

Kenny Price

"Tennessee Saturday Night"

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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
The moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines
Civilized people live there all right but they all go native
on Saturday night

[guitar]

Well the music is a fiddle and a cracked guitar they get
their kicks from an old fruit jar

They do the boogie to an old square dance

The woods're full of couples lookin' for romance

They struggle and they shuffle till the broad daylight

And they all go native on Saturday night

[dobro]

When they really get together there's a lot of fun

They all know the other fella packs a gun

Everybody does his best to act just right

Cause it's gonna be a funeral if you start a fight

Somebody takes a brogan and he knocks out the light,

Then they all go native on Saturday night

[harmonica]

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 it seldom shines

Civilized people live there all right but they all go native

on Saturday night

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