

Knoxville Girl

Wilburn Brothers

[Wilburn Bros]

I met a little girl in Knoxville a town we all know well

And every Sunday evening out in her home I'd dwell

We went to take an evening walk about a mile from town

I thought of how she cheated me so I knocked that fair girl down

I picked a stick up off the ground and knocked that fair girl down

Oh Willy dear don't kill me here I'm not prepare to die

She never spoke another word I only beat her more

Until the ground around me within her blood did flow

[fiddle - guitar]

I took her by her golden curles I dragged her round and round

Then threw her into the river that flows through Knoxville town

Go there go there you Knoxville girl with dark and rolling eyes

Go there go there you Knoxville girl you'll never be my wife

I rolled and tumbled the whole night through my dreams were living hell

And then they came from Knoxville and carried me to jail

I'm here to waste my life away and time is passing slow

Because I killed that Knoxville girl the girl I loved so

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