

George Strait & Alan Jackson

"Murder On Music Row"

Visit "[Murder On Music Row](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Nobody saw him running from sixteenth avenue
They never found the fingerprint 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
(Oh, you tell them 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 fiddles barely
play
But drums and rock 'n roll guitars are mixed up in your
face
Old 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 old drinking and
cheating songs
(I'll 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

Oh, 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, he 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

Visit [George Strait & Alan Jackson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.