Here in one book the greatest tribute to the most legendary figure of rock 'n' roll. Ray Connolly reviews Elvis's life and his achievements, based on personal interviews and specially written for this book, alongside a unique collection of visual material. At the core of the book are the greatest hits that put and kept Elvis at the top throughout his all-too-short life.
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On the evening of August 4, 1969, I found myself sitting in a corridor outside Elvis Presley's dressing room suite at the International Hotel, Las Vegas. I was positively terrified. Three nights earlier Elvis had confounded all critical speculation by making quite the most stunning return to live performing anyone could ever remember, and now I was to be granted an audience with the man every rock writer in the world wanted to meet. And Elvis, as we all knew so well, very, very rarely spoke to journalists. Then, as I sat there trying to remember one of the million questions I had to ask, a strange thing happened, and I caught the only glimpse I was ever to get of Elvis Presley off guard. Very slightly the door to his dressing room fell open, and there sitting not six yards from me was the legend himself, quietly chatting with his aides, unaware of my embarrassed gaze. He was, I remember, suckling a bottle of Seven-Up, and he was thin and sleek in the black karate suit he had chosen for his stage comeback.

Then above the drawl of conversation from inside the room I heard someone tell him that we were waiting outside. And suddenly, as if reacting to an instinctive need to preserve the glamour of his image he whipped a comb into his great jewelled right hand. And with his silver bracelets jangling and jangling and his left hand kneading and holding his black-dyed, non-slip and lately non-greased head, his right hand performed a semi-circular pompadour movement, which sent a wave of hair exploding across his skull and down his neck. And with a quick dab at those two black hairy spikes that cut deep into his cheeks, the legend was ready to receive. The repose had disappeared. The hair, the image, and the awesome public front of being the most famous entertainer in the world was repaired. Elvis was ready to talk to me. Not an Elvis in his mid-thirties, but a man who looked ten years younger, a man apparently petrified in time.

The door swung wide: "Elvis, I want you to meet Ray Connolly." The comb was gone, the body jerked off the couch. Lines of practised welcome cracked by the eyes, and a dry, dark almost mahogany coloured hand reached out. "Hi, Ray," vibrated a billion dollars worth of larynx, and right there and then I was fifteen years old all over again.

That, to me, was one of the secrets of Elvis's massive appeal. His existence froze time. So long as he was alive we were all fifteen. And when he died reality caught up with all of us. In the weeks following his death I thought a great deal about that one meeting I had with him and about the shows I saw in the atmosphere of heady euphoria which pervaded Las Vegas during that month of August. I thought about the vitality of his performance, when nerves and energy had made him so slim and so anxious to please that he was arguably in the best shape he was ever to be as a singer. And I thought about how the insecurity he felt at facing a Las Vegas audience had forced him back on to the songs he knew he could do best, songs like 'Mystery Train,' 'Trying to Get to You,' and 'That's All Right, Mama.' But most of all I thought about our conversation, of how cruel irony he joked about the minor weight problem which he had had during his years in Hollywood in the sixties, and how he believed that live performing was the cure for it. And then I thought about all the promises he made, plans which were all to come to nothing, as the impossible burden of being Elvis Presley was to finally weave its web into a stranglehold around him, a web which was to bind him even in death. He talked then of the plans he had for visiting parts of the world he had never seen, he promised again to visit Britain, he promised to make serious films and he promised to sing only songs to which he was truly committed. But somehow or other it all went wrong again. Wasn't he ashamed of the films and records he made during his years in Hollywood, I asked him, and I visibly felt the gasp of surprise in the room as his aides, the famous Memphis Mafia, looked on in shock at someone daring to criticise their employer to his face. For a moment Elvis looked shocked. And then becoming serious he said: "I wouldn't be being honest with you if I said I wasn't ashamed of some of the movies and the songs I've had to sing in them. I would like to say they were very good, but I can't. I've been extremely unhappy with that side of my career for some time. But how can you find twelve good songs for every film when you're making..."
three films a year. I knew a lot of them were bad songs, and they used to bother the heck out of me. But I had to do them. They fitted the situation. I get more pleasure out of singing to an audience than any of the film songs have given me. How can you enjoy it when you have to sing to a guy you've just punched up?

We all laughed because he wanted us to, and because we were glad that at last he seemed about to take a grip on his career. At least he recognised that for years he had been allowing silly trivia to hide his very real talents. We were not to know then that within a very short time he would have replaced poor films for half-hearted stage shows, and poor soundtrack albums for a whole succession of 'live' albums.

This book is only concerned with the music of Elvis Presley. To me everything else is irrelevant. Immediately after his death the publishing world threw out a noxious mass of scandalous trivia, much of which was conjectural, and all of which was meaningless in terms of the contribution which Presley made to the popular culture of our times. Personally I don't know whether or not Elvis Presley was heavily into drugs, occasionally sexually perverse or manically obsessed with violence and firearms. What I do know is that even if it is true it is also irrelevant.

The story of Elvis Presley has been told many times. In this book I want to re-tell it purely from the viewpoint of the music. Because whatever Elvis Presley may have become in terms of a world super-star, or revolutionary cultural figure, it is surely only the music which he created which has really any importance at all. When he died the London 'Times' in an absurd editorial commented that Elvis had an 'indifferent voice and sang for the most part poor songs.' Apart from being a pointed insult at anyone who ever bought an Elvis Presley record, this was also about the most short-sighted comment that anyone could possibly have made about Elvis. Elvis Presley sang about emotion...and he sang with emotion. He was...
the most popular singer of the last twenty one years because better than anyone else he was able to convey a wider variety of emotions in his singing. Technically there may have been other singers with truer tone, better controlled vibrato, better diction, and fewer personal nuances. But I can think of no one who could wring so much emotion out of a single word, who could take a phrase and make it into an instantly personal testimony. Listen to the Presley version of 'Pieces of my Life' (1975) and you hear the total tragedy of the man as he sings with an abandonment of despair.

Years ago, before Muhammad Ali regained his World Heavyweight Boxing crown, Elvis is reputed to have given him a gown with the words 'People's Champion' embroidered on the back. The term might just as well have been applied in a musical sense to Elvis Presley. Because Elvis was in so many ways the people's champion of singing. Through his voice, through his records, we could relate to every emotion, from patriotism of 'American Trilogy' (1973) to the dejected loneliness of 'Loving Arms' (1974). He had a voice for all seasons, for all occasions. He was the embodiment of the music of the second half of the twentieth century, building upon the mainstream popular sounds of the thirties and forties created by Bing Crosby and his sound-alikes, and adding to it, in a truly momentous moment, a fusion of black rhythm and blues, white red necked country and western music, and, most importantly, the vigour and fervour of the gospel music which he cherished so much. Before Elvis, American popular music was spread across several different cultures, all loosely interconnected but all belonging to different races or classes of people. Elvis ended all of that. He was the great catalyst of popular music. At one of his first meetings with his first producer Sam Phillips he was asked what he could sing. "Anything," he replied. It was no idle boast. He could, and for the next twenty three years he did sing anything. And that was the attraction of Elvis. On his best albums he would juggle styles, going from blues,
to country to inspirationist gospel, to ballads to soul and on to middle of the road pop without seeming to realize that he was pouring out all the ingredients which make up American (and therefore Western) popular music of today. And yet I don't think he ever realized just how important was his contribution to today's musical culture. He was never merely a singer taking off on a new tangent; musically he was revolutionary. Sadly I suspect that the insularisation of his life must almost certainly have blinkered him to his own importance. When someone asked him in my presence to what he credited his phenomenal success he just shrugged and said that when he started there wasn't too much competition around. It would be much harder to make it now, he felt. He wasn't being overly modest. He really believed that. For some reason Elvis Presley, the man who changed the face of popular music for ever, and who provided raucoius sensual anthems for the beginnings of a youth revolution which grew until it became the most important musical and art form of today, never knew what he had done. Perhaps the achievement was too much for any single person to be able to comprehend. Perhaps he was basically too humble of his own abilities, when there were others he admired so much. Or perhaps the people who surrounded him simply never realised either that the man they worked for was more, much more than merely a phenomenally successful singer. He may have been a revolutionary, but there was no one there to tell him. And although virtually every rock artist to have followed him readily and happily admits to being primarily influenced by Presley, that too seems as though it was always too much for Elvis himself to comprehend.

If someone had wanted to create a pop cultural demi-God who would appeal to the widest number of people, create the biggest social storm and eventually make the most possible money, then that someone would have created Elvis Presley and set him down in Memphis, Tennessee in 1954. Only in hindsight can we see how perfectly assembled he was to become the biggest sociological myth of the middle of the twentieth century. In the past twenty three years we have grown totally accustomed to the idea of the basic four man rock group - the singer on rhythm guitar, the lead guitar, bass and drums. That was the line-up the Beatles presented and it provided a basic formula for creating a good full-blooded rock sound. But in 1954 when Presley began recording this kind of band had yet to be developed - and the original rock and roll sounds he recorded featured himself on acoustic guitar, Scotty Moore on the single electric guitar and Bill Black on the old fashioned string double bass, which required a station wagon roof-rack to carry it from gig to gig, and which could be used in either the orthodox fashion or as an improvised drum. D. J. Fontana wasn't to join the back-up band as a drummer until mid 1955.

Urban rhythm and blues, the field from which
another age the "born-in-a-log-cabin" cliche might have been associated with aspirations in the political field, but Presley's own particular myth was to take him not towards Washington, but towards a fame more long-lasting and wide-spread than that of any politician. The wealth and the success which trailed him is a glorious example to those who see virtue in the "rags-to-riches-by-his-own-efforts" kind of story. And it's true Presley's beginnings typified virtually a text-book example of the mythical American folk hero.

It was in Tupelo that Elvis first became aware of music, when as a little blond boy (his hair had been dyed black since 1957) he would listen to the local radio stations and attend the Tupelo Evangelistic First Assembly of God church. It is ironical that when he later made excursions into hymns on his albums 'How Great Thou Art' and 'His Hand In Mine', etc., his performances met with scant respect from many who appreciated him as a rock singer, since it was in gospel music that much of the style which made rock possible was developed.

Years later in the mid-sixties when his recording career appeared to be going through a prolonged self-imposed decline it is interesting to note that for reasons known only to himself he should produce his best work only on a gospel session for the LP 'How Great Thou Art'. In my opinion gospel music is what Presley did best, since it was the one field to which he was totally committed, and the standard of his singing, the arrangements and recording of his gospel sessions would suggest that alone of all styles it was the one he took totally seriously.

Apart from gospel music, however, Elvis also grew up with country and western music, the songs of the southern white man, and the blues—the black man's music, and the influences on him by artists such as B.B. King, John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Reed and Arthur Big Boy Crudup was clear as soon as he began issuing records.

Professionally, Elvis's single great opportunity came the day he was drawn to the attention of Sam Phillips, the head of the Sun Record Company in 1954. Elvis was 18 and a secretary who heard him sing was so impressed that she made a note of his name and telephone number. He might, she thought, be the singer Sam Phillips had been looking for.

If today's music owes as much to Elvis Presley then it owes maybe just a little bit more to Sam Phillips. As the owner of the tiny Sun label Phillips has been unquestionably the most important record producer in the history of pop. In the early fifties he began a career in the record industry by recording blues artists and leasing the tapes to bigger companies like Chess in Chicago. He was a white man fascinated by blues, and he was always on the look out for a white man who could sing with the soul of a blues singer. That man eventually turned out to be Presley.

At first Phillips wasn't too sure about the appeal
(and in later years Elvis would always remind people that it was actually the secretary, Marjorie Keisker, who urged Sam Phillips to give Elvis a chance), but he was interested enough to encourage him to rehearse over a period of several weeks with a couple of sympathetic, although initially unenthusiastic Memphis musicians, Scotty Moore on electric guitar and Bill Black on string bass. And eventually in the June of 1954 he decided to start recording. The first track put down was 'I Love You Because' (which Phillips didn’t think worth releasing but which RCA were to put on to their first Presley album), and the session seems to have been particularly uninspired until someone came upon the idea of covering Big Boy Crudup’s ‘That’s All Right, Mama’ – a blues song initially recorded by Crudup in 1947.

Still unsure of himself Elvis resolved any problems he may have had with his styling by copying the original recording almost note-for-note, breath-for-breath. (This was not to be the last time that Presley stole styles: on another blues song ‘Reconsider Baby’ on the album Elvis is Back made in 1960 he stuck so closely to the Lowell Fulson original recording that had it not been such a remarkably good record it would have been embarrassing, while several of his gospel songs such as ‘Working On The Building’ bear more than a passing resemblance to the original arrangements performed by his friends The Blackwood Brothers gospel singers.)

