

Tennessee Flat Top Box

Johnny Cash '61 Rosanne Cash '87 - Bb
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In a little cabaret - In a south Texas border town
Sat a boy and his guitar - & the people came from all around
And all the girls - From there to Austin
Were slippin' away from home - And puttin' jewelry -in -hock
to take the trip - To go and listen
To the little dark-haired boy who played the
Tennessee flat top box And he would play ...

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Well he couldn't ride or wrangle
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 snappin' fingers - Tappin' toes - & beggin' him don't stop
And hypnotized - And fascinated
By the little dark-haired boy who played the
Tennessee flat top box - And he would play ...

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Then one day he was gone - & no one ever saw him 'round
He vanished like the breeze - They forgot him in the little town
But all the girls - Still dreamed about him
And hung around the cabaret until the doors were locked
And then one day - On the hit parade
Was the little dark-haired boy who played the
Tennessee flat top box - And he would play ...

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