

Tennessee Saturday Night

Smokey River Boys

Now listen while I tell you about 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

Their music is a fiddle and a crack guitar...
They get their kicks from an old fruit jar...
They do the boogie to an old square dance...
The woods'are full of couples looking for romance
Somebody takes his brogan... & knocks 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 to act 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...
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