

## Knoxville Girl

The Stanley Brothers

I met a little girl in Knoxville  
A town we all know well  
And every Sunday evening  
Out in her home I'd dwell

We went to take an evening walk  
About a mile from town  
I picked a stick up off the ground  
And knocked that fair girl down

She fell down on her bended knees  
For mercy she did cry  
Oh Willie Dear don't kill me here  
I'm not prepared to die

She never spoke another word  
I only beat her more  
Until the ground around me  
With her blood did flow

I took her by her golden curls  
And dragged her round and round  
Throwing her into the river  
That flows through Knoxville Town