

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
They call it Nutbush city limits Twenty-five was the speed limit, motorcycle not allowed in it
You go to store on Fridays, 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 weekdays and have a picnic on Labor day
You go to town on Saturdays but go to church every Sunday
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits No whiskey for sale, if you get caught, no bail
Salt pork and molasses is all you get in jail
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
Yeah, they call it Nutbush, [Incomprehensible], Nutbush city limits A little old town in Tennessee,
That's called a quiet little community
A one-horse town, you have to watch what you're putting down
In old Nutbush, they call it Nutbush

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