

Tennessee Flat Top Box
Johnny Cash

[Intro]

A D A

[Verse 1]

A E
In a little cabaret in a South Texas border town
Sat a boy and his guitar
A
And the people came from all around
E
And all the girls from there to Austin
A
Were slipping away from home and putting jewelery in hock
E
To take the trip, to go and listen
To the little darkhaired boy
A
That played the Tennessee flat top box
D
And he would play

[Break]

A D A D
A

[Verse 2]

A
Well, he couldn't ride or wrangle
E
And he never cared to make a dime

But give him his guitar, and he'd be happy all the time

And all the girls from nine to ninety
Were snapping fingers, tapping toes

And begging him don't stop

And hypnotized and fascinated
By the little darkhaired boy

That played the Tennessee flat top box
And he would play

[Break]

A D A D
A

[Verse 3]

Then one day he was gone, and no one ever saw him around
He'd vanished like the breeze, and they forgot him in the little town
But all the girls still dreamed about him
And a hung around the cabaret until the doors were locked
And then one day on the Hit Parade
Was a little darkhaired boy
That played the Tennessee flat top box

[Break]

D A D A D A
And he would play

[Outro (Fade Out)]

A