Nutbush City Limits

Tina Turner

A church house, gin house
School house outhouse
On highway number nineteen
The people keep the city cleanThey call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush cityTwenty-five was the speed limit
Motorcycle not allowed in it
You go to store on Fridays
You go to church on SundaysThey call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush cityYou go to field on weekdays
And have a picnic on Labor Day
And go to town on Saturdays
And go to church on SundaysThey call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush cityNo whiskey for sale
You get drunk, no bail
Salt pork and molasses
Is all you get in jailThey call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
A city called Nutbush city limits
Nutbush cityA little old town in Tennessee
Quiet little community
One-horse town
You have to watch what they're putting downOh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush
They call it Nutbush, NutbushOh Nutbush, yeah
They call it Nutbush
Nutbush city limits

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/