

# Tennessee Flat Top Box

Jim Hendricks

In a little cabaret  
In a south Texas boarder town  
Sat a boy and his guitar  
And the people came from all around  
And all the girls  
From there to Austin  
Were slippin' away from home  
And puttin' jewelry in hock to take the trip  
To go and listen  
To the little dark-haired boy who played the  
Tennessee flat top box  
And he would play Well he couldn't ride or wrangle  
And he never cared to make it dime  
But give him his guitar  
And he'd be happy all the time  
And all the girls  
From nine to ninety  
Were snappin' fingers  
Tappin' toes  
And beggin' him don't stop  
And hypnotized  
And fascinated  
By the little dark-haired boy who played the  
Tennessee flat top box  
And he would play Then one day he was gone  
And no one ever saw him 'round  
He vanished like the breeze  
They forgot him in the little town  
But all the girls  
Still dreamed about him  
And hung around  
The caberet until the doors were locked  
And then one day  
On the hit parade  
Was a little dark-haired boy who played the  
Tennessee flat top box  
And he would play

Songwriters

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