

## **Rosanne Cash**

# **"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

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

And 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

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