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NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS

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E|-----|

Intro: with wah

A (8) A A C G A A

[Verse 1]

A A

A church house gin house, a school house outhouse

A A

On highway number nineteen, the people keep the city clean.

C G. A. A

They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush Call it Nutbush city limits

[Verse 2]

A A

Twentyfive was the speed limit, motorcycle not allowed in it

A A

You go to the store on Fridays, you go to church on Sundays

C G. A. A

They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush Call it Nutbush city limits

[Verse 3]

A A

You go to field on week days, and have a picnic on Labor Day

A A

You go to town on Saturdays, but go to church ev'ry Sunday.

C G. A. A

They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush Call it Nutbush city limits

[Instrumental]

A A A A C G A A

[Verse 3]

A A

No whiskey for sale; you get caught, no bail

A A

Salt pork and molasses, is all you get in jail

C G. A. A

They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush Call it Nutbush city limits

[Outro]

A.....

Little old town in Tennessee, that's called, quiet (little old community)

A one-horse town, you have to watch, what you're puttin' down in old Nutbush.

They call it Nutbush.