

Tennessee Flat Top Box

A In a little cabaret, in a south Texas **E** border town

Sat a boy and his guitar, and the people came from all **A** around.

A And all the girls - from there to **E** Austin were slippin' 'way from home

And puttin' jewelry in hock to take the trip to go and **E** listen

To the little dark haired boy that played the Tennessee flat top **A** box

D-D-D-A-A-A-A-D-D-D-D-A-A-A-A-D-A
And he would play.... (***guitar solo***)

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

But give him his guitar and he'd be happy all the time. **A**

A And all the girls - from nine to ninety were snapping fingers, **E**

Tappin' toes and beggin' him, "Don't Stop" and hypnotized, and fascinated **E**

By the little dark haired boy that played the Tennessee flat top **A** box

D-D-D-A-A-A-A-D-D-D-D-A-A-A-A-D-A
And he would play.... (***guitar solo***)

A Then one day he was gone and no one ever saw him 'round. **E**

He vanished like the breeze, and they forgot him in the little **A** town.

A But all the girls - still dreamed about him **E**

And hung around the cabaret until the doors were locked. **A**

E And then one day on the hit parade was a little dark haired boy that

A played the Tennessee flat top box, and he would play.... (***guitar solo***) **D-D-D-A-A-A-A-D-D-D-D-A-A**