

Nutbush City Limits

Tina Turner

A church house, gin house
A school house, outhouse
On highway number nineteen
The people keep the city clean
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

Twenty-five was the speed limit
Motorcycle not allowed in it
You go t'the store on Friday
You go to church on Sundays
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
Said they call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

You go to the fields on week days
And have a picnic on Labor Day
You go to town on Saturday
But go to church every Sunday
They call it Nutbush, Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

No whiskey for sale
You get drunk, no bail
Salt pork and molasses
Is all you get in jail
They call it Nutbush, oh, Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

A lil old town on the Tennessee
Quiet little old community, one-horse town
You got to watch what they're puttin' down
Old Nutbush. They call it Nutbush
They call it Nutbush
Oh, Nutbush. They call it Nutbush