For the flip side of ‘That’s All Right, Mama’ the hillbilly Bill Monroe song ‘Blue Moon of Kentucky’ was chosen, thus coupling blues with country and western, a precedent which Phillips was to stick to during Elvis’s next sixteen months with Sun Records. Excited about the sound he had created Sam Phillips was, however, unsure of where to place the record since at that time there was a pretty rigid race distinction between the types of records played on Memphis radio stations, and he felt that the white stations would veto it because it was too black in sound, and the black ones wouldn’t be interested because it was by a white man. Eventually he decided to try an old friend Dewey...
Phillips (no relation) a white disc jockey who played blues records on his programme.

'That's All Right, Mama' was played over the air for the first time at around 9.30 on the evening of July 3. Public reaction was instantaneous, and within a few days Sam Phillips had a small local hit on his hand.

(Although the record was, in one form or another to one day become a half-million seller for RCA Victor, it never did cause much more than a small ripple of interest around Memphis when first recorded. The flip side, 'Blue Moon of Kentucky,' got a few plugs on a local country and western station, but had little impact.)

At this time Elvis Presley was a 19 year old nineteen year old youth, with a strong Memphis accent, furry, post adolescent sideburns, a touch of acne, and fair-to-brown long greasy hair, cut in the style of Tony Curtis, which allowed a pompadour to fall over his eyes when he shook his head. Wearing his favourite colours of pink and black he was vain and he was flash. But he was handsome and exciting, and when he sang up-beat numbers he allowed his body to move to the rhythm.

At first there is little doubt that his stage movements were spontaneous, but as soon as he realised their value in whipping up an audience, no performance was complete without a series of contrived pelvic contortions, which were later to earn him the nick-name Elvis the Pelvis, and to become virtually as famous as his voice.

During the next few months Elvis, with Bill Black and Scotty Moore, toured all over the South, taking gigs where they could get them. By this time he'd given up his short career as a truck driver - although after his first live radio gig on the Grand Ole Opry show he was advised by the MC there to go back to truck driving - and he was continuing to make records for Sam Phillips. On the following sessions Phillips was to guide him through 'Good Rockin' Tonight', backed with 'I Don't Care If The Sun Don't Shine' and 'Milk Cow Blues Boogie' backed with 'You're A Heartbreaker'.

All the time his reputation was growing, and the excitement of the crowds was spreading, but it was only after his fourth single, released in May 1955, and coupling the hiccuping, echoing 'Baby, Let's Play House' with 'I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone' that his style really became set, and that he really began to move towards the big time. On this record it is noticeable that for the first time a drummer has been added to the line-up, D. J. Fontana, and the music now takes on a harder, bluesier feel to it.

By now Elvis was news all over the South and had been drawn to the attention of the self styled 'Colonel' Tom Parker, a former manager of Johnny Cash and one-time fairground Barker. Moving with a Machiavellian diplomacy Parker proceeded to convince Presley's parents that their son ought to become involved with a much bigger organisation which would be able to make better use of his talents. That organisation turned out to be RCA Victor Records, and in November 1955 it was publicly announced that Sam Phillips had sold Presley's contract for 35,000 dollars,

ABOVE: MRS GLADYS
PRESLEY ELVIS
ROOM IN THE
FIRST HOUSE HE
BOUGHT FOR HIS
PARENTS.
AND RIGHT, MR.
VERNON PRESLEY
promising RCA the right to all of Elvis’s released and unreleased material. Of the fifty or so tapes that RCA acquired, only ten had been previously issued, but within the next few months they were to release a further five – ‘I Love You Because’, ‘I’ll Never Let You Go’, ‘Blue Moon’, ‘Just Because’ and ‘Trying to Get To You’. (We had to wait another sixteen years for ‘Harbour Lights’ and an alternate version of ‘I Love You Because’).

And ever since 1956 it has been a bone of some major contention among Presley fanatics, of whom there are thousands, that RCA have not issued all of the available Sun recordings and a continuing lobby has been kept up by the fan clubs for the release of ‘Tennessee Saturday Night’, ‘Uncle Pen’, ‘My Baby’s Gone’ (which is now available on a pirate record), ‘Last Train to Memphis’ and ‘Gone’.

Had Sam Phillips settled for a smaller transfer fee and insisted on retaining his rights to the records he had produced he would undoubtedly have made millions out of Elvis, but at that time he was hardly to know that he had discovered the man, and produced the sound which was to change the world’s conception of pop music. As it was he quickly turned his attention to other artists, and during the next few years had incredible success with Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash and to a lesser extent Charlie Rich and Roy Orbison. And these singers possessed something which Presley did not: not only did they play and sing, they also wrote their own material. Despite Presley’s name on several early songs he never actually composed anything.

By the time he joined RCA at the end of 1956 he was already a slight celebrity in the Southern States, with his pink Cadillacs and erotic act, and had even had several singles on the national country and western charts, but it was his first Victor single ‘Heartbreak Hotel’ which was to stamp his personality indelibly upon the world.

‘Heartbreak Hotel’ was recorded in the January of 1956 in Nashville. Already Presley’s style was developing away from the Sam Phillips sound which had made him, and now a piano had been added to take over from the guitar during the instrumental break. This was the record that was to make rockers of us all. The echo was shattering in its impact, and the raw aggressiveness of the guitar work was jolting in its recurrent insistence.

In America the record shot to the top of the charts, helped undoubtedly by the tactics of Colonel Parker who had pulled off the impossible by getting his discovery on to several networked television shows. Middle-class America had never seen anything quite like Elvis in their living rooms before, and the conservative right wing began anti-Elvis campaigns, in which he was burnt in effigy by the girls from a New York convent, while serious articles were written about this new threat to the morals of the young. With
superb handling. Parker continually traded on the
backlash, and went so far as to get Elvis to sing in one
show standing rigidly still as though he were in a
straitjacket. Presley was having maximum exposure,
and it all added up to gigantic record sales, and
masses of headlines. During his first year with RCA,
four million selling singles were issued - 'Heartbreak
Hotel', 'I Want You, I Need You, I Love You', 'Don't
Be Cruel' backed with 'Hound Dog' and 'Love Me
Tender'. For a dollar any fan could buy a little chunk of
Elvis.

By this time he was recording some of the current
Rhythm and Blues hits of the period, all with a direct
and raucous urgency, and one of them 'Blue Suede
Shoes' was to be a bigger hit in Britain for him than it
was for the composer Carl Perkins. Other R and B
songs recorded at that time were 'Money Honey',
'Tutti Frutti', 'I Got A Woman', 'Shake Rattle & Roll',
'Lawdy Miss Clawdy' and 'Blueberry Hill'.

In Britain 'Don't Be Cruel' was his biggest hit of the
year. In October 'Blue Moon' was issued as a single
and that made the charts, too, to be followed within a
couple of months by both 'Love Me Tender' and 'Love
Me', a track from his second LP, which as an extended
play record had sold a million in the States. But the
initial excitement generated by his early records was
beginning to diminish outside America. Although his
next release, 'Too Much', went straight to the top of the
charts in the States, in the UK, it only got as far as
thirteenth position before beginning its downward
trend.

The next release in the summer of 1957 changed
everything - and 'All Shook Up' became his first of a
long series of number one hits all over the world. In
America fans had been able to see Presley in action on
television and on his tours, but to the European fans the
Presley act was something they read about in
newspapers. Admittedly he'd had one film released, 'Love
Me Tender', but in it his movements had been pretty
restricted, and it wasn't until his second film 'Loving
You' that his European following began to understand
exactly what all the hysteria was about. Here was an
idol who looked the way every young man might want
to look in 1957, and who represented what every girl
wished her boy-friend to be. And by the time his third
film 'Jailhouse Rock', came out, at the end of 1957 he
was as big in Britain, Europe, and probably just about
everywhere in the world as he was in America.

But already his career had been through several
changes musically. With Sun Records he had sung
blues and hillbilly music; RCA's studios in Nashville
had added a vocal backing, The Jordanaires, heard for
the first time on 'Heartbreak Hotel', and had begun to
trade upon some of his mannerisms. Thus, by the time
'Too Much' came out he was a mannered and contrived
singer, coming on harder on the backbeat, and
generally drifting away from his early blues field.

Already Elvis was relying, more and more upon
writers contracted to his music publishers. Hill and
Range, to provide him material, and he began to
record more and more songs by Otis Blackwell and
the brilliant Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. Of all his
associations with writers the one he had with Jerry
Leiber and Mike Stoller would appear to have been
the most artistically rewarding, in that they seemed to
be able to capture the meanness that he generated
('Trouble') while also being capable of writing witty
and amusing lyrics (read those to 'Jailhouse Rock').
Every time a Presley recording session was due teams
of writers would be asked to submit material for consideration which would then be conveyed to Presley via Freddy Bienstock his music publisher, and the nearest thing Presley has ever had to an old fashioned A & R man.

The Presley Phenomenon was moving rapidly away from its roots, and becoming a carefully packaged commodity. By now he had already shown his interest in hymns with the release of 'Peace In The Valley', and conservative commercialism with his first Christmas album, but the singles were beginning to come with a chart topping monotony. 'Teddy Bear', 'Jailhouse Rock', 'Don't' and 'I Beg Of You'. Then in 1958 the impossible happened.

Elvis was drafted into the United States Army. In America the effect was cataclysmic, and some idea of the trauma that the event must have had can be gauged if one figures what the reaction would have been among English fans had Paul McCartney been called up in 1966. Before joining the Army Elvis had been wise enough to record a small stockpile of material for release in single form during his two years away, including 'Wear My Ring Around Your Neck' and 'Hard Headed Woman' (from his latest film 'King Creole'). And then during his first leave he cut some more sides in Nashville including 'I Got Stung', 'One Night', 'A Fool Such As I' and 'Big Hunk Of Love'. But by June of 1959 the stockpile had come to an end, claimed RCA, and there were to be no further releases. In actual fact there were several titles which had not yet been issued and which were to appear in later years, including 'Ain't That Loving You Baby' and 'Tell Me Why'. But probably in 1959 neither RCA nor the Colonel considered these titles strong enough for single release, and it wasn't until Presley fell into the dull monotony of making film albums in the mid-sixties that they were considered to be of any great value.

The army changed everything for Elvis. Before he was inducted he was the perpetual rebel, sexually blatant and increasingly vulgar in his taste of clothes and cars. But with the shaving of the side-burns, and the re-emergence of the tawny hair his personality changed. To make matters worse (so far as young people were concerned) he turned out to be the model soldier (no rebellious Muhammad Ali he), and shortly after his return to civilian life in 1960 it became clear that the days of riots, hysteria and charges of obscenity were over. His first release stuck very much to the lurching rockabilly sound he'd built up before the army ('Stuck On You') and sold just as well as everyone thought it would, and his first album was superb in its range of material and the execution of so
1859 THE ARMY LEVELS ALL. LEFT PRISCILLA BEAULEU AGED 16. CENTRE LEFT ELVIS AT GRACELANDS. CENTRE RIGHT IN A SCENE FROM GI BLUES. BOTTOM LEFT ELVIS WITH ARMY FRIENDS AND. BOTTOM RIGHT ELVIS AND FATHER.
TOP IN A SCENE FROM KID GALAHAD WITH JOAN BLACKMAN AND LOLA ALBRIGHT. ABOVE, A SCENE FROM GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS. RIGHT: ELVIS WITH TUESDAY WELD IN WILD IN THE COUNTRY.
many varying styles. And in Britain one of the cuts, 'Girl Of My Best Friend', became one of his biggest hits ever (1960 and 1976), being backed with the excellent Doc Pomus/Mort Shuman song 'Mess Of Blues'. Once when I asked Mort Shuman about his relationship with Presley he denied that it ever existed, despite the fact that he wrote several hits for him ('Little Sister', 'His Latest Flame', 'Suspicion', 'Kiss Me Quick', 'Surrender' and 'She's Not You'). "We'd just hear that he was short of songs and write a few and send them down to Nashville for him. I remember they telephoned right from the studio one night because they couldn't get the introduction to 'His Latest Flame' right. So I explained, and still they got it wrong. He made me a lot of money, and I think I helped him make some, but he never did phone to thank me for the songs."

