

Alan Jackson F/ George Strait, Murder On Music

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Miscellaneous
Murder On Music Row
Nobody saw them running
From 16th Avenue
They never found the fingerprints
Or the weapon that was used
But someone killed country music
Cut out its heart and soul
They got away with murder
Down on music row

The almighty dollar
And the lust for worldwide fame
Slowly killed tradition
And for that, someone should hang ("Ahh, you tell 'em Alan")
They all say "Not Guilty!";
But the evidence will show
That murder was committed
Down on music row

For the steel guitars no longer cry
And the fiddles barely play
But drums and rock 'n' roll guitars
Are mixed up in your face
Ol' Hank wouldn't have a chance
On today's radio
Since they committed murder
Down on music row

They thought no one would miss it
Once it was dead and gone
They said no one would buy them ol'
Drinkin' and cheatin' songs ("Oh, but I still buy 'em")
Well there ain't no justice in it
And the hard facts are cold
Murder's been committed
Down on music row

For the steel guitars no longer cry
And you can't hear fiddles play
With drums and rock 'n' roll guitars
Mixed right up in your face
Why the Hag wouldn't have a chance
On today's radio
Since they committed murder
Down on music row

Why they even tell the Possum
To pack up and go back home
There's been an awful murder
Down on music row