

Music City USA

Bobby Bare

It all started in this little town
Way down in Texas
When I first heard old Johnny Cash
Singing prison blues
I picked my guitar like a fool
And read them country magazines
Keeping up to snuff on the Music City news

One Sunday morning found me there
On the streets of Nashville
Humming out the chorus to my latest melody
Well I whooped into old Tootsie's bar
And told them local pickers
I'd done come to capture Music City, U.S.A

Can't you hear the music ringing
Can't you hear the singers singing
Can't you hear somebody humming on my homemade melody
The lost and found are searching here
And some new face from everywhere

Is come to capture Music City, U.S.A

One Sunday evening found me Lord
In a corner booth at Limebaugh's
Drinking black coffee and eating chili
Like Marty Robbins and Earnest Tubb
Set there tuning up my guitar
Lord, I couldn't wait until Monday morning
Figured if I couldn't make it then nobody could

Well the years have come and gone
I'm still here in Nashville
Stumbling up and down 16th and 17th Avenue
Bugging everybody here
That I can get to stop and listen
Trying hard to do all the things
I told my mom and dad that I was going to do

Can't you hear the music ringing...