

Tennessee Saturday Night

Red Foley

Now listen while I tell you bout a place I know
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines
Civilized people live there all right
Nut they all go native on a Saturday night

Their music is a fiddle and a crack guitar
They get the kicks from an old fruit jar
They do the boogie to an old square dance
The woods're full of couples looking for romance
Some bartender takes his brogain lights out the lights
Yes they all go native on a Saturday night

When they really get together there's a lot of fun
They all know the other fella packs a gun
Everybody does his best and acts just right
Cause it's gonna be a funeral if you start a fight
They struggle and they shuffle till the broad daylight
Yes they all go native on a Saturday night

Well now you've heard my story bout a place I know
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines
Civilized people live there alright
But they all go native on a Saturday night