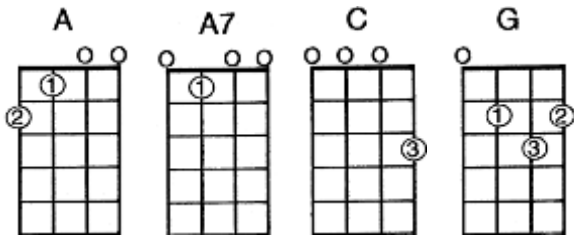


Nutbush city limits



Note tab notation: all picking on A string

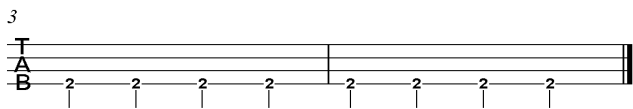
A

A church house gin house
 A school house outhouse
 On highway number nineteen
 Where people keep the city clean



Refrain

A C
 They call it Nutbush
 G
 Oh, Nutbush
 A
 Call it Nutbush city limits
 A
 Nutbush city limits



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

Refrain

You go to fields on week days
 And have a picnic on Labor Day
 You go to town on Saturdays
 But go to church ev'ry Sunday

Refrain

(Instrumental)

No whiskey for sale
 You can't cop no bail
 Saltpork and molasses
 Is all you get in jail

Refrain

(this final verse is different - may be left out)

Little old town in Tennessee
 That's called quiet little old community
 A one-horse town
 You have to watch
 What you're puttin' down

Refrain