

# Nutbush City Limits

## Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band

Santana:

A church house, gin house  
A school house, outhouse  
On highway number 19  
The people keep the city clean  
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush  
Call it

Santana with The Cardinals:

Nutbush city limits

The Cardinals:

Nutbush city

Santana:

Twenty-five is the speed limit  
Motorcycle not allowed in it  
You go to store on Friday  
You go to church on Sunday  
They call it Nutbush, little old town  
Oh Nutbush  
They call it

Santana with The Cardinals:

Nutbush city limits

The Cardinals:

Nutbush city

Santana:

You go 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

Santana with The Cardinals:

Nutbush city limits

The Cardinals:  
Nutbush city (Santana: Hey!)

Santana:  
Alright, hey, hey, yeah!  
Oh, yeah, yeah!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, hey  
Oh, yeah (The Cardinals: Nutbush city limits)  
Nutbush  
Woah

No whiskey for sale  
You can't cop no bail  
Salt pork and molasses  
Is all you get in jail  
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush  
They call it

Santana with The Cardinals:  
Nutbush city, Nutbush city limits

Santana:  
Little old town in Tennessee  
It's called (The Cardinals: Nutbush city limits)  
A quite little old community  
A one-horse town you have to watch  
What you're puttin' down

Santana with The Cardinals:  
Nutbush city limits, Nutbush city

Santana (with The Cardinals):  
Oh (Nutbush)  
They call it (Nutbush)  
They call it (Nutbush city) limits!

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