Nutbush City Limits

Beth Hart

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

Twenty-five for speed limit
Motorcicle not allowed in it
You go to store on Friday
You go to church on Sunday
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits

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

No whiskey for sale
If 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

A little old town in Tennessee
A quiet little community
A one-horse town
You have to watch what you're putting down
In old Nutbush, oh Nutbush

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