

## Johnny Burnette

### "Tennessee Flat-Top Box"

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In a little cabaret in a South Texas border town,  
Sat a boy and his guitar, and the people came from all  
around.

And all the girls from there to Austin,  
Were slippin' away from home and puttin' jewelery in  
hock.

To take the trip, to go and listen,  
To the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee  
flat top box.

And he would play: [Instrumental]

Well, he couldn't ride or wrangle, and he never cared  
to make a dime.

But give him his guitar, and he'd be happy all the time.  
And all the girls from nine to ninety,  
Were snapping fingers, tapping toes, and begging  
him: "Don't stop."

And hypnotized and fascinated,  
By the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee  
flat top box.

And he would play: [Instrumental]

Then one day he was gone, and no one ever saw him  
'round,  
He'd vanished like the breeze, they forgot him in the  
little town.

But all the girls still dreamed about him.  
And hung around the cabaret until the doors were  
locked.

And then one day on the Hit Parade,  
Was a little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee  
flat top box.

And he would play: [Instrumental]

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