

Tina Turner

"Nutbush City Limits"

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A church house, gin house
School house outhouse
On highway number nineteen
The people keep the city clean

They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

Twenty-five was the speed limit
Motorcycle not allowed in it
You go to store on Fridays
You go to church on Sundays

They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

You go to field on weekdays
And have a picnic on Labor Day
And go to town on Saturdays
And go to church on Sundays

They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
They call it Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

No whiskey for sale
You get drunk, no bail
Salt pork and molasses
Is all you get in jail

They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush
A city called Nutbush city limits
Nutbush city

A little old town in Tennessee
Quiet little community
One-horse town
You have to watch what they're putting down

Oh Nutbush

They call it Nutbush
They call it Nutbush, Nutbush

Oh Nutbush, yeah
They call it Nutbush
Nutbush city limits

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