

Nobody Eats At Linebaugh's Anymore

Darrell Scott

Where can you go to see the country music stars? That's what we come to Nashville for. No one comes around to play the pinball machines Nobody eats at Linebaugh's anymore.

Now the Opry's gone and the streets are bare. Ernest Tubb's record shop is dark. And the drunks are gone from the Merchant's Hotel Everybody's gone to the park.

Where can you go to see the country music stars, sittin drinkin' coffee 'til four? Shoney's closed at nine o'clock; there's nothing left to do. Nobody eats at Linebaugh's anymore.

Now the Opry's gone and the streets are bare. Ernest Tubb's record shop is dark. And the drunks are gone from the Merchant's Hotel Everybody's gone to the park.

Won't no one hear the phone ring - is Benny Martin there? Or watch to see who comes in through the door. 'Cept the few that come around again to use the parking lot, Nobody eats at Linebaugh's anymore.

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Somewhere in the suburbs the Opry plays tonight, but the people come around to take the rides. The park shuts up at bedtime; there's nowheres else to go. Nobody eats at Linebaugh's anymore.