Between 1960 and 1963 Presley worked non-stop, the films coming at the rate of three a year, 'G.I. Blues',
'Flaming Star' (his best ever acting performance), 'Wild In The Country', 'Follow That Dream', 'Blue Hawaii', 'Kid Galahad', 'Girls, Girls, Girls', 'Fun In Acapulco' and 'Viva Las Vegas'... and his recording career prospered like never before, with the former Caruso song 'O Sole Mio' being retitled 'It's Now Or Never' and finally selling over eight million copies, one of the best selling singles ever by anyone. But Elvis had changed. The sideboards were gone; he was a far wider entertainer now, as illustrated on his own personal favourite record 'Are You Lonesome Tonight'. His first full album of spirituals, 'His Hand In Mine', released in Britain in 1961, illustrated that he'd lost none of his capabilities, but his singles were now rounded off, smoothed out versions of what he had been doing three years ago. All the same 'Surrender' sold well, 'I Feel So Bad' was an excellent rendition of the Chuck Willis R and B song (although in Britain it was a flip side and 'Wild In The Country' topped the charts) and 'I Can't Help Falling In Love With You' was to eventually become a standard. The albums 'Something For Everybody' and 'Pot Luck' accentuated that he was now aiming at a larger audience, and the dropping of the now expected echo chamber on most of the tracks, the lack of gutsy guitar and the introduction of the even then old fashioned saxophone only tended to soften the voice which had originally been noticeable for its harshness and for its aggression. Hits now came out of the studios regularly every three months - 'Good Luck Charm', being followed by 'She's Not You' and then 'Return To Sender'.

But then in 1963 for the first time since almost anyone could remember Elvis failed to make the number one position when 'One Broken Heart For Sale' ran into trouble halfway down the Top Twenty and then disappeared. In between 'Return To Sender' and 'Broken Heart' something had happened to pop: the Beatles had arrived and were now ruling the roost with first 'Please, Please Me' and then 'From Me To You'. Compared to the enthusiastic sound the Beatles were creating Elvis was now beginning to sound too smooth, and too contrived for the fans. Possibly aware of this position he returned to the studios in March of that year and came out with 'Devil In Disguise', which while hitting the top spots in both Britain and America did little to help repair his slipping image. 'Bossa Nova Baby' which followed could have been one of his good records, since the beat, words, performance and organ breaks were genuinely exciting, but the performance was ruined by a dreadful instrumental break which sounded like a Saturday night in a Mexican brothel. It may have fitted in with the situation in the film it was from, but it should have been re-recorded for release as a single.

Between the end of 1963 and the end of 1967 there's very little that can be said about Presley's artistic career. Almost as if he were purposely excluding himself and avoiding any confrontation with the Beatles, he worked steadily in Hollywood churning out cheap witless films one after the other. On the recording side his career plummeted. Admittedly his singles still sold reasonably well, but this was surely due to his enormous fan following rather than to any special merit. Mostly he put out poor albums, containing eight or so dreadful situation film songs, and also a couple of so-called 'bonus' tracks. Ironically most of the best tracks he was to record during this crash and fall mid-sixties period were to be titled 'bonus' tracks, and generally thrown away on the flip side of albums. For instance on Spinout in 1966 we find three excellent tracks tucked away so that neither disc jockeys nor public might notice them... 'Tomorrow Is A Long Time', a Bob Dylan song, which Dylan admits is the favourite version of any of his songs ever recorded, the old Clovers' hit 'Down In The Alley' and a beautifully pretty song 'I'll Remember You', all of which were recorded with considerably more attention than any of the rest of the album. Similarly the flip side of 'Kissin' Cousins' (the single) carried the strong and dynamic song 'It Hurts Me'.

In 1965 in the midst of the film albums a hopscotch of left over songs Elvis For Everyone was issued, which included among the dross, a version of 'Memphis', 'Tennessee', and two other good songs 'Tomorrow
Night' and 'I Met Her Today'. These may not have been the best things Elvis ever did, but they were certainly 100 per cent better than his film albums. Attempts to fathom the mind and attitudes of Presley during this very lean period of his artistic career are virtually futile. He could be excused for the films he made, since he always held reservations about his acting talents, but there are no plausible explanations for his erratic recording career, and the even more erratic packaging processes that went along with it. Even the cover pictures on the records seemed to bear no relation to the mystical figure of the fifties, or to the new styles of the sixties. He looked plump, camp and bored, and while the Beatles and Stones generated excitement all over the world, never allowing their records to be less than interesting, Elvis seemed to retreat further behind his group of aides and bodyguards. Possibly he was wise in not taking on the Beatles and the Stones at their own game, because he could only have come off second best. His days of hysteria from the pre-adolescents were over, and he hadn't yet begun to reap the harvest of being the man who started it all. Possibly he was tired and bored with the whole routine, ground down by the seemingly endless chain of movies. Also by this time he must have found himself in a situation where he was never criticised. The Memphis Mafia were good friends, but they were 'yes-men'. He could never expect an honest assessment of his performances from them, or from anybody else, and if the records were not selling in quite the quantities that they once had done, nevertheless the gold records continued to pile up. With the fans Elvis has never been able to do wrong: if his career has had its bad moments then that is the responsibility of the Colonel, MGM pictures or RCA Victor Records.

But all bad spells must inevitably sometime come to an end, and perhaps coincidentally it was marriage to Priscilla Beaulieu in May 1967 that marked the change in his fortunes. Elvis and Priscilla had met while she was still a schoolgirl when Elvis was in Germany, and though she had gone to stay in his house when she returned to the States, Elvis continued to enjoy other girls in Hollywood. When the marriage came it was a shock to everyone, but bigger shocks were in store. Just a few months later Elvis was back at the RCA studios in Nashville and the first track he recorded was the Jimmy Reed standard blues song 'Big Boss Man'. At the same session he also cut a Jerry Reed song 'Guitar Man', which sounded strangely autobiographical, and was reckoned to be his best single in years, backed with another blues number 'High Heel Sneakers'. Just as Sam Phillips had demonstrated twelve years before Elvis was at his best when coupling blues with country and western. Now Elvis was back in the charts, and new fans were showing interest. 'U.S. Male' followed, a real red-neck Southern song almost in talking hillbilly blues style, by Jerry Reed, and the pattern was being set.

Then in the summer of 1968 a new stage in the Presley career was begun when it was determined that he should make a spectacular for NBC, his first televised performance since he appeared with Frank Sinatra in Miami, Florida in 1960 shortly after he left the army. The reasons for his return to television were, in the Colonel's eyes, because he was now unable to command the million dollars a picture he had during most of the sixties, and the deal offered by NBC made very
sound economic sense. The result was a strange programme, a mixture of Elvis doing what he does best, that is playing and singing most of his early hits with a group of his favourite musicians. The informality and the freshness with which he approached songs he'd first performed ten, twelve and thirteen years earlier suggested that he was no longer to be a puppet of financial manipulators. Some critics dismissed the show as being dated, but they were wrong and short-sighted. The strength of that kind of performance is that it can never date: the progressive rock groups may have begun to do things that Elvis and his band wouldn't even begin to know existed, but there he was, in person, laying down the roots from where it all sprang. If Elvis singing 'Lawdy, Miss Clawdy' is dated musically, so are the roots to any folk art form. Some of the more contrived sections of the show were, however, less successful, particularly the 'Big Boss Man' routine, which apart from ruining the song, looked like a scene from one of his beach films, but generally speaking the programme confirmed dramatically that even after all these years the man was still stacked with style, and still capable of singing with that earthy sexiness that had opened the flood gates of rock.

To finish the show he sang a vaguely protest song 'If I Can Dream' which became his first million selling single for several years. Obviously excited by reactions to his television special Elvis went back to
serious recording, and in the January of 1969 he returned to Memphis to cut 36 titles at the American Recording Studios, under the supervision of Chips Moman, who had supervised hits for the Box Tops, Dusty Springfield, Joe Tex and Dionne Warwick within the preceding few months. In terms of quality and output it was probably the best recording session Elvis has ever done, providing enough material for two albums ('Elvis in Memphis' and 'Back in Memphis') as well as several hits, including 'In The Ghetto', 'Suspicious Minds', 'Don't Cry Daddy' and 'Kentucky Rain'. What American Studios got out of Presley during the six days of non-stop recording was the soul and the perfectionism that he had been lacking in so many of his Nashville and Hollywood sessions. And the choice of songwriters was wider than any he'd tried in years - from Lennon and McCartney to Burt Bacharach, Neil Diamond, Mac David and John Hartford.

By the time 'In The Ghetto' became his next million seller it had been announced that Elvis was to do a month's stint at a brand new Las Vegas night club at the International Hotel. And that was where I finally caught up with him in person after following his career so closely for so many years.

Elvis in 1969 was thin and very nervous. He was afraid that the Las Vegas audience might laugh at him, and as a confidence booster, he begged all of his old
friends to fly out to Las Vegas for the opening night. Sam Phillips, the man who fourteen years earlier had discovered him, was at first reluctant to go: "I explained to Elvis when he called that I had business to take care of here in Memphis, but he kept asking me. He wanted advice, too. I told him that whatever he did, he mustn't let them surround him with one of those big Las Vegas type orchestrations, and that the best thing he could do was to get the best set of musicians around him he could find... musicians who played his kind of music. He said that was what he was going to do, but he still kept on asking me to fly out there for his first night. He was that unsure of himself. So in the end I just took off there to be with him."

For Elvis it was the vital test, and anyone who has seen the two films of Elvis on stage - 'That's the Way It Is' and 'Elvis On Tour' - must now know that whatever his limits as a film actor may have been, he appeared to have a virtually unlimited ability to communicate with an audience - a strange irony, since so many of his personal relationships endedfraught and unhappily. As a performer I'm inclined to the belief that Elvis was possibly at his best during those first few visits to Las Vegas and the short tours which followed in 1970. He had graduated from the adolescent rebellious rock figure of his first success into a far more rounded performer, and at last he was able to demonstrate just how far the natural talents he had always possessed could be stretched when harnessed to the appropriate material.

After his triumphant return to live performing Elvis could seemingly do no wrong and a long string of hits followed. But he never again managed to reach that peak of sustained energy which had characterised his return to recording in Memphis, and before long the standard of some of his work was again slipping as the challenge went out of recording. There were however million sellers taken from other sessions, 'The Wonder of You', 'I've Lost You' and 'You Don't Have to Say You Love Me', but now it seemed that the market was being swamped with so many Presley records that he couldn't possibly be taking them all seriously. He was caught in his old trap. Success had returned to him with such enormity that it hardly seemed worth the effort to live up to his name. All the same there were some very good records, including a cover of the B.J. Thomas hit 'Just Can't Help Believing', which was a live recording from the film 'That's the Way It Is', the American number one rocker 'Burning Love', and the moving 'American Trilogy', which was featured in the second Elvis 'on stage' movie 'Elvis On Tour'.

But in 1972 something happened to him which was to change the last years of his life and ironically was, I believe, to bring him to make some of his best records. Elvis and his wife Priscilla split up. The effects would appear to have been totally shattering to his ego, but he turned it into his music. Where he had once sung about the joy of unfettered youth with more than a hint of willful carnality, he now began to choose songs which appeared to depict his own personal state. Thus the records became lonely appeals from the heart, as though he were trying to get over his divorce by singing about it. Musically the effects were emotionally wrenching. In 1972 came 'Always On My Mind', in 1974 there was 'My Boy' and 'Loving Arms', in 1975 'Pieces of My Life', in 1976 was 'Hurt', while in the last year of his life he recorded the very moving song by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber 'It's Easy For You'. At the same time his stage act was extended to bring in songs like 'My Way', 'Lord, You Gave Me A Mountain' and 'There Goes My Everything'. Not that he gave up rock and roll completely. I particularly liked his version of Tony Joe White's 'I've Got A Thing About You Baby' and Chuck Berry's 'Promised Land', while 'Steamroller Blues', 'Trouble' and 'Way Down' were all indications that he had lost none of his magic with rhythmic material.

No-one who had followed Presley's career carefully could have been surprised at his death on August 16, 1977. It was well-known that he had been unwell for some time, and the exhausting series of concerts to which he submitted himself can hardly have helped matters. (He played over 100 cities in the last year of his life.) As it was the most loved singer on earth was to die a lonely man whose sole pleasure was in performing to the people who had grown up with the sound of his voice in their ears.

I said earlier in this preface that while Elvis lived we were all fifteen. But maybe his influence will go further than that. So long as his records continue to be played a part of us will always be young.
THE COMPLEAT ELVIS

DISCOGRAPHY
A complete list of every Elvis Presley album available in the United Kingdom.

1958: ROCK 'N' ROLL SF 8233
Blue suede shoes, I got a woman, I'm counting on you, I'm left, night, she's gone.

1958: ELVIS (ROCK 'N' ROLL No. 2) SF 7528
Put yourself in my shoes, I'm gonna get a woman, Lonesome cowboy.

1957: LOVING YOU PL 43358
Mean woman blues, Teddy bear.

1958: KING CREOLE (from the original soundtrack) SF 8313
King Creole, As long as I live, Hard headed woman, Trouble.

1958: ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS - VOL. 1 SF 8129
Hound dog, Love me, Love me tender.

1959: ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS - VOL. 2 SF 8151
I need your love tonight, Don't, Wear my ring, I'll love you.

