

## Nutbush City Limits

Alvin Lee

A church house, gin house  
A 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 t'the store on Friday  
You go to church on Sundays  
They call it Nutbush, oh Nutbush  
Said they call it Nutbush city limits  
Nutbush city

You go to the fields on week days  
And have a picnic on Labor Day  
You go to town on Saturday  
But go to church every Sunday  
They call it Nutbush, 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  
They call it Nutbush city limits  
Nutbush city

A lil old town on the Tennessee  
Quiet little old community, one-horse town  
You got to watch what they're puttin' down  
Old Nutbush. They call it Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush. They call it Nutbush  
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"Nutbush City Limits" as written by Tina Turner  
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