

## **Allen Karl**

### **"Oh Tennessee"**

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Down on Church Street there's an old man  
With a sweet strum and a brown bag  
He's still trying to write that song.  
And the ponytail girls dream  
In a warm wind from the gulf stream,  
And the Cumberland just rolls along.

Oh Tennessee, I miss your sweet life,  
I've been away so long.  
Oh Tennessee, leave on the moonlight  
I'm taking the back road home.

I saw this cat chill, out in Knoxville,  
Cooking catfish on a black grill -  
He was humming some Beale Street blues.  
Every big game there's a tailgate,  
And the churches line the Interstate,  
And on Sunday they got real good news.

Chorus

By a Smoky Mountain cool spring  
There's a tree rope where the kids swing -  
To the sound of a distant train.  
Old Wanda swears it ain't the wine  
But she saw the ghost of Patsy Cline -  
Laughing in the Broadway rain.

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