

Elvis Presley, Dixieland Rock

(Schroeder - Frank)

Well down in New Orleans at the Golden Goose
I grabbed a green-eyed dolly that was on the loose
Well I dig that music, well she said me too
I said pretty baby come on and let's do

The Dixieland rock
Well the Dixieland rock
Let your hair down Sugar, shake it free
And do the Dixieland rock with me

With the blue light shining on her swinging hips
She got the drummer so nervous that he lost his sticks
The cornet player hit a note that's flat
The tromboner hit him while the poor cat sat

The Dixieland rock
Well the Dixieland rock
Let your hair down Sugar, shake it free
And do the Dixieland rock with me

I was all pooped out and when the clock struck four
But she said no daddy can't leave the floor
She wore a clinging dress that fit so tight
She couldn't sit down so we danced all night

The Dixieland rock
Well the Dixieland rock
Let your hair down Sugar, shake it free
And do the Dixieland rock with me
Let your hair dance Sugar, shake it
And do the Dixieland rock with me