

Nutbush City Limits

Ike 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
Call it Nutbush city limits 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, little old town
Oh, Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits 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
Oh, Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits No whiskey for sale
You get caught, and no bail
Salt pork and molasses
Is all you get in jail
They call it Nutbush
Oh, Nutbush
Yeah, they call it Nutbush city
Nutbush city limits

Songwriters

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