

Beth Hart & Joe Bonamassa, Nutbush City Limits

I drive home straight now
A school outside house
On highway number 19
The people keep the city clean

They call it Nutbush
Oh, Nutbush
They call it Nutbush City Limit
(Nutbush City Limit)

24 was speed limit
Not a sacramental light in it
You go to store on Friday
You go to church on Sunday

They 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 Sunday

They 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 jail

They call it Nutbush
Oh, Nutbush
They call it Nutbush City Limit
(Nutbush City Limit)

A little town in Tennessee
That's called?
A quiet and a little old community
A one horse in town
You have to watch
What you're putting down
In little old Nutbush

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Oh, Nutbush
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They call it Nutbush City Limit
They call it Nutbush City Limit
(They call it, they call it?)
(Nutbush City Limit)
Oh, Nutbush