

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.)