

# Nutbush City Limits

Sam Brown

Church-house gin-house  
School-house out-house  
On highway number nineteen  
The people keep the city clean

They call it Nutbush  
Oh Nutbush  
Call it Nutbush City limits

Twenty-five was the speed limit  
A motorcycle not allowed in it  
You go to school on fridays  
To go to church on sundays

They call it Nutbush  
Oh Nutbush  
Call it Nutbush City limits

You're gonna feel on weekdays  
And have a picnic on labour day  
You go to town on saturdays  
But go to church every sunday

They call it Nutbush  
Oh Nutbush  
Call it Nutbush City limits

There's no whiskey for sale  
You get caught no bail  
Soft port and molasses  
Is all you get in jail

They call it Nutbush  
Oh Nutbush yeah Nutbush City limits