

## Tennessee Saturday Night

Red Foley

Now listen while I tell you bout a place I know  
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows  
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines  
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines  
Civilized people live there all right  
Nutt they all go native on a Saturday night

Their music is a fiddle and a crack guitar  
They get the kicks from an old fruit jar  
They do the boogie to an old square dance  
The woods're full of couples looking for romance  
Some bartender takes his brogain lights out the lights  
Yes they all go native on a Saturday night

When they really get together there's a lot of fun  
They all know the other fella packs a gun  
Everybody does his best and acts just right  
Cause it's gonna be a funeral if you start a fight  
They struggle and they shuffle till the broad daylight  
Yes they all go native on a Saturday night

Well now you've heard my story bout a place I know  
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows  
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines  
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines  
Civilized people live there alright  
But they all go native on a Saturday night