

## **Alan Jackson**

# **"Murder On Music Row"**

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Nobody saw them running  
From 16th Avenue  
They never found the fingerprints  
Or the weapon that was used

But someone killed Country Music  
Cut out its heart and soul  
They got away with murder  
Down on Music Row

The almighty dollar  
And the lust for worldwide fame  
Slowly killed tradition  
And for that, someone should hang  
(Ahh, you tell 'em Alan)

They all say not guilty  
But the evidence will show  
That murder was committed  
Down on Music Row

For the steel guitars no longer cry  
And the fiddles barely play  
But drums and rock 'n' roll guitars  
Are mixed up in your face

Ol' Hank wouldn't have a chance  
On today's radio  
Since they committed murder  
Down on Music Row

They thought no one would miss it  
Once it was dead and gone  
They said no one would buy  
Them ol' drinking and cheating songs  
(Oh but I still buy 'em)

Well there ain't no justice in it  
And the hard facts are cold  
Murder's been committed  
Down on Music Row

For the steel guitars no longer cry  
And you can't hear fiddles play  
With drums and rock 'n' roll guitars  
Mixed right up in your face

Why, the Hag wouldn't have a chance  
On today's radio  
Since they committed murder  
Down on Music Row

Why, they even tell the Possum  
To pack up and go back home  
There's been an awful murder  
Down on Music Row

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