

Wilburn Brothers, Knoxville Girl

(Wilburn Bros)

I met a little girl in Knoxville a town we all know well
And every Sunday evening out in her home I'd dwell
We went to take an evening walk about a mile from town
I thought of how she cheated me so I knocked that fair girl down
I picked a stick up off the ground and knocked that fair girl down
Oh Willy dear don't kill me here I'm not prepare to die
She never spoke another word I only beat her more
Until the ground around me within her blood did flow

(fiddle - guitar)

I took her by her golden curls I dragged her round and round
Then threw her into the river that flows through Knoxville town
Go there go there you Knoxville girl with dark and rolling eyes
Go there go there you Knoxville girl you'll never be my wife
I rolled and tumbled the whole night through my dreams were living hell
And then they came from Knoxville and carried me to jail
I'm here to waste my life away and time is passing slow
Because I killed that Knoxville girl the girl I loved so