

Nutbush City Limits

Sam Brown

Church-house gin-house
School-house out-house
On highway number nineteen
The people keep the city clean

They call it Nutbush
Oh Nutbush
Call it Nutbush City limits

Twenty-five was the speed limit
A motorcycle not allowed in it
You go to school on fridays
To go to church on sundays

They call it Nutbush
Oh Nutbush
Call it Nutbush City limits

You're gonna feel on weekdays
And have a picnic on labour day
You go to town on saturdays
But go to church every sunday

They call it Nutbush
Oh Nutbush
Call it Nutbush City limits

There's no whiskey for sale
You get caught no bail
Soft port and molasses
Is all you get in jail

They call it Nutbush
Oh Nutbush yeah Nutbush City limits