

Cook Barbara, Nashville Nightingale

There's a sweet singing lady down in Tennessee
I mean Nashville, Tennessee.
Everyone down in Dixie loves her harmony;
I mean craves her harmony.
All the darktown preachers and the Bible teachers
Say they're losing all their trade
Cause the good church people all desert the steeple
When she starts to serenade.
Oh, you won't find a body what is feeling blue
Down in Nashville, Tennessee
Cause when they get that way,
They run to her and say
Nashville Nightingale,
Sing a little tune for me
Croon for me
Nashville Nightingale,

Gimme some of this:
Voh doh dee oh dee oh, voh doh dee oh dee oh.
Nashville Nightingale,
Up and down the scale for me,
Wail for me;
Nightingale, don't fail;
Fill my heart with bliss.
When you sing, voh dee oh doh dee oh voh doh dee oh,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, baby how you thrill me!
Voh dee oh doh dee oh voh doh dee oh,
Dark town tetrazini how you kill me!
Neath the Swanee moon,
Sing a little tune for me,
Croon for me.
Voh dee oh dee oh, the Nashville Nightingale!
Voh dee oh dee oh, the Nashville Nightingale!