

Ike & Tina Turner, Delilahs Power

A church house
gin house
a school house
outhouse
on Highway Number Nineteen
The people keep the city clean.
They call it Nutbush

oh
Nutbush
Call it Nutbush city limits.
Twentyfive was the speed limit
Motorcycle not allowed in it
You go t'the store on Friday
You go to church on Sunday.
They call it Nutbush

oh
Nutbush
Call it Nutbush city limits.
You go t'the fields on week days
And have a picnic on Labor Day
You go to town on Saturday
But go to church ev'ry Sunday.
They call it Nutbush

. . .
No whiskey for sale
You can't cop no bail
Saltpork and molasses
Is all you get in jail.
They call it Nutbush

. . .
Little old town in Tennessee
That's called a quiet little old community
A one-horse town
You have to watch
What you're puttin' down in old Nutbush.
They call it Nutbush.