

# Buttermilk John

Vince Gill

Now Buttermilk John played the steel guitar  
It made a mournful sound  
From the cotton fields of Arkansas  
To the streets of that Nashville town

[Chorus]

Oh John, oh John, play all night long  
Play till my tears run dry  
Oh John, oh John, play one last song  
Before you take that final ride

Now Buttermilk John sure loved Miss Jean  
She never left his side  
Was the sweetest love I've ever seen  
The Holy Bible was their guide

[Chorus]

Now Buttermilk John was a godly man  
I loved him like a son  
Now he's gone on to the Glory Land  
With Jesus he, he will run

[Chorus]

Oh John, oh John, play one last song  
Before you take that final ride

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