

Lemonade Mouth "Knoxville Girl"

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I met a little girl in Knoxville a 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 beat that fair girl
down
She fell down on her bended knee for mercy
She did cry oh Willy dear don't kill me here
I'm unprepared to die she never spoke another word
I only beat her more until the ground around us with all
her blood did
Pour I took her by her golden curls and drug
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
Rolling eye go down go down you can never be my
bride
I headed back to Knoxville got there
About midnight my mother she was worried
And woke up in a fright saying dear son what have
You done to bloody your clothes so
I told my anxious mother I was bleeding out my nose
I called for a candle to light myself to bed
I called for me a handkerchief to blind me aching head
rolled
And tumbled the whole night through a troubles was
for
Me like flames of hell around my bed and in my eyes
could they
Carried me down to Knoxville and they put me in a cell
My friends all tried to get me out but none could go
My bail I'm here to waste me life away down in this dirty
old jail
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl the girl I loved
so well

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