

King Creole

Elvis Presley & The Jordanaires

King Creole, go There's a man in New Orleans who plays rock and roll
He's a guitar man with a great big soul
And 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, yeah
You know he's gone, gone, gone
And 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
You know he's gone, gone, gone
Jumpin' like a catfish on a pole
You know he's gone, gone, gone
And hip shaking King Creole He sings a song about a crowded hole
He sings a song about a jelly roll
He sings a song about pork and greens
He sings some blues about New Orleans You know he's gone, gone, gone
Jumpin' like a catfish on a pole, yeah
You know he's gone, gone, gone
And hip shaking King Creole He plays something evil then he plays something sweet
No matter how he plays you got to get up on your feet
And when he gets the rockin' fever baby, heaven sakes
He don't stop playin' 'til his guitar breaks
You know he's gone, gone, gone
Jumpin' like a catfish on a pole, yeah
You know he's gone, gone, gone
And hip shaking King Creole You know he's gone, gone, gone
Hip shaking King Creole

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