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