

# Beth Hart & Joe Bonamassa, Nutbush City Limits

I drive home straight now  
A school outside house  
On highway number 19  
The people keep the city clean

They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
(Nutbush City Limit)

24 was speed limit  
Not a sacramental light in it  
You go to store on Friday  
You go to church on Sunday

They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
(Nutbush City Limit)

You go to feel on week days  
And have a picnic on Labor Day  
You go to town on Saturday  
But go to church every Sunday

They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
(Nutbush City Limit)

No, whiskey for sale  
You kick up no meal  
So, go get molasses  
And so you get in jail

They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
(Nutbush City Limit)

A little town in Tennessee  
That's called?  
A quiet and a little old community  
A one horse in town  
You have to watch  
What you're putting down  
In little old Nutbush

They call it Nutbush  
Oh, Nutbush  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
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They call it Nutbush City Limit  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
They call it Nutbush City Limit  
(They call it, they call it?)  
(Nutbush City Limit)  
Oh, Nutbush