

# Elvis Presley, U.S. Male

(Jerry Reed)

Now, I'm a U.S. Male 'cause I was born  
In a Mississippi town on a Sunday morn  
Now Mississippi just happens to occupy a place  
In the southeastern portion of this here United States  
Now that's a matter of fact, buddy  
And you know it well  
So I just call myself the U.S. Male  
That's M-A-L-E, son. That's me!

Now I said all that to say all this  
I've been watchin' the way  
You've been watchin' my miss  
For the last three weeks you been hot on her trail  
And you kinda upset this U.S. Male  
You touch her once with your greasy hands  
I'm gonna stretch your neck like a long rubber band  
She's wearin' a ring that I bought her on sale  
And that makes her the property of this U.S. Male

You better not mess with the U.S. Male my friend  
The U.S. Male gets mad, he's gonna do you in  
You know what's good for yourself son  
You better find somebody else son  
Don't tamper with the property of the U.S. Male

Through the rain and the heat and the sleet and the snow  
The U.S. Male is on his toes  
Quit watchin' my woman, for that ain't wise  
You ain't pullin' no wool over this boy's eyes  
I catch you 'round my woman, champ  
I'm gonna leave your head 'bout the shape of a stamp  
Kinda flattened out, so you'll do well  
To quit playin' games with this U.S. Male

You better not mess with the U.S. Male my friend  
The U.S. Male gets mad, he's gonna do you in  
You know what's good for yourself son  
You better find somebody else son  
Don't tamper with the property of the U.S. Male

Sock it to me

All right...now I'm gonna tell it like it is son  
I catch you messin' 'round with that woman of mine  
I'm gonna lay one on ya. You're talkin' to the U.S. Male  
The American U.S. Male