

Tennessee Saturday Night

Ernest Tubb

Now listen while I tell you 'bout a place I know
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines
Where the moon's a little bashful and seldom shinesCivilized people live there alright
But they all go native on Saturday nightTheir music is a fiddle and a crack guitar
They take the kicks from an old fruit jar
They do the boogie to an old square dance
The woods're full of couples lookin' for romanceSome bartender takes his brogain lights out the lights
Yes, they all go native on Saturday nightWhen they really get together there's a lot of fun
They all know the other fella packs a gun
Everybody does his best and acts just right
'Cause it's gonna be a funeral if you start a fightThey struggle and they shuffle till the broad daylight
Yes, they all go native on Saturday nightWell, now you've heard my story 'bout a place I know
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines
Where the moon's a little bashful and seldom shinesCivilized people live there alright
But they all go native on Saturday night

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