

Ike

"Nutbush City Limits"

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A church house
Gin house

A school house
Outhouse
On Highway Number Nineteen

The people keep the city clean.
They call it Nutbush

Oh
Nutbush

Call it Nutbush city limits.

Twentyfive was the speed limit

Motorcycle not allowed in it

You go t'the store on Friday

You go to church on Sunday.

They call it Nutbush

Oh
Nutbush

Call it Nutbush city limits.

You go t'the fields on week days

And have a picnic on Labor Day

You go to town on Saturday

But go to church ev'ry Sunday.

They call it Nutbush

...

No whiskey for sale

You can't cop no bail

Salt pork and molasses

Is all you get in jail.

They call it Nutbush

...

Little old town in Tennessee

That's called a quiet little old community

A one-horse town

You have to watch

What you're puttin' down in old Nutbush.

They call it Nutbush.

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