

Jimmy Buffett, Elvis Presley Blues

(David Rawlings and Gillian Welch)

I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, day that he died

I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, day that he died

Just a country boy that combed his hair
And he put on a shirt his mother made and went on the air
And he shook it like a chorus girl
And he shook it like a Harlem queen
He shook it like a midnight Rambler, baby,
Like you never seen

I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, day that he died
I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, day that he died
How he took it all out of black and white
Grabbed his wand in the other hand and he held on tight

And he shook it like a hurricane
He shook it like to make it break
And he shook it like a holy roller, baby
With his soul at stake

I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, day that he died
I was thinking that night about Elvis
Day that he died, day that he died
He was all alone in a long decline
Thinking how happy John Henry was that he fell down and died

When he shook it and he rang like silver
He shook it and he shine like gold
He shook it and he beat that steam drill, baby
Well bless my soul
Bless My Soul

I was thinking that night about Elvis
The Day that he died