

**Tennessee Saturday Nights**  
**Red Foley**

Verse I.

**C**

Now listen while I tell you bout a place I know,

**C7**

Down in Tennessee where the tall corn grows.

**F**

Hidden from the world in a bunch of pines,

**G7**            **C**

Where the moon s a little bashful, and it seldom shines.

**G7**

Civilized people live there alright,

**C**

**G7**

**C**

Ah, but they all go native on Saturday night.

Verse II.

**C**

Oh well the music is a fiddle and a cracked guitar,

**C7**

They get their kicks from an old fruit jar.

**F**

They do the boogie to an old square dance,

**G7**            **C**

The wood s are full of couples lookin for romance.

**G7**

They struggle and they shuffle till broad daylight,

**C**

**G7**

**C**

Yes they all go native on Saturday night.

Verse III.

**C**

When they really get together there s a lot of fun,

**C7**

They all know the other fellow packs a gun.

**F**

Everybody does his best to act just right,

**G7**

**C**

Cause there s gonna be a funeral if you start a fight.

**G7**

Someone takes a Stetson and knocks out the light,

**C**

**G7**

**C**

Yes they all go native on Saturday night.

(repete verse I.)