

Osborne Brothers

"Knoxville Girl"

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(Traditional)

I met a little girl in Knoxville the town we all know well
And every Sunday evening out in her home I'd dwell
We went to take an evening walk about a mile from
town
I picked a stick up off the ground and knocked that fair
girl down.

She fell down on her bended knees for mercy she did
cry
Oh well, my dear don't kill me dear I'm not prepare to
die
She never spoke another word I only beat her more
Until the ground around me with inner blood did flow.

I took her by her golden curls and I dragged her
round and round
Throwing her into the river that flows through Knoxville
town
Go down go down you Knoxville girl with the dark and
roving eyes
Go down go down you Knoxville girl you can never be
my bride.

--- Instrumental ---

I started back to Knoxville got there about midnight
My mother she was worried and broke up in her pride
Saying dear son what have you done too bloody your
clothes so
I told my attention mother I was bleeding at my nose.

I called for me a candle to light myself to bed
I called for me a handkerchief to bind my aching head
Rolled and tumbled the whole night through as trouble
was for me
Like flames of hell around my bed and in my eyes
could see.

They carried me down to Knoxville and put me in a cell

My friends all tried to get me out but none could go my
bail
I'm here to waste my life away down in this dirty old jail
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl, the girl I loved
so well...

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