1960: ELVIS IS BACK SF 3560
Make me know it,lider, The girl of my best friend.

1960: G.I. BLUES (from the original soundtrack) SF 6196
Tonight is right for love, What a really like, Frankfort special.

1961: BLUE HAWAII (from the original soundtrack) SF 6145
True love travels on a gravel road.

1961: HIS HAND IN MINE SF 2057
I'm gonna walk dem golden stairs.

1961: SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY SF 5106
There's always me, Give me the right, Heartbreak Hotel.

1962: GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! PL 42354
Girls, girls, girls, I don't want to be alone, Where do you come from.

1963: FUN IN ACAPULCO PL 42357
Fun in Acapulco, Viva, diner, y amor.

1963: ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS - VOL. 3 SF 7639
It's now or never, Shook on you, Honestly.

1964: KISSIN' COUSINS PL 42355
Kissin' cousins (no. 2), Smokey mountain boy, There's gold in them there mountains.

1964: ROUSTABOUT PL 42366
Roustabout, Little Egypt, Poison ivy league, Hard knock's.

1966: HOW GREAT THOU ART SF 8086
How great thou art, In the garden, Nobody's bigger than you and.

1968: ELVIS GOLDEN RECORDS - VOL. 4 SF 7924
Love letters & Witchcraft & Hurrhaa.

1969: FROM ELVIS IN MEMPHIS SF 8038
Wea'rein that looked on, Look, Only the strong survive.

1970: FROM MEMPHIS TO VEGAS SF 80381-1
Elvis at the International Hotel, Las Vegas, Blue suede shoes.

Inherit the Wind, This is the story, Stranger in my own town, A little bit of love, And the grass won't play no mind, Who you know who you are, From a jack to a killer, The far's movin' on, You'll think of me, Without love.

(2 records in special folder sleeve with colour photo insert)
A BIG HUNK OF LOVE
Words and Music by Sid Wyche
and Aaron Schroeder

CHORUS

Hey, ba-by! I ain't ask-in' much of you.

No no no no no no no ba- by, I ain't ask-in' much of you.

Just a big-a big-a big-a hunk o' love will do.
1. Don't be a stingy little mama; natural born beehive. You 'bout to starve me half to death. Filled with honey to the top.

Now you could spare a kiss or two and still have plenty left. Oh, no, no, but I ain't greedy, baby, all I want is all you got. Just a big-a big-a big-a hunk o' love will do. 2. You're just a
3. I got a wish-bone in my pocket. I got a rabbit's foot 'round my wrist. And I'd have—

everything my lucky charms could bring— if you gim-me just one sweet—

kiss. oh no no no no no, ba-by. I ain't ask-in' much of you. Just a big-a big-a big-a hunk o' love will do.
ALL SHOOK UP
Words and Music by
Otis Blackwell and Elvis Presley

Medium Shuffle Rhythm

A-well-a, bless my soul, What's wrong with me? I'm itching like a man on a
fuzzy tree My friends say I'm act-in' queer as a bug I'm in love I'm

All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! My
hands are shaky and my knees are weak, I can't seem to stand on my own two feet, Who do you thank when you have such luck? I'm in love! I'm

All Shook Up! Mm mm, oh, oh, yeah, yeah!

1. Please don't ask what's on my mind, I'm a little mixed up but I'm feelin' fine. When I'm
2. Tongue get's tied when I try to speak, My inside shakes like a leaf on a tree. There's

near that girl that I love best, My heart beats so it scares me to death!
only one cure for this soul of mine, That's to have the girl that I love so fine! She
touched my hand, What a chill I get, Her kisses are like a vol-

- ca-no that's hot! I'm proud to say she's my but-ter cup, I'm in love! I'm

All Shock Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! — 2 My

yeah! I'm All Shock Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I'm

All Shock Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I'm All Shock Up!
AIN'T THAT LOVING YOU BABY

Words and Music by
Clyde Otis and Ivory Joe Hunter

Medium bright blues

C7 (Tenor)

I could ride around the world in an
meet a hundred girls and have uh

gave me nine lives like a

on my Sunday suit and I'm

C7 (Tenor)

old ox cart, And never let another girl
loads of fun, My hugging and my kissing be

tom cat, I'd give 'em all to you and never
go in' down town, But I'll be kissing your lips before the

F7

thrill my heart, Ain't that lovin' you, baby?

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Ireland, Eire, South Africa, Israel and the British Dominions, Colonies, Overseas Territories and Dependencies.
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Ain't that lovin' you, baby?

Ain't that lovin' you, baby,

Ain't that lovin' you so?

1. 2. 3.

C7

F7

I could

If you

I'm puttin'

Ain't that lovin' you, baby,

Ain't that lovin' you, baby,
A MESS OF BLUES

Words and Music by
Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman

Moderate Blues

CHORUS

I just got your letter, baby;
slept a wink since Sunday;

I can't

bad you can't come home;
eat a thing all day.

Ev'ry day is just blue

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Carlton Music Corp., 14 New Burlington Street, London, W.1, AE for the British Isles and the British Empire (excluding Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand) and the Republic of Ireland.
gone__ gone
I got a mess of blues__

I ain't__
Whoops, there goes a tear drop,

roll - in' down my face. If you cry when

you're in love__ it sure ain't no disgrace__ I got ta
get myself together before I lose my mind.

I'm gonna catch the next train goin' and

leave my blues behind. Since you're gone I

I just.
ANYTHING THAT'S PART OF YOU
Words and Music by
Don Robertson

Slowly and Tenderly

Chorus

(Tacet)

\[ \begin{align*}
&E^b \\
&I \text{ mem-o-riize the notes you sent,}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&E^b \\
&\text{Go all the places that we went.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&E^b (B^b7) E^b \\
&\text{I seem to search the whole day}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&B^b \\
&\text{through}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&B^b7 \\
&\text{For an-y-thing that's part of you.}
\end{align*} \]
I kept a ribbon from your hair;
A breath of perfume lingers there.
It helps to cheer me when I'm blue,
Anything that's part of you.
Oh, how it hurts to miss you

so when I know you don't love me an-y-
more.

To go on needing you, knowing you don't need me.

No reason left for me to live.

What can I take, what can I give,

When I'd give all of someone new.

For anything that's part of you.

I memorize the notes you you.
ANYWAY YOU WANT ME
Words and Music by
Aaron Schroeder and Cliff Owens

Slowly

I'll be as strong as a mountain or weak as a willow tree.

Anyway you want me, well, that's how I will be. I'll be as tame as a baby or wild as the raging sea.

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For the British Empire (excluding Canada, Australasia and South Africa) and the Republic of Ireland.
that's how I will be. In your hands my heart is clay. to

Bb F7 Bb Bb

take and mould as you may; I'm what you make me; you've only to take me, and

Bb Bb C7 C7

in your arms I will stay. I'll be a fool or a wise man; my

C7 F7 Bb Gm

darling, you hold the key. Yes, any way you want me, well,

Bb F7 Bb Bb Bb7# Edim7

that's how I will be. be, I will be. rit.
ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

Words and Music by
Roy Turk and Lou Handman

Valse moderato

1. To-night I'm down heart-ed; For though we have part-ed, I love you, and I al-ways will;

2. I hold, with af-fec-tion, A fond re-co-llec-tion, A rom-an-ce of days now gone by;

while I'm so lone-ly, I'm writ-ing you on-ly. To see if you care for me still.

oft-en I won-der, If I made a blun-der, By let-ting you bid me 'Good-bye.'

CHORUS

Are you lone-some to-night. Do you miss me to-night. Are you sorry we drifted a-part? Does your mem-or-y

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stray To a bright summer day, When I kissed you and called you 'Sweet heart'? Do the chairs in your
parlour seem empty and bare, Do you gaze at your doorstep and picture me there? Is your heart filled with

pain? Shall I come back again? Tell me dear, Are you lonesome tonight? Are you tonight?

RECITATION
I wonder if you're lonesome tonight?
You know, someone said 'The world's a stage, and each must play a part'
Pain had me playing 'in love' with you as my sweetheart,
Act one was where we met; I loved you at first glance.
You read your lines so cleverly, and never missed a cue
Then came act two.
You seemed to change, you acted strange; and why? I'll never know.
Honey, you lied when you said 'You loved me' and I had no cause to doubt you
But I'd rather go on hearing your lies than to go on living without you
Now the stage is bare, and I'm standing there with emptiness all around
And if you won't come back to me; then they can ring the curtain down.

At end of Recitation, sing: 'Is your heart' etc
BABY LET’S PLAY HOUSE
Words and Music by
Arthur Gunter

Bright Rock tempo

Well,

you may go to college,

You may have a pink Cadillac, but don’t you

C

Tacet——

CHORUS

be nobody’s fool.

Now baby, come back baby come...

C7

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The use of these lyrics with any other music is expressly prohibited.
2. Now, listen and I'll tell you, baby,
  What I'm talkin' about.
  Come on back to me, little girl,
  So we can play some house, now baby,

  (TO CHORUS)

3. Now, this is one thing, baby,
  That I want you to know,
  Come on back and let's play a little house
  So we can act like we did before, now baby,

  (TO CHORUS)

4. Now, listen to me baby,
  Try to understand,
  I'd rather see you dead, little girl,
  Than to be with another man. Now, baby,

  (TO CHORUS)
BLUE CHRISTMAS
Words and Music by
Billy Hayes and Jay Johnson

With expression

I'll have a BLUE CHRISTMAS without you I'll be so blue thinking about you
Decoration of red on a green Christmas tree Won't mean a thing if

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Anglo Pic Music Co. Ltd., 32 Denmark Street, London WC2
you're not here with me. I'll have a **blue** CHRISTMAS, that's cer-tain

And when that blue heart-ache starts hurt-in' You'll be
do-in' all right, with your Christmas of white, But I'll have a

blue, **BLUE** CHRISTMAS I'll have a CHRISTMAS
BLUE SUEDE SHOES
Words and Music by
Carl Lee Perkins

Bright tempo (not too fast)

CHORUS

Well, it's one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, now

Tacet

Tacet

Tacet

go, cat, go! But don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes.

You can

Bb7

do anything but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes.

Well, you can

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Carlin Music Corp., 14 New Burlington Street, London, W1X 1AE.
for the British Empire (excluding Canada, Australasia and South Africa) and the Republic of Ireland.
knock me down, step in my face, slander my name all over the place;
Burn my house, steal my car, drink my liquor from my old fruit jar;

Do anything that you want to do, but uh-uh, honey lay off of my shoes

Don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes. You can do anything but lay

off of my Blue Suede Shoes.
BURNING LOVE
Words and Music by
Dennis Linde

Brisk rock

Lord Almighty, I feel my temperature rising,
Oo-ee, I feel my temperature rising;

higher, higher, it's burning thru to my soul;
Help me, I'm flamin', it must be a hundred and nine;

Girl, girl, you've gone and set me on fire;
I'm burnin', burnin' burnin' and nothin' can cool me;

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Keith Prowse Music Company Limited, 138140 Charing Cross Road, London WC2.
My brain is flamin', I don't know which way to go;

And your kisses lift me higher, like the sweet song of a Choir, and you light my mornin' sky with burnin' love.

**Verse 3**

I'm coming closer, the flames are now lickin' my body;
Won't you help me, I feel like I'm slippin' away;
It's hard to breathe and my chest is a-heavin';
Lord have mercy, I'm burnin' a hole where I lay; (REPEAT CHORUS & FADE)
CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE

Words and Music by
George Weiss, Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore

Slowly

Wise men

say only fools rush in, But I can't

help falling in love with you. Shall I

stay would it be a sin if I can't

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help falling in love with you. Like a river flows surely to the sea, darling so it goes, some things are meant to be.

Gm Am D7 Gm Am D7 Gm C7 Fm7 Bb7

Take my hand, take my whole life too, for I can't help falling in love with you.
CRYING IN THE CHAPEL
Words and Music by
Arthur Glenn

Slowly with expression

I saw me CRYING IN THE CHAPEL,
The tears I shed were tears of joy;
I know the meaning of contentment,
Now I am happy with the Lord.

Just a plain and simple chapel,
Where humble people go to pray;
Meet your neighbor in the chapel,
Join with him in tears of joy;

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I pray the Lord that I'll grow stronger,
As I live from day to day.
You'll know the meaning of contentment,
Then you'll be happy with the Lord.

I've searched and I've searched, but I couldn't find
No way on earth to gain peace of mind.
Now I'm happy in the chapel,
Where people are of one accord;
Take your troubles to the chapel,
Get down on your knees and pray;

We gather in the chapel,
Just to sing and praise the Lord.
Your burdens will be lighter,
And you'll surely find the way.

Every sinner looks for way.
(YOU'RE SO SQUARE)  
BABY I DON'T CARE  

Words and Music by  
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Moderately Bright

Chorus

You don't like crazy music; you don't like rock-in' hands.

