

# Tennessee Saturday Night

## The Ranch Girls & the Ragtime Wranglers

Now, listen while I tell you about a place I know  
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows  
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines  
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines  
Civilized people live there all right  
But they all go native on Saturday Night  
Oh, well the music is a fiddle and a cracked guitar  
They get their kicks from an old fruit jar  
They do the boogie to an old square dance  
The woods are full of couples looking for romance  
Somebody takes a brogan and knocks out the light  
Yes, they all go native on Saturday night  
When they really get together there's a lot of fun  
They all know the other fellow packs a gun  
Everybody does his best to act just right  
Cause there's gonna be funeral if you start a fight  
They struggle and they shuffle till broad daylight  
Yes, they all go native on Saturday night.  
Well, now you've heard my story about a place I know  
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows  
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines  
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines  
Civilized people live there all right  
But they all go native on Saturday Night

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