

# Nutbush City Limits

## Ike & Tina Turner

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  
Call it Nutbush city limits Twenty-five was the speed limit  
Motorcycle not allowed in it  
You go t'the store on Friday  
You go to church on Sundays  
They call it Nutbush, little old town  
Oh, Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush city limits You go to the fields on week days  
And have a picnic on Labor Day  
You go to town on Saturday  
But go to church every Sunday  
They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush city limits No whiskey for sale  
You get caught, and no bail  
Salt pork and molasses  
Is all you get in jail  
They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush  
Yeah, they call it Nutbush city  
Nutbush city limits Lil' old town on the Tennessee, that's called  
Quiet little old community  
A one-horse town  
You have to watch  
What she's puttin' down  
In old Nutbush, they call it Nutbush...

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