

# Knoxville Girl

## The 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 curls 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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