

C#7

Hopin' I could make myself a dollar

C#7

Makin' music on my guitar

G#7

I got the same old story at them all night piers

F#7

There ain't no room around here for a guitar man

[Bridge]

N.C.

We don't need no guitar man, son

[Verse 3]

F#7

So I slept in the hobo jungles

F#7

I bummed a thousand miles of track

C#7

Til I found myself in Mobile, Alabama

C#7

In a club they call "Big Jack's"

F#7

A little four piece band was jammin'

F#7

So I took my guitar and I sat in

D#7

I showed 'em what a band would sound like

G#7

with a swingin' little guitar man

[Bridge]

N.C.

Show 'em son

[Solo]

C#7 / / / F#7 / / / C#7 / / / C#7

C#7 / / / C#7 / / / F#7 / / / C#7

G#7 / F#7 / C#7 / / / C#7 F#7 G7 G#7

[Verse 4]

C#7

So if you ever take a trip down to the ocean

C#7

Find yourself down around Mobile

C#7

We'll make it out to a club called "Jack's"

C#7

If you got a little time to kill

F#7

Just follow that crowd of people

F#7

You'll wind up out on his dance floor

C#7

Diggin' the finest little five piece group

C#7

Up and down the Gulf of Mexico

G#7

And guess who's leadin' that five piece band

F#7

Wouldn't you know it's that swingin' little guitar man

[End]

C#7

Yeah

F#7

Yeah

C#7

guitarman

C#7