You just wanna go to a movie show and sit there holdin' hands. You're so square. But, baby, I don't care.

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70
You don't like hot rod racin' or drivin' late at night.

You just wanna park where it's nice and dark; you

just wanna hold me tight. You're so square,

But, baby, I don't care.

You don't know any dance steps that are
new,

But no one else can love me like you do.

I don't know why my heart flips;
I only know it does.

I wonder why I love you, babe,
I guess it's just because you're so square.

And, baby, I don't care.
You care.
DON'T
Words and Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Slowly

CHORUS

F C7 F F7

Don't, don't, that's what you

(don't) (don't) leave my emo

Bb C7 F Am Dm Gm7

say brace. For here in my arms is your place.

C7 (tacet) F F7 Bb Gm7

When I feel like this and I want to kiss you, baby, don't say

When the night grows cold and I want to hold you, baby, don't say

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73
If you think that this is just a game I'm playing.

If you think that I don't mean every word I'm saying,

Don't, (don't)
don't feel that way. I'm your love and yours I will stay.

This you can believe; I will never leave you, Heaven knows I won't. Baby, don't say

don't.
DON'T CRY DADDY
Words and Music by
Scott Davis

Moderato, with feeling

Verse

1. Today I stumbled from my bed, with
   thunder crashing in my head. My pillow still wet from last night's
   feel the pain and hurt the worst. It's true, but somehow it just don't seem

2. Why are children always first to
   tears.
   And as I think of giving up, a voice
   'Cause every time I cry I know it hurts

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Inside my coffee cup, kept crying but ringing in my
my little children so, I wonder will it be the same to-

Don't cry Daddy,

Daddy, please don't cry;

you've still got me and little Tommy, Together we'll find a brand new mom-
Daddy, Daddy, please laugh again,
Daddy, ride us on your back again.
Oh,
DON'T LEAVE ME NOW

Words and Music by
Aaron Schroeder and Ben Weisman

Moderately slow

Chorus (Taet)

Don't leave me now,

now that I need you.

How blue and lonely I'd be

if you should say we're through.

Don't break my heart,

Carlin Music Corp., 44 New Burlington Street, London, W1X 1AE for the British Isles and the British Empire (excluding Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand) and the Republic of Ireland.
This heart that loves you. There’d just be nothin’ for me.

If you should leave me now. What good is dreaming if I must dream all alone by myself?

Without you, darlin’, My dreams would just gather...
dust like a book on a shelf. Come—fill these arms,

That long to hold you. Don't close your

eyes to my plea. Oh, don't you leave me now!

Don't leave me now, now!
(YOU’RE THE) DEVIL IN DISGUISE

Words and Music by
Bill Giant, Bernie Baum and Florence Kaye

Moderato

F   Bb   F   Bb   F   Bb   F   Bb   F
You look like an angel,               Walk like an angel,

mp

Bb   C   Bb   C   Bb   C7   (Tacet)
Talk like an angel, but I got wise;
You’re the devil in disguise.

With a “double-time” feel

F

guise.  Oh, yes, you are,  devil in disguise.

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(excluding Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand) and the Republic of Ireland.
1. You fooled me with your kisses,
2. I thought that I was in heaven,

You cheated and you schemed,
But I was sure surprised,

You lied to me,
Didn't see the devil in your eyes.

Devil in disguise,
Oh, yes, you are.

Repeat ad lib. fading out
DON'T BE CRUEL
Words and Music by
Otis Blackwell and Elvis Presley

Medium bright (with good beat)

You know I can be found sitting here all alone
If you can't come a-

Baby, if I made you mad for something I might have said

Please let's forget the round,

At least, please telephone. Don't Be Cruel to a heart that's true.

The future looks bright ahead. Don't Be Cruel to a heart that's true.

I don't want no other love, Baby, it's just you I'm thinking of.

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Don't stop thinking of me, Don't make me feel this way, Come on over here and love me, You walk up to the preacher, and let us say "I do," Then you'll know you have me. And I'll know what I want you to say. Don't be cruel to a heart that's true. Why I don't know I'll have you too. Don't be cruel to a heart that's true. I don't want no other love, Baby, it's just you I'm thinking of. Let's be apart? I really love you, baby, cross my heart. Of. Don't be cruel to a heart that's true. Don't be cruel to a heart that's true. I don't want no other love. Baby, it's just you I'm thinking of.
THE GIRL OF MY BEST FRIEND
Words and Music by
Beverly Ross and Sam Bobrick

Medium tempo

The way she walks, The way she talks, How long can

I pretend Oh I can't help it I'm in

love With the girl of my best friend

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Territories and Dependencies (excluding Canada, Australia and New Zealand).
so, And hold her in my arms, but then

What if she got real mad and told him—so, I could never face

either one again. (Uh huh huh) The way they kiss,

Their happiness; Will my ache-in' heart ever mend
Or will I always be in love
With the Girl of My Best Friend?
Never end, will it ever end?
Please let it end.
GOT A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO
Featured by Elvis Presley in the Paramount Film 'Loving You'

Words and Music by
Aaron Schroeder and Ben Weisman

Bright tempo

VERSE

1. There's a moon that's big and bright in the Milky Way tonight, But the
(2. You're the) prettiest thing I've seen, but you treat me so doggone mean, Ain't cha
way you act you never would know it's there. Now, baby,
got no heart? I'm dyin' to hold you near.

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90
know about you but I'm a-gen-na get my share.
things I say the things you wanna hear?
Oh, yes, I've

Ab Eb7 Bb (Taunt)

CHORUS

Got a lot o' liv-in' to do,
Whole lot o' lov-in' to do. Come on,

Gb7 Eb

baby! To make it fun it takes two.
Oh, yes, I've got a lot o'

Ab7 Bb (Taunt) Eb7

liv-in' to do,
Whole lot o' lov-in' to do. And there's no one who I'd rather-

Eb Ab7 Eb

1 2

do it with-a than you!
2. You're the you!
HARD HEADED WOMAN
From the Paramount Motion Picture Production 'King Creole'
Words and Music by
Claude De Metris

Bright Rock

CHORUS

Well, a Hard Head-ed Woman, a soft heart-ed man
Now Adam told Eve: Listen here to me; Don't you let me catch you mess-in'

since the world began.}{Oh, yeah.
'tround that apple tree.}{Ever since the world began.

Uh-huh-huh. A Hard Head-ed Woman been a

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thorn in the side of man.

2. Now man.

CHORUS

3. Now Sam-son told De-li-lah loud and clear Keep your cot-ton pick-in' fin-gers
4. (I) heard 'bout a king who was do-in' swell Till he start-ed play-in' with that
5. I got a wom-an a head like a rock If she ev-er went a-way I'd

out my curl-y hair e-vil Jez-e-bel Oh, yeah, Ever since the world be-gan. Uh-huh-huh, A

cry a-round the clock

Hard Head-ed Wom-an been a thorn in the side of man.
HEARTBREAK HOTEL
Words and Music by
Mae Boren Axton, Tommy Durden and Elvis Presley

Blues tempo

C

C7

since my ba-by left me I've found a new place to dwell. Down at the end of lone-ly street at

C7

F7

Heart Break Ho tel I'm so lone-ly, I'm so lone-ly, I'm so

F7

C

lone-ly that I could die! And tho' it's al-ways crowd-ed you can

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For all countries of the World (excluding USA and Canada),
still finds some room for broken hearted lovers to cry there in the gloom and be so

F7 C F7 C
loses - ly, oh so lone - ly, oh so lone-ly they could die:
The

C C7 C
bell-hop's tears keep flow-ing the desk clerk's dressed in black, they've been so

F7 C
take a long on lone-ly street they

C7 F7 C
never will go back and they're so lone-ly oh they're so lone-ly we'll be so

Heart Break Hotel where you'll be lone-ly and I'll be lone-ly they pray to
die.

So die.
HOUND DOG
Words and Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Medium Bright Rock

CHORUS
(tacet)

Bb

You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog, cry-in' all the time.

Eb7

You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog, cry-in' all the time.

F7

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

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(tacet)  Bb

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

Eb7  Bb

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

F7  Eb7

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of

1 Bb  (tacet)  2 Bb  Eb7  Bb

mine.  You ain't nothin' but a mine.
FEEL SO BAD
Words and Music by Chuck Willis

Mambo 'Blues' Beat

Feel so bad, feel like a ball game on a rainy day.

C

feel so bad, feel like a ball game on a

C7
F9

rainy day. Yes, I got my rain check,

C
G7

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(VERSE 2)

Sometimes I want to stay here, then again I want to leave:

Sometimes I want to leave here, then again I want to stay.

Yes, I've got my train fare—pack my bag and ride away.

D.S. al Coda

CODA Tacet

C9 D½9 C13
HIS LATEST FLAME
Words and Music by
Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman

Moderately Bright

Chorus
(Tweet)

F Dm F

A very old friend came by today,
talked, and I heard him say

Dm F Dm F

'Cause he was tellin' ev'ry one in town
That she had the longest blackest hair,
'bout the love that he just found.
And Marie's the name of his latest

Dm Bb C7

anywhere. And Marie's the name
of his latest
Though I smiled, the tears inside were a-burnin'.
I wished him luck and then he said good-bye.
He was gone but still his words kept returnin'.
What else was there for me to do but cry.
Would you believe

that yesterday

This girl was in my arms and

swore to me, she'd be mine eternally.

And Marie's the

name of his latest flame.

A very old flame.
I BEG OF YOU
Words and Music by
Rose Marie McCoy and Kelly Owens

Medium Rock

CHORUS (Facet)

I don't want my heart to be broken; 'cause it's the

only one I've got. So, darling, please be
careful; you know I care a lot. Darling,


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G7        F7         C
please don't break my heart, I beg of you.
please don't say good-bye, I beg of you.

C7         F7
Hold my hand and promise that you'll

C        F7
always love me true. Make me know you

D7 (tacet)         sus4
love me the same way I love you, little girl. You

105
got me at your mercy now that I'm in love with you.
So please don't take advantage 'cause you know my love is true My darling please please love me too, I beg of you.

I don't
I GOT STUNG!
Words and Music by
Aaron Schroeder and David Hill

Bright Rock Tempo

VERSE

Holy smoke, a-land takes a-live! I nev-er thought this could hap-pen to me.

CHORUS

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Stung by a sweet hon-ey bee. Oh, what a feel-ing come o-ver
all that I want-ed and more. And I've seen hon-ey bees be-

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me.

It started in my eyes, crept up to my head. Fell to my heart till fore. Started buzz-in' in my ear, buzz-in' in my brain. Got stung all over but I

I was stung dead, I'm done, uh-huh, I Got Stung!

Mmm,

Now don't think I'm complainin', I'm mighty pleased we

met cause you gimme just one little peck on the back of my neck and I break out in a

108
cold cold sweet. If I live to a hundred and two, I won't let

no-body sting me but you. I'll be buzzin' round your hive ev'ry
day at five, and I'm never gonna leave once I arrive 'cause I'm done, uh-

huh, I Got Stung! Mm, Stung!
I GOTTA KNOW

Words and Music by
Paul Evans and Matt Williams

CHORUS

G

Get up in the morn-in', feel-in' mighty weak; A-toss-in' and a-turn-in'. Well,
Nine and nine make four-teen; four and four make nine. The clock is strik-in' thir-teen; I

G    G7    C

I ain't had no sleep. Oh, ba-by, what road's our love tak-in'? think I lost my mind. You know it's get-tin' ag-gra-vat-in'.

G    D7

ro-mance or heart-break-in'. long can I keep wait-in'? Won't you say which way you're gon-na

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D7 (tacet) G C

Got ta know, got ta know, got ta know.

G C D7 G

Know.

Oh, how much I need you! Have

C D7 G C D7

Pity on this heart of mine.

Well, if you need and

G Em A7 (tacet) D7

Want me too, I'll be your one and only till the end of time.

(ti - ime)
Saw the fortune teller; had my fortune read. She sent me to the doctor, who

Sent me straight to bed. He said I'm lonely and I'm love-sick. I've

got my mind on lipstick. Will you kiss away my cares and

woe? I gotta know, gotta know, gotta know.
IF I CAN DREAM

Words and Music by
W. Earl Brown

There must be light—burning brighter

somewhere, got to be birds—flying higher—in the sky—more blue: If I can

dream of a better land—where all my brothers walk hand in hand—tell me why—oh why—oh

why can’t my dreams come true? Oh—why. There must be

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peace and understanding some-time, Strong winds of promise—hat will blow a-way—the
doubt and fear, If I can dream—of a warmer sun—where hope keeps shining on ev-ery-one, tell me
why oh why oh why won't that sun appear?

