

Nutbush City Limits - Tina Turner

[A] A church house, gin house
A school house, outhouse
On highway number nineteen
The people keep the city clean
They call it [C]Nutbush
Oh, [G]Nutbush {stop}
Call it [A]Nutbush city limits

[A]Twenty-five was the speed limit
Motorcycle not allowed in it
You go t'the store on Friday
You go to church on Sundays
They call it [C]Nutbush, little old town
Oh, [G]Nutbush {stop}
They call it [A]Nutbush city limits

[A]You go to the fields 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 [C]Nutbush
Oh, [G]Nutbush {stop}
They call it [A]Nutbush city limits

[A]No whiskey for sale
You get caught, and no bail
Salt pork and molasses
Is all you get in jail
They call it [C]Nutbush
Oh, [G]Nutbush
Yeah, they call it [A]Nutbush city, Nutbush city limits

[A]Lil' old town on the Tennessee,
that's called Quiet little old community
A one-horse town
You have to watch
What she's puttin' down
In old Nutbush, they call it [C]Nutbush
Oh[G]Nutbush, [A] Nutbush city limits, Hey, Nutbush city limits, Nutbush city limits,
Hey, Nutbush city limits, Nutbush city limits [C][G] [A-A (Batman)]

