

## Knoxville Girl

BR5-49

I met a little girl from Knoxville a town we all know well And  
every Sunday evenin? inside her home I dwelled We went to take  
an evenin? stroll about a mile from town I picked a stick up of  
f the ground and knocked that fair girl down

She fell down on her bended knees for mercy she did cry "Oh Wil  
lard dear don't kill me here I'm unprepared to die "She never s  
poke another word, I only beat her more Until the ground around  
me with it her blood did flow

I grabbed her by her golden curls and drug her round and round  
Throwing her into the river that runs through Knoxville town Go  
there go there you Knoxville girl with dark and rollin? eyes G  
o there go there you Knoxville girl you can never be my bride

I went back home to Knoxville, it was around midnight My Mother  
she was worried and woke up in a fright, Oh tell me son what h  
ave you done to bloody your clothes so, I told my anxious Mothe  
r, I was bleeding at my nose.

I rolled and tumbled the whole night through, my dreams were li  
vin? Hell And then they came from Knoxville to carry me to jail  
I'm here to waste my life away down in this dirty old cell Bec  
ause I killed that Knoxville girl, that girl I loved so well