We're lost in a cloud—with too much rain, We're trapped in a world—
that's troubled with pain,—but as long as a man has the strength to dream, he can re-

C Am F G Am Dm7 G9 G7 C C7 F E7 Am C Am F Dm7 G7 C F C C7 F F#dim C C7 F F#dim C C7 F F#dim C E7 Am
I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVIN'

Words and Music by
Cynthia Weil and Barry Mann

I just can't help believin'
just can't help believin'
when she smiles up soft and gentle

I just can't help believin'
when she slips her hand in my

tie,
With a trace of misty morning

hand,
And it feels so small and helpless

promise of tomorrow
fingers fold around it

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And I just can't help believin' when she's
And I just can't help believin' when she's
lyin' close beside me.
whisperin' her magic.
And my heart beats with the rhythm of her sighs.
And her tears are shinin' with love.
This time the girl is gonna stay.
This time the girl is gonna stay.

For more than just a day.

I For more than just a day.

Keep repeating and fade-out
I'VE LOST YOU
Words and Music by
Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley

Slowly

Bb
(A Bass)  Gm  Gm
(F Bass)  Eb  Eb
(D Bass)  Cm7

Lying by your side I watch you sleeping and in your face the sweetness of a
child.

F7  F7  Bb  F  Gm  Gm
(sus 4)  (sus 4)  (A Bass)  (F Bass)

Mur-muring a dream you won't recapture tho' it will

haunt the corners of your mind.

Oh, I've Lost You, tho' you're near me and your

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bod-y's still as kind, I've Lost You on the jour-ney but I can't re-mem-ber where or when...

Who can tell when sum-mer turns to au-tumn and who can
Six o'clock the ba-by will be cry-ing and you will

point the mo-ment love grows cold?
Stum-ble sleep-ing to the door.
Soft-ly, with-out pain the joy is
In the chill and sull-en grey of

o-ver tho' why it's gone we neith-er of us know.
Morning we play the parts that we have learned too well.
Oh, I've
Oh, I've
Lost You, yes I've Lost You I can't reach you any more, We
Lost You, oh, I've Lost You though you won't admit it's so, I've

ought to talk it over now, but reason can't stand in for feeling.
Lost You on the journey, but I

can't remember where or when.

D.S., Lyric 1 and fade
IT HURTS ME

Words and Music by
Joy Byers and Charles E. Daniels

Very slow

It hurts me_ to see him treat you _ the way that he does,

It hurts me to see you sit and cry;

know I could be so true, If I had some-one like you, It

hurts me to see those tears in your eyes, The

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whole town is talking, they're calling you a fool For

listening to his same old lies; And when I

know I could be so true, If I had some-one like you, It

hurts me to see the way he makes you cry. You love him so much.
you're too blind to see,  
He's only playing a game,

But he's never loved you  
And he never will

darling, don't you know he'll never change.  
Oh, 

I know that he never will set you free,
Because he's just that kind of guy:
But if you ever tell him you're through,
I'll be waiting for you,
Waiting to hold you so tight, Waiting to kiss you good-night, Yes darling, if I had someone like you.
I'M LEFT, YOU'RE RIGHT, SHE'S GONE

Words and Music by
Stanley A. Kesier and William E. Taylor

Moderately Bright

Chorus

You're right, I'm left, she's gone.
You're right, I'm left all alone.

You tried to tell me so but how was I to know that she was
not the one for me.

If you'll forgive me now, You're I'll

right, our love was so wrong.

But now I've changed my mind 'cause she
make it up some how.

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broke the ties that bind,
And I know that she never cared for me.

Well, I

thought I knew just what she'd do. I guess I'm not so smart. You tried to tell me all along she'd

only break my heart. You're right. I'm left. She's gone. You're right. I'm

left all alone.

She's gone. I know not where. But now I just don't

care for now. I have fallen for you. You're you.
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
Words and Music by
Leon Payne

CHORUS

1. I LOVE YOU BECAUSE you understand, dear,

2. (I) LOVE YOU BECAUSE my heart is lighter.

every single thing I try to do,
You're always there to

every time I'm walking by your side.
I LOVE YOU BE-

c lend a helping hand, dear,
I love you most of all because you're
-CAUSE the future's brighter.
The door to happiness you o-

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you.

No matter what the world may say about me.

wide.

No matter what may be the style or season.

I know your love will always see me through.

I know your heart will always be true.

love you for the way you never doubt me.

But most of all I love you for a hundred thousand reasons.

But most of all I love you because you're you.

love you because you're you.
I NEED YOUR LOVE TONIGHT
Words and Music by
Sid Wayne and Bix Reichner

Medium Bright Rock

CHORUS
F       C7       F
Oh, oh! I love you so. Uh, uh, can't let you go. Ooh,

F       F7       Bb       F       C7       F       F
ooh, don't tell me no. I need your love to-night. Oh, gee, the

C7       F       F       F       F7       Bb
way you kiss. Swee-dee, too good to miss. Wow-whee, want more of this. I
need your love to-night.
I've been waitin' just for to-night to do some lovin' and

hold you tight. Don't tell me, baby, you gotta go; I got the hi-fi high and the

lights down low. Hey, now, hear what I say. Ooh-wow, you better stay. Pow-

pow, don't run a-way. I need your love to-night. Oh.
IT'S NOW OR NEVER
Words and Music by
G. Capurro and E. Di Capua
English Lyric by
Aaron Schroeder and Wally Gold

CHORUS
(tacet) Eb Fdim7 Fm Fm7 Bb7
It's now or never; come hold me tight. Kiss me, my

Fm Fm7 Bb7 Eb Abm
dar-lin'; be mine to-night. Tomorrow

Abm Eb F#dim7 Bm7
will be too late. It's now or never; my love won't
To Interlude

Eb

wait. 1. When I first my love won't wait.
Just like a (opt. octave lower)

INTERLUDE

Eb  Eb+  Ab  Bb7
saw you, with your smile so tender,

Ab  Ebm  Eb  (tacet)  Eb  Eb+

willow we would cry an ocean,

Ab  Abm  Eb  Fdim7  Fm7  Bb7  Eb  Abm  Eb  %
my soul surrendered. I've spent a lifetime waiting for the

right time. Now that you're near the time is here at last.

(Return to Chorus)
I WANT YOU, I NEED YOU, I LOVE YOU

Music by
Ira Kosloff

Words by
Maurice Mysels

Moderately Slow

CHORUS

Hold me close, hold me tight, make me thrill with delight. Let me know where I stand from the start. I want you, I need you, I love you — with all my heart. Every time that you're near all my cares disappear. Darling, you're all that I'm living for. I want you, I need you, I

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I love you, more and more. I thought I could live without romance. Before you came to me, but now I know that I will go on loving you eternally. Won't you please be my own, never leave me alone, cause I die every time we apart. I want you, I need you, I love you, with all my heart. Hold me heart.
JAILHOUSE ROCK
Words and Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Medium Bright Rock

CHORUS
1. Warden threw a party in the county jail... The prison band was there and they began to wail... The band was jumpin' and the joint began to swing... "You've the cutest jailbird I've ever did see..."

2. Spider Murphy played the tenor saxophone... Little Joe was blowin' on the trombone... The drummer boy from Illinois went crash, boom, bang!...

3. Number Forty-seven said to Number Three... "You're the cutest jailbird I've ever seen..."

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should've heard those knocked-out jail-birds sing — whole rhythm section was the purple gang — Let's rock!

Let's rock! Ev'rybody in the whole cell block.

was a dancin' to the Jail-house Rock!

EXTRA CHORUSES

4. The sad sack was a-sittin' on a block of stone,
    Way over in the corner weeping all alone.
The warden said, "Hey buddy, don't you be no square,
    If you can't find a partner, use a wooden chair!"
    Let's rock, etc.

5. Shifty Henry said to Bugs, "For Heaven's sake,
    No one's lookin', now's our chance to make a break."
    Bugsy turned to Shifty and he said, "Nix, nix,
    I wanna stick around a while and get my kicks,"
    Let's rock, etc.
KENTUCKY RAIN
Words and Music by
Eddie Rabbitt and Dick Heard

Slow (triplet feel)

C          G           C          F
1. Seven lonely days and a dozen towns ago,
2. Showed your photograph to some old gray bearded men

C          F           C          C7          F          G
reached out one night and you were gone;
Don't know why you'd run, what you're

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runnin' to or from, memory wasn't clear, was it yesterday, all I know is I

want to bring you home, so I'm

Walkin' in the rain, finally got a ride with a preacher man who asked, "Where you

lonely Kentucky back road, I've loved you much too long and bound on such a dark afternoon?" As we drove on thru the rain, as he
my love’s too strong, To let you go, never knowing what went
listened, I explained, And he left me with a prayer that I’d find

wrong,
you.

Kentucky rain keeps pouring
don’t,

And up ahead’s another town that I’ll go

walking thru,

With the rain in my shoes.
Searching for you.

In the cold Kentucky rain.

1.

C rain.

2.

C Kentucky

Repeat till fade
KING CREOLE
From the Paramount Motion Picture Production 'King Creole'
Words and Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Verse
(Tacet)

1. There's a man in New Orleans who plays rock and roll.
2. When the king starts to do it, it's as good as done.
3. (Well, he) sings a song about a crawdad hole.
4. (Well, he) plays something evil then he plays something sweet.

He's a guitar man with a great big soul.
He holds his guitar like a Tommy gun.
He sings a song about a jelly roll.
No matter what he plays you got to get up on your

He lays down a beat like a ton of coal.
He starts to growl from way down in his throat.
He sings a song about meat and greens.
Feet. When he gets the rockin' fever, baby, heaven takes.

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He goes by the name of King Creole.
He bends a string and "that's all she wrote."
He wails some blues about New Orleans.
He don't stop playin' till the guitar breaks.

Chorus
You know he's gone, gone, gone, Jumpin' like a catfish on a pole.
You know he's gone, gone,
Gone, Hip-shaking King Creole.

2. When the
3. Well, he
4. Well, he
LAWDY MISS CLAWDY
Words and Music by
Lloyd Price

Slow Rock

1 Oh! now Lawdy Lawdy Lawdy Miss Clawdy Girl! You sure look good to me
cause I give you all my mon-ey Girl! You just won't treat me right

Well please don't ex-cite me ba-by Tho it can't be me
You like to ball in the morn-ing don't come back un-till night

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3. I'm gonna tell my mama, lawd, I'm gonna tell her what you been doing to me
4. Well now lawdy, lawdy, lawdy miss clawdy girl! you sure look good to me
5. Well so bye, bye, bye, bye, baby girl! I won't be trouble no more

I'm gonna tell everybody that I'm down in misery
You just wheeling and rocking baby you're just as fine as you can be
Goodbye clawdy oh darling down the road I'll go
LITTLE SISTER
Words and Music by
Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman

Moderately

Verse

1. Well, I dated your big sister, And I  
2. (Ev'ry) time I see your sister, Well, she's  
3. (Well, I) used to pull your pig-tails, And  

took her to a show.  
got some-body new.  
pinch your turned-up nose.  

I went for some candy;  
She's mean and she's evil like that  
But you been growin' and,  

(long came Jim Dandy And they snuck right out the door  
old Boll Weevil; Guess I'll try my luck with you  
ba-by, it's been show-in' From your head down to your toes  
(Tacet)  

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Chorus

Lit-tle Sis-ter, don't you,

Lit-tle Sis-ter, don't you,

Lit-tle Sis-ter, don't you kiss me once or twice Then say it's ver-y nice and then you run.

Lit-tle Sis-ter, don't you do what your big sis-ter done.

2. Ev-ry
3. Well, I done.
LONG TALL SALLY
Words and Music by
Enotris Johnson, Richard Penniman and Robert Blackwell

Bright rock tempo

1. Gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John. He
   says he has the blues. But he has a lot of fun,
   yes baby.

2. (Well,) Long Tall Sally has a lot on the ball, And
   no body cares if she's long and tall.
   woo baby, baby.

3. (Well, I) saw Uncle John with Long Tall Sally, He
   saw Aunt Mary comin' And he ducked back in the alley.
   Oh, baby.

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Havin' me some fun tonight._ yeah!_ 2. Well, yeah!_ We're gonna

have some fun tonight._ Gonna have some fun tonight_ woo!_ We're gonna

have some fun tonight._ Ev'rything will be all right._ We're gonna

have some fun, gonna have some fun tonight!
LOVE ME
Words and Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Moderately

CHORUS

Treat me like a fool, treat me mean and cruel, but love me. Break my faithful heart, tear it all a part, but love me. If you ever go, darling, I'll be oh, so lonely. I'll be sad and blue crying over you, dear, only.

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I would beg and steal just to feel

your heart beating close to mine.

