G (8) G A# G Nutbush city limits [Verse 1] [Instrumental] G G G G A church house gin house, a school house outnouse G G [Verse 3] On highway number nineteen, the people keep the city clean. G A# F No whiskey for sale; you get caught, no bail G They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush G Saltpork and molasses, is all you getin jail G G Call it Nutbush city limits A# They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush G G [Verse 2] G G They call it Nutbush city, Nutbush city limits. Twentyfive was the speed limit, motorcycle not allowed in it [Outro] G G G You go to the store on Fridays, you go to church on Sundays Little old town in Tennessee, that's called, quiet (little A# old community) F They call it Nutbush (little old town), Oh, Nutbush G G G A one-horse town, you have to watch, what you're put They call it Nutbush city limits down in old Nutbush. G [Verse 3] They call it Nutbush. G G You go to field on week days, and have a picnic on Labor Day G and stop as You go to town on Saturdays, but go to church ev'ry Sunday. A# F They call it Nutbush, Oh, Nutbush G G