

Buttermilk John

Vince Gill

Now Buttermilk John played the steel guitar
It made a mournful sound
From the cotton fields of Arkansas
To the streets of that Nashville town

Oh John, oh John, play all night long
Play till my tears run dry
Oh John, oh John, play one last song
Before you take that final ride

Now Buttermilk John sure loved Miss Jean
She never left his side
Was the sweetest love I've ever seen
The Holy Bible was their guide

Oh John, oh John, play all night long
Play till my tears run dry
Oh John, oh John, play one last song
Before you take that final ride

Now Buttermilk John was a godly man
I loved him like a son
Now he's gone on to the Glory Land
With Jesus he, he will run

Oh John, oh John, play all night long
Play till my tears run dry
Oh John, oh John, play one last song
Before you take that final ride

Oh John, oh John, play one last song
Before you take that final ride