

## Knoxville Girl

The Lemonheads

I met a little girl in Knoxville  
A town we all know well  
And every Sunday evening  
Out in her home I'd dwell  
We decided to take an evening walk  
About a mile from town  
I picked a stick up off the ground  
And I Beat That Fair Girl Down  
She fell down on her bended knee for mercy she did cry  
Oh willy dear, don't kill me here, I'm unprepared to die.  
She never spoke another word, I only beat her more.  
Until the ground around us, with all her blood did pour.  
I took her by her golden curls and drug her round and round,  
Throwing(ed) her into the river that flows through Knoxville to  
wn.  
Go down, go down you Knoxville girl with dark and rolling eye.  
Go down, go down you Knoxville girl, you can never be my bride.  
I headed back to Knoxville, got there about midnight.  
My mother she was worried and woke up in a fright.  
I told my anxious mother I was bleeding out my nose.  
I called for me a candle to light myself to bed.  
I called for me a handkerchief to bind my aching head  
Rolled and tumbled the whole night through as troubles was for  
me  
Like flames of hell around my bed and in my eyes could see  
They carried me down to Knoxville and put me in a cell  
My friends all tried to get me out but none could go my bail  
I'm here to waste my life away down in this dirty old jail.  
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl,  
The girl I loved so  
Well...