

Murder On Music Row

[George Strait](#)

Nobody saw him running from sixteenth avenue
They never found the fingerprint or the weapon that was used
But someone killed country music, cut out its heart and soul
They got away with murder down on music row
The almighty dollar and the lust for worldwide fame
Slowly killed tradition and for that someone should hang
They all say not guilty, but the evidence will show
That murder was committed down on music row
For the steel guitars no longer cry and fiddles barely play
But drums and rock 'n' roll guitars are mixed up in your face
Old Hank wouldn't have a chance on today's radio
Since they committed murder, down on music row
They thought no one would miss it, once it was dead and gone
They said no one would buy them old drinking and cheating songs
Well I'll still buy 'em
Well there ain't no justice in it and the hard facts are cold
Murder's been committed, down on music row

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