

Wilburn Brothers "Knoxville Girl"

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[Wilburn Bros]

I met a little girl in Knoxville a town we all know well
And every Sunday evening out in her home I'd dwell
We went to take an evening walk about a mile from
town

I thought of how she cheated me so I knocked that fair
girl down

I picked a stick up off the ground and knocked that fair
girl down

Oh Willy dear don't kill me here I'm not prepare to die
She never spoke another word I only beat her more
Until the ground around me within her blood did flow

[fiddle - guitar]

I took her by her golden curls I dragged her round
and round

Then threw her into 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 tumbled 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 I loved so

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