

Hank The Knife & The Jets, Guitar King

Only eighteen almost grown
Tryin' his luck away from home
The guitar in his hand won't leave his side
The way he plays he should go far
One day he'll be a record star
And people come from far to watch him play.

He comes along just in time turns evrything in gold
He writes a song a million copies sold
He plays his music loud 'n' clear destroying like a flame
A newborn king is on his way to fame.

He makes you
dance and he makes you sing
Come on let's go for the guitar king
His music is like honey for the bee
He makes you dance and he makes you sing
Come on let's go for the guitar king
He makes you dance and sing
he's the guitar king.

On the stage he's dynamite drivin' people wild each night.
He lets it rock like no one did before
Ev'ry week he's on t.v. and shows you what you want to see
He shakes his until the lights go out.

He comes along just in time

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He makes you dance and he makes you sing . . .