my face

I was born standing up

And talking back

My daddy was a green-eyed mountain jack

Because I'm evil, my middle name is misery

Well I'm evil, so don't you mess around with me

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Well, I quit my job down at the car wash

Left my mama a goodbye note

By sundown I'd left Kingston

With my guitar under my coat

I hitchhiked all the way down to Memphis

Got a room at the YMCA

For the next three weeks I went huntin' them nights

Just lookin' for a place to play

Well, I thought my pickin' would set 'em on fire

But nobody wanted to hire a guitar man

Well, I nearly 'bout starved to death down in Memphis

I run outta money and luck

So I bought me a ride down to Macon, Georgia

On a overloaded poultry truck

I thumbed on down to Panama City

Started pickin' out some o' 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 ain't no room around here for a guitar man

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So I slept in the hobo jungles

Roamed a thousand miles of track

Till I found myself in Mobile Alabama

At 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

Show'em, son

If you ever take a trip down to the ocean

Find yourself down around Mobile

Make it on 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

Guess who's leadin' that five-piece band

Well, wouldn't ya know, it's that swingin' little guitar man

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