

## **Red Foley**

# **"Tennessee Saturday Night"**

Visit "[Tennessee Saturday Night](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Now, 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  
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines  
Civilized people live there alright  
But they all go native on a Saturday night

Their 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 are full of couples lookin' for romance  
Somebody takes his brogan and knocks out the light  
Yes, they all go native on a Saturday night

When they really get together there's a lot of fun  
They all know the other fellow packs a gun  
Ev'rybody does his best to act just right  
'Cause there's gonna be a funeral if you start a fight  
They struggle and they shuffle till broad daylight  
Yes, they all go native on a Saturday night

Well, 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 alright  
But they all go native on a Saturday night

Visit [Red Foley](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.