Every night I pray to the stars that shine above me, Begging on my knees, all I ask is please, please, love me. Treat me like a
LOVE ME TENDER
From the 20th Century-Fox Cinemascope Production ‘Love Me Tender’
Words and Music by
Elvis Presley and Vera Matson

Moderately slow

VERSE

1. Love me tender, love me sweet;
2. Love me tender, love me long;
3. Love me tender, love me dear;

Extra Verse When at last my dreams come true,

Never let me go.
Take me to your heart.
Tell me you are mine.
Darling, this I know.

You have made my
For it’s there that
I’ll be yours through
Happiness will

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LOVING YOU

Featured by Elvis Presley in the Paramount Film 'Loving You'

Words and Music by
Mike Stoller and Jerry Leiber

Slowly (with a beat)

CHORUS

I will spend my whole life through loving you, loving you.

Winter, summer, spring-time, too, loving you, loving you.

Makes no difference where I go or what I do. You know that I'll always be

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loving you. If I'm seen with someone new, don't be blue,

C7 G7 C7

Don't be blue. I'll be faithful I'll be true; always true,

true to you. There is only one for me, and you know who.

F7 Eb F Cm6 D7

You know that I'll always be loving you, loving you.

G7 C7 F Bbim C7 C7 F

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MEAN WOMAN BLUES
Words and Music by
Claude De Metruis

Medium Rock

CHORUS

I got a woman mean as she can be

I got a woman mean as she can be.

Sometimes I think she's almost mean as me.
1. A black cat up and died of fright, 'Cause she crossed his path last night. Oh,
2. (She) kiss so hard she bruise my lips. Hurts so good my heart just flips. Oh,
3. (The) strangest gal I ever had; Never happy less she's mad. Oh,
4. She makes love without a smile, Ooh hot dog, that drives me wild. Oh,
IN THE GHETTO

Words and Music by
Scott Davis

Slowly, with feeling

As the snow flies on a cold and gray Chi-ca-go morn-in', A poor little baby child is born In The Ghetto.

And his ma-ma cries 'Cause if

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there's one thing she doesn't need. It's another hungry mouth to feed. In The

Ghet-to.

People, don't you understand. the child needs a

helping hand. Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some-

day.

Take a look at you and me. Are we too
F7  C  F  Em

blind to see Or do we simply turn our heads and

Dm  G7  C  F  C  F  C  a tempo

look the other way? Well, the world turns and a

Em  F  G7

hungry little boy with the runny nose Plays in the street as the cold wind blows In The

C

Ghetto,

And his hunger burns
Em

And he starts to roam the streets at night And he

F  G7  C

learns how to steal and he learns how to fight In The Ghetto.

And

G  F  C

then one night, in desperation, a young man breaks away He

F  Em  Dm  G7

buys a gun, steals a car, tries to run, but he don't get far, and his
ma-ma cries.

As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man, face
down in the street with a gun in his hand. In The Ghetto.

And as her

young man dies,

On a cold and gray Chicago mornin', An-

other little baby child is born. In The Ghetto.
MOODY BLUE
Words and Music by
Mark James

Moderately

C

(1) Well, it's hard to be a gambler bettin' on the number day comes she's Tuesday, when Tuesday comes she's Wednesday,

G7

that changes every time. Well, you think you're gonna win, think

into another day again. Her personality winds just

C

she's givin' in, a stranger's all you find. Yeah, it's hard

like a ball of twine on a spool that never ends. Just when I

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...to figure out what she's all about, that she's a woman through and through.

I knew her well, her emotions reveal she's not the person that I thought I knew.

She's a complicated lady, so color my baby

moody blue.

Oh, moody blue. tell me am I

gettin' through.

I keep hangin' on tryna...
learn the song... but I never do... Oh,
mood-y blue,... tell me who I'm talkin' to.
You're like night and day,... and it's hard to say which

one is you...
(2) Well, when Mon...

Oh,
MONEY HONEY

Words and Music by

J. Stone

Moderato

VERSES

The landlord rang my front door bell

I let it ring for a long, long spell; I went to the window, and I

peeped thru' the blind and asked my little baby what was on his mind, She cried

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2. Well, I screamed and I hollered 'cos I'm so hard pressed,
    I lost the woman that I loved the best;
    I fin'ly reached my baby 'bout half past three
    She said "Little baby, what was wrong with me?"
    I cried

    (To Chorus)

3. I learned my lesson, and now I know
    The winds may come and the winds may go,
    The women they come, and the women they go,
    But how is it darlin' that you love me so?
    She cried

    (To Chorus)
MY BABY LEFT ME
Words and Music by
Arthur Crudup

Moderately bright

CHORUS

1. Yes, my
2. Now, I

stand at my

left me,
window,

never said a
wring my hands and
cry.

Was it

I hate to

some-thing I done, some-thing that she heard? My ba-b-y left me,
lose that wo-man, hate to say good-bye. You know she left me,

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3. Baby, one of these mornings, Lord, it won't be long.
You'll look for me and, Baby, and Daddy he'll be gone.
You know you left me, you know you left me.
My baby even left me, never said goodbye.

All I know is that the one I love is gone.
My baby left me, you know she left me.
My baby even left me, never said a word.
MYSTERY TRAIN
Words and Music by
Sam C. Phillips and Herman Parker Jr.

Moderately Fast

CHORUS

1. Train I ride sixteen coaches long

Train I ride

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2. Train, train, coming 'round 'round the bend.
Train, train, coming 'round 'round the bend.
Well, it took my baby, well, it never will again
(no not again).

3. Train, train, coming down the line.
Train, train, coming down the line.
Well, it's bringing my baby 'cause she's mine, all mine
(she's mine, all mine).
MY BOY

Music by
Claude Francois and Jean-Pierre Bourtayre

Words by
Bill Martin and Phil Coulter

Slowly

G sus⁴ G F# sus⁴ F♯ F sus⁴ F Bb sus⁴ Bb

You're sleeping, son, I know stand, word; But, really, this can't
Perhaps it's just as

wait. I wanted to explain plain Before it gets too
start? We're more like strangers now, Each acting out a
well. Why spoil your little dreams, Why put you through the

Eb Bb

Cm G♯

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late.
part.
hell.

For your mother and
I have laughed, I have
Life is no fairy

me,
cried;
tale
Love has finally
died;
I have lost every
game,
As one day you will know
But now you're just a

This is no happy
Tak'en all I can

home
But God knows how I've tried
take
But I'll stay just the same
child
I'll stay here and watch you grow

Because you're
all I have, my boy; You are my life, my pride my
joy — And if I stay, I stay because of you, my
boy.

know on, it's hard to un-der-

because you're

D. S. and Fade
OLD SHEP
Words and Music by
Clyde (Red) Foley

Moderato

1. When I was a lad, and old Shep was a pup, O'er hills and
2. (So the) years rolled a long, and at last he grew old, His eye-sight was
3. (I) went to his side and sat on the ground, He laid his
  meadows we'd roam, Just a boy and his dog We were
  fast growing dim, Then one day the doctor looked
  head on my knee, I stroked the best pal that a

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both full of fun We grew up to gath-er that way. I re-
acme and said I can't do no more for him, Jim. With a
many ev-er found I cried so I scarce-ly could see. Old

- mem-ber the time at the old swim-ming hole, When I would have
hand that was trem-bling I picked up my gun. I aimed it at
Shep-pie he knew he was go-ing to go, For he reached out and
drowned be-yond doubt Shep was right there to the res-cue he
Shep's faith-ful head I just could n't do it I want-ed to
licked at my hand He looked up at me, just as much as to
came and helped pull me out.
2. So the run
And I wished that they'd shoot me instead.
3. I say We're parting, but you understand.

Now

Last time only

old Shep is gone, where the good doggies go
And no more with old

Shep will I roam
But if dogs have a heaven, there's

one thing I know Old Shep has a wonderful home.
ONE NIGHT
Words and Music by
Dave Bartholomew and Pearl King

Slowly

CHORUS
(tacet)

One night with you

is what I'm now praying for.
The things that

we two could plan
would make my dreams come true.

Just call my name

and I'll be right by your side.

I want your sweet helping hand;
My love's too strong to

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C    C7    F7
hide.

Al-ways lived a ver-y qui-et life. I ain't nev-er did no

D7    G7 (tacet)    G7+
wrong.

Now I know that life with-out you has been too-ly too-long. One night with

C    Dm7 G7    Dm7 G7
you is what I'm now pray-ing for. The things that we two could plan

Dm7 G7 C    F7 G7 (tacet) C    F7 C
would make my dreams come true. One night with true.
PARALYZED
Words and Music by
Otis Blackwell and Elvis Presley

Bright shuffle

CHORUS

When you looked into my eyes, I stood there like I was hypnotized.
When we kissed, ooh, what a thrill. You took my hand and ooh, baby, what a chill.

You sent a feeling to my spine, a feeling warm and smooth and fine. But all I could do was
I felt like grabbin' you real tight, squeeze and squeeze with all my might. But all I could do was

stand there paralyzed. stand there paralyzed.

Oh, yah, lucky me, I'm singin' ev'ry
Day, ever since that day you came my way, you made my life for me just one big happy game. I'm gay every morning, at night I'm still the same. Do you remember that wonderful time, you held my hand and swore that you'll be mine? In front of the preacher you said, "I do!" I couldn't say a word for thinking of you. All I could do was stand there paralyzed.
READY TEDDY
Words and Music by
John Marascalo and Robert Blackwell

Bright Tempo

Chorus

Verse

1. Go'in' down to the corner, pick up--my sweetie pie. She's my

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rock 'n' roll baby, she's the apple of my eye, 'Cause I'm

Chorus

Read-y Read-y Read-y Ted-dy, I'm Read-y Read-y Read-y Ted-dy. I'm

Verse

2. Well, the flat top cats and the dungaree dolls Are
3. (Gonna) kick off my shoes, roll up my faded jeans. Grab my
headed for the gym to the Sock Hop Ball. The joint is really jumpin', the 
rock 'n' roll baby, pour on the steam. I shuffle to the left. I

cats are go-in' wild. The music really sends me. I dig that crazy style, 'Cause I'm 
shuffle to the right. Gonna rock 'n' roll till the early early night, 'Cause I'm

Chorus

F7

Ready Ready Ready Teddy, I'm Ready Ready Ready Teddy, I'm Ready

G7


F7

Ready Ready Teddy, I'm Ready Ready Ready to a rock 'n' roll. Gonna rock 'n' roll.
RETURN TO SENDER
Words and Music by
Otis Blackwell and Winfield Scott

Moderately

Chorus
C Am Dm
I gave a letter to the postman; he put it in his
So then I dropped it in the mailbox and sent it Special

G7 C Am
sack.
Bright and early next morning he
Bright and early next morning it

Dm G7 C (Tacet) F G7
brought my letter back. She wrote upon it: Return to sender,
came right back to me.
address unknown.

No such number.

no such zone.

We had a quarrel.

a lover's spat.

I write I'm sorry but my

letter keeps coming back.

zone.

This time I'm gonna
take it myself and put it right in her hand. And if it comes back the
very next day, Then I'll understand the writing on it. Return to
sender, address unknown. No such
number, no such zone. zone.
SHE’S NOT YOU
Words and Music by
Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller and Doc Pomus

Moderately

Chorus
(Taccet)

F C7

Her hair is soft and her eyes are, oh, so blue.

Cdim C7 Bb C7 F F#dim7

She’s all the things a girl should be, but she’s not you.

C7 (Taccet) F C7

She knows just how to make me laugh when I feel blue.

Cdim C7 Bb C7

She’s every-thing a man could want, but she’s not
you.

And when we're danc-ing,

it almost feels the same. I've got to stop myself from

whis-tering your name. She even kis-ses me like you used to

do. And it's just break-ing my heart 'cause she's not

you. Her hair is you.
SO GLAD YOU'RE MINE

Words and Music by
Arthur Crudup

Moderato

My baby's long and tall, shaped like a

F Tacet

cannon ball. An every-time she loves me, lawd y,

F Tacet

F CHORUS

you can hear me squall, she cries Ooh ee I believe I'll

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2. My baby knows just how to treat me right
   Gives me plenty lovin' morning, noon and night,
   She cries Oo - ee etc

3. When my baby does what she does to me
   I climb the highest mountain down in the deep blue sea,
   She cries Oo - ee etc

4. My baby's lips are red and sweet like wine,
   She let's me lay down in her lovin' arms all night,
   She cries Oo - ee etc
SUSPICION
Words and Music by
Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman

Moderately

Verse

1. Ev'-ry time you kiss me I'm still not cer-tain that you love me.
2. Ev'-ry time you call me and tell me we should meet to-mor-row,
3. Dar-ling, if you love me, I beg you wait a lit-tle long-er.

Ev'-ry time you hold me I'm still not cer-tain that you
I can't help but think that you're meet-ing some-one else to
Wait un-til I drive all these fool-ish fears out of my
care.

