

# Swinging Little Guitar Man

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 night clubs  
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 bummed me a ride down to Macon, Georgia  
On a overloaded poultry truck  
I thumbed on down to Panama City  
Started checkin' out some of them all night bars  
Hopin' I could make myself a dollar  
Makin' music on my guitar  
Got the same old story at them all night peers  
There ain't no room around here for a guitar man  
SPOKEN: We don't need a guitar man, son

So I slept in the hobo jungles  
Bummed a thousand miles of track  
Til I found myself in Mobile Alabama  
In 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  
SPOKEN: Show 'em, son

Guitar break

So if you ever take a trip down to the ocean  
Find yourself down around Mobile,  
Make it on out to the 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.