

Ernest Tubb

"Tennessee Saturday Night"

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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 seldom shines

Civilized people live there alright
But they all go native on Saturday night

Their music is a fiddle and a crack guitar
They take the kicks from an old fruit jar
They do the boogie to an old square dance
The woods're full of couples lookin' for romance

Some bartender takes his brogain lights out the lights
Yes, they all go native on Saturday night
When they really get together there's a lot of fun
They all know the other fella packs a gun
Everybody does his best and acts just right
'Cause it's gonna be a funeral if you start a fight

They struggle and they shuffle till the broad daylight
Yes, they all go native on 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 seldom shines

Civilized people live there alright
But they all go native on Saturday night

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