

Murder On Music Row

George Strait

Nobody saw him running from sixteenth avenue.
They never found the fingerprint or the weapon that was used.
But someone killed country music, cut out its heart and soul.
They got away with murder down on music row.

The almighty dollar and the lust for worldwide fame
Slowly killed tradition and for that someone should hang (oh, you tell them Alan).
They all say not guilty, but the evidence will show
That murder was committed down on music row.

For the steel guitars no longer cry and fiddles barely play,
But drums and rock 'n roll guitars are mixed up in your face.
Old Hank wouldn't have a chance on today's radio
Since they committed murder down on music row.

They thought no one would miss it, once it was dead and gone
They said no one would buy them old drinking and cheating songs
(I'll still buy 'em)
Well there ain't no justice in it and the hard facts are cold
Murder's been committed down on music row.

Oh, the steel guitars no longer cry and you can't hear fiddles play
With drums and rock 'n roll guitars mixed right up in your face
Why, the Hag, he wouldn't have a chance on today's radio
Since they committed murder down on music row
Why, they even tell the Possum to pack up and go back home
There's been an awful murder down on music row.