

Tennessee Saturday Night

Red Foley & The Cumberland Valley Boys

Now, listen while I tell you 'bout 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 alright
But they all go native on a Saturday night
Their 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 lookin' for romance
Somebody takes his brogan and knocks out the light
Yes, they all go native on a Saturday night
When they really get together there's a lot of fun
They all know the other fellow packs a gun
Ev'rybody does his best to act just right
'Cause there's gonna be a funeral if you start a fight
They struggle and they shuffle till broad daylight
Yes, they all go native on a Saturday night
Well, now you've heard my story 'bout 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 alright
But they all go native on a Saturday night

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>