

# Nutbush City Limits © 1973 Tina Turner

## Verse 1

A

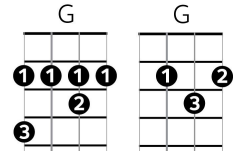
A church house gin house; a school house outhouse,  
On highway number nineteen; the people keep the city clean.

C G

They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush

A

Call it Nutbush city limits



## Verse 2

A

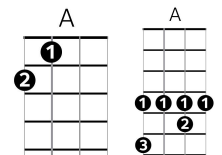
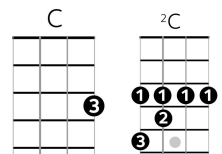
Twentyfive was the speed limit, motorcycle not allowed in it,  
You go to the store on Fridays, you go to church on Sundays

C G

They call it Nutbush (little old town), Oh, Nutbush

A

They call it Nutbush city limits



## Verse 3

A

You go to field on weekdays, and have a picnic on Labor Day,  
You go to town on Saturdays, but go to church ev'ry Sunday.

C G

They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush

A

Call it Nutbush city limits

## Verse 3

A

No whiskey for sale; you get caught, no bail, Salt pork and molasses, is all you  
get in jail

C G

They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush

A

They call it Nutbush city, Nutbush city limits.

## Outro

Little old town in Tennessee, that's called, quiet (little old community); A one-horse town, you  
have to watch, what you're puttin' down in old Nutbush. They call it Nutbush