

Kenny Price, Tennessee Saturday Night

Listen while I tell you bout a place I know down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines
The moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines
Civilized people live there all right but they all go native on Saturday night
[guitar]

Well the music is a fiddle and a crack guitar they give the kicks from an old fruit jar
They do the boogie to an old square dance
The woods're full of couples lookin' for romance
They struggle and they shuffle till the broad daylight
And they all go native on Saturday night
[dobro]

When they really get together there's a lot of fun
They all know the other fella packs a gun
Everybody does his best to act just right
Cause it's gonna be a funeral if you start a fight
They struggle and they shuffle till the broad daylight
Then they all go native on Saturday night
[harmonica]

Now you've heard my story bout a place I know
Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows
Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines
Where the moon's a little bashful and it seldom shines
Civilized people live there all right but they all go native on Saturday night