Knoxville Girl

The Boxmasters

I met a girl in Knoxville
A town we all know well,
And every Sunday evenin'
Out in her home I'd dwell.We went to take an evening walk
About a mile from town,
I picked a stick up off the ground,
And knocked that fair girl down.She fell down on her bended knees
For mercy she did cry.
"Oh Willy dear don't kill me here,
I'm not prepared to die."She never spoke another word
I only beat her more,
Until the ground around me
Within her blood did flow.I took her by her golden curls
Dragged her 'round and 'round.
Then threw her in 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 turned 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 that I loved so.

Songwriters
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