## **Nutbush City Limits**

## **Beth Hart & Joe Bonamassa**

I drive home straight now A school outside house

On highway number 19

The people keep the city cleanThey call it Nutbush

Oh Nutbush

They call it Nutbush City Limit

(Nutbush City Limit)Driving far past the speed limit

Not a sacramental light in it

You go to store on Friday

You go to church on SundayThey 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 SundayThey 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 jailThey call it Nutbush

Oh Nutbush

They call it Nutbush City Limit

(Nutbush City Limit)

A little tow in Tennessee

That's called...

A quiet little old community

A... a one horse town

You have to watch

What you're putting down

In little old NutbushThey call it Nutbush

Oh Nutbush

They call it Nutbush City Limit

## They call it Nutbush City Limit (they call it, they call it...) (Nutbush City Limit) Oh, Nutbush Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <a href="http://www.1songlyrics.com/">http://www.1songlyrics.com/</a>