Though you keep on say-ing you
Why should our rom-ance just a-
How I hope and pray that our
Dm

really really really love me,
keep on causing me such sorrow?
love will keep on growing stronger.

Dm G7sus4 C (Tacet)

Do you speak the same words to someone else when I'm not there?
Why am I so doubtful when ever you are out of sight?
Maybe I'm suspicious cause true love is so hard to find.

Chorus

Am

pi-cion torments my heart. Sus-picion keeps us apart. Sus-

(Tacet) [4] D7sus4 G7 (Tacet)

pi-cion, why torture me!

(Tacet)

1.

2.

D7b5 G7 (Tacet) C A7

me! Why torture me!

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TEDDY BEAR
Words and Music by
Kal Mann and Bernie Lowe

Medium Bright Rock

CHORUS

1. Baby let me be your lovin' Teddy Bear.
2. Baby let me be around you ev'ry night.

Put a chain around my neck and lead me any where.
Run your fingers through my hair and cuddle me real tight. Oh let me be your Teddy Bear.

I don't want to be your tiger cause tigers play too
rough. I don't want to be your li-on 'cause li-ons ain't the kind you love.

Just wanna be your Teddy Bear.

Put a chain around my neck and lead me an-y-where. Oh, let me be your Teddy Bear.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT

Words and Music by
Arthur Crudup

Moderately bright

CHORUS

1. Well that's all right,... ma-ma,
   that's all right for you.

2. My ma-ma, she done told me,
   pa-pa done told me too.

That's all right,... ma-ma, just any way you do.
Son, that gal you're fool-in' with, she ain't no good for you, but... That's all right,

that's all right... That's all
3. I'm leavin' town tomorrow, leavin' town for sure,
    Then you won't be bothered with me hangin' 'round your door,
    But that's all right, that's all right.
    That's all right, mama, any way you do.

4. I oughta mind my papa, guess I'm not too smart.
    If I was I'd leave you, go before you break my heart,
    But that's all right, that's all right.
    That's all right, mama, any way you do.
STUCK ON YOU
Words and Music by
Aaron Schroeder and J. Leslie McFarland

Moderately

CHORUS

You can shake an apple off an apple tree...
Gonna run my fingers thru your long black hair...

F

Shake-a shake-a, sugar, but you'll never shake me. Uh-uh-uh.
Squeeze you tighter than a grizzly bear. Uh-huh-huh.

Bb7

No-sir-ee, uh-uh.
Yes-sir-ee, uh-huh.

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C7  C7+  Bb7  F (tacet)

stick like glue.
stick like glue.

Stick because I'm
Stick because I'm

Stuck on

Stuck on

1. C7

you.
you.

Hide in the kitchen, hide in the hall.

2. Bb

F

Bb

Ain't gonna do you no good at all. 'Cause once I catch ya and the

Bb

C7 (tacet)

kiss-in' starts, A team o' wild horses couldn't tear us apart.
Try to take a tiger from his daddy's side.
That's how love is gonna keep us tied. Uh-huh-huh.
Yes-sir-ee, uh-huh.
I'm gonna stick like glue,
Yay, yay, because I'm stuck on you.
TRYING TO GET TO YOU
Words and Music by
Rose Marie McCoy and Charles Singleton

(Moderato with a beat)

I've been trav'lin' over mountains, even thru the valleys too,

I've been trav'lin' night and day. I've been runnin' all the way. Baby, tryin' to get to you.

(Ex-since I read your letter, where you said you loved me
If I had to do it over, that's exactly what I'd

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true. I've been trav-lin' night and day, I've been run-nin' all the 
do. I would trav-el night and day, and I'd still run all the 
way, Ba - by try-in' to get to you. 
way, Ba - by try-in' to get to you. 

Fm

C

C7

let hold - ter. then my heart be-gan to sing. 
or could keep me 'away from you.

F7

C

C7

F

202
thing. 
true.

Lord a-bove, you know I love you.

spite of all that I've been through.
It was He that brought me through.

I kept trav-lin' night and day.
I kept runnin' all the way.

He would shine His bright-est light,
when I was tryin' to get to you.

I've been trav-lin' o-ver you.
THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING

Words and Music by
Dallas Frazier

Verse

1. I hear footsteps slowly walking,
   As they gently walk away

2. (As my) memory turns back the pages,
   I can see the happy years we had before.

   cross a lonely floor,
   And a voice is softly saying:

   "Darling, this will be good-bye forevermore,"

   Has been shattered by the closing of the door.

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Chorus

Bb
Bb

There goes my reason for living,

F7
Bb
F7
Bb

(Eb)

There goes the one of my dreams,
There goes my

F7
Bb

only possession,
There Goes My Ev'ry-

Bb7

1. Bb
F7

thing.

2. Bb

2. As my

thing.

ritard.
TOO MUCH
Words and Music by
Lee Rosenberg and Bernard Weinman

Medium Rock

1. Hen-ey, I love you too much. Need your lov-in' too much. Want the thrill of
your touch. Gee, I can't hold you too much. You do all the liv-in' while
you're gone. Don't you know you're treat-in' me wrong. Now you got me start-ed, don't you

2. You spend all my mon-ey too much. Have to share you, hen-ey, too much. When I want some lov-in',
your charms. Take me back, my ba-by, in your arms. Like to hear you sigh-in' e-ven

3. Ev'-ry time I kiss your sweet lips, I can feel my heart go flip flip. I'm such a fool for

I do all the giv' in' 'Cause I love you too much.
leave me broken heart-ed 'Cause I love you too much.

tho' I know you're ly - in' 'Cause I love you too much.

Need your lov-in' all the time. Need your hug-gin' please, be mine.
Need you near me;

stay real close. please, please, hear me, you're the most.
Now you got me start-ed don't you

leave me broken heart-ed 'Cause I love you too much.

1 Return to Chorus 2
TREAT ME NICE
Words and Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Medium Bright Rock

CHORUS

When I walk through that door,

Baby, be polite. You're gonna make me sore, If you don't greet me right. Don'tcha,

c

If you kiss me once, kiss me twice. Treat me nice.

I know that you've been told, it's not fair to tease So if you come on cold, I'm

really gonna freeze. If you don't want me to be cold as ice, Treat me nice.

Make me feel at home if you really care. Scratch my back and run your pretty fingers through my hair. You know I'd be your slave, if you ask me to.

But if you don't behave, I'll walk right out on you. If you want my love then take my advice. Treat me nice. When nice
VERSE

1. I got a gal (guy) her name's Sue (he)
   She (he) knows just what to do

2. I got a gal (guy) her name's Daisy (Jackie)
   She (he) almost drives me crazy

3. I gotta go, can't stop,
   Down to the candy shop

4. You're the one I miss,
   I gotta tell you this

5. Won't you be my date,
   And baby, don't be late

POP VERSES

I got a gal (guy) her name's Sue (he)

I got a gal (guy) her name's Daisy (Jackie)

I gotta go, can't stop,

Oh, you're the one I miss,

Oh, won't you be my date,

knows just what to do.

I've been to the east, I've

almost drives me crazy, (wacky)

She's (he's) a real gone cookie,

get me an ice cream pop.

Don't want vanilla or

flavor of your kiss.

I don't mean cherry with

share my ice cream plate.

Without your kisses,
been to the west, But she's the gal I love the best.
yes-sir-ree, But pretty little Suzy's the gal for me.
straw-ber-ry too. Want the same kind of flavor when I'm kissing you. TUT-TI
choc-olate chips, I mean the same flavor of your sweet lips.
This is all I've got, Just an imita-tion flavor of you know what.

CHORUS

FRUT-TI au ruts-TI TUT-TI FRUT-TI au ruts-TI TUT-TI

ruts-TI A-bop-bop a-loom-ôp a-bop-bop boom! 2. I got a
3. I got-ta
4. You're the
5. Won't you lop hop boom!
UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO
Words and Music by
Buffy Sainte-Marie

Moderately

Am7  D7  G

You're not a dream, you're not an angel, you're a
dif-fi-ent, worlds a part, we're not the

G  G/F♯

man. same. I'm not a queen, We laughed and played at the

G/F♯  E7  Am

we-man, start like in a game. We'll make a You could have
space stayed outside my heart but in you came,

To Coda

and here we'll stay un-til it's time for you to
go. Yes we're go.

Don't ask why,
Don't ask how,

Don't ask forever.

Love me now. This love of mine had no beginning it has no end.

I was an
oak, now I'm a willow, now I can bend, and tho' I'll
never in my life see you again, still I'll
stay until it's time for you to go.

Don't ask why of me,
Don't ask ______ how of me,

Don't ask ______ forever of me,

Love me, ______ love me ______ now. ______ You're not a

CODA

stay until it's time for you to go.
WAY DOWN
Words and Music by
Layng Martine, Jr.

Moderate Rock Tempo

Babe, you're getting closer,
Ooh, my head is spin-nin'
The lights are go-in' dim,

You got me in your spell,

the sound of your breath-
in' has
a hundred magic fingers
on a

made the mood I'm in
whir-ling car-

The med-i-cine with-in

All of my re-
sis-

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-stance
me,
ly-in' on the floor your

doc-ter could pre-scribe

Bb F7

send-ing me to plac-es
love is do-in' some-thing

I've nev-er been be-fore... that I just can't

cresc.

C G7

Ooh and I can feel it, feel it, feel

C Dm/C tace! G7

Chorus

- it, feel it,
Way down where the mu-sic plays,

G7
way down like a tidal wave...
Way down where the fires blaze, way down.

down.  down,  way, way on down.

F  C  Dm/A  C/G  F  G7

down, (way on down)

down)

C

Hold me a-gain as tight...
WEAR MY RING AROUND YOUR NECK

Words and Music by
Bert Carroll and Russell Moody

Bright Tempo

Chorus

Won’t you wear my ring up around your neck
To tell the world
In yours, by heck.

Let them see
Let them know

C7

F

C

G7

your love for me,
And let them know by the ring around your

I love you so,
And let them see by the ring around your

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Won't you wear my neck. They say that going steadily is not the proper thing. They say that we're too young to know the meaning of a ring. I only know I love you and that you love me too. So, darling, please do what I ask of you. Won't you wear my
ring a-round your neck  
To tell the world

I'm yours, by heck.  
Let them see your love for

Let them know I love you

me, so,  
And let them see by the ring a-round your

And let them know by the ring a-round your

Won't you wear my neck.
WHEN MY BLUE MOON TURNS TO GOLD AGAIN

Words and Music by
Wiley Walker and Gene Sullivan

Moderato

VERSE

Bb

1. Memories that linger in my heart, Memories that
2. (The) lips that used to thrill me so, Your
3. (The) castles we built of dreams together Were the

mp

riesc that make my heart grow cold; But some
kisses were meant for only me; In my
sweetest stories ever told; Maybe

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day they'll live again, sweet-heart,
And my
dreams they live again, sweet-heart,
But my
we will live them all again,
And my

blue moon again will turn to gold.

golden moon is just a memory.
blue moon again will turn to gold.

CHORUS

WHEN MY BLUE MOON TURNS TO GOLD AGAIN, When the

226
rainbow turns the clouds away;

WHEN MY

BLUE MOON TURNS TO GOLD AGAIN.

You'll be back in my

arms to stay.

2. The stay.

3. The

D.S. al Fine

227
WILD IN THE COUNTRY
Words and Music by
George Weiss, Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore

Moderately Slow

Chorus

A rose grows wild in the country.
A tree grows tall as the sky.
The wind blows wild in the country.

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(excluding Canada, Australia and New Zealand) and the Republic of Ireland and Greece.
deer and the dove. Wild and free is this land that I love.

dream grows wild in the country. A love grows tall as the sky.

A heart beats wild in the country. And

here with a dream in my heart, Part of the wild, wild country am I.
WOODEN HEART

Words and Music by
Fred Wise, Ben Weisman, Kay Twomey and Berthold Kaempfert

Moderately (in 'Ttwo')

Can't you see I love you, Please don't break my heart in two,
That's not hard to do,
'Cause I don't have a wood-en heart.

And if you say 'Good-bye' Then I know that I would cry,
Maybe I would die 'Cause I
don't have a wooden heart. There's no strings up-

- on this love of mine, It was al-

ways you from the start,

Treat me nice, treat me good, treat me like you real-

ly should, 'Cause

I'm not made of wood, And I don't have a wood-

en heart.
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In The Ghetto
It's Now Or Never
Jailhouse Rock
King Creole
Lawdy, Miss Clawdy
Long Tall Sally
Love Me Tender
Money Honey
Moody Blue
Mystery Train
Return To Sender
Teddy Bear
That's All Right
Way Down
and Wooden Heart
... plus fifty more