Tennessee Flat Top Box

A                                                    E
In a little cabaret, in a south Texas border town
A
Sat a boy and his guitar, and the people came from all around.
A                                           E
And all the girls - from there to Austin were slippin’ ‘way from home
A                                      E
And puttin’ jewelry in hock to take the trip to go and listen
A
To the little dark haired boy that played the Tennessee flat top box
And he would play…. (guitar solo)
A                                          E
Well, he couldn’t ride or wrangle, and he never cared to make a dime,
A
But give him his guitar and he’d be happy all the time.
A                                           E
And all the girls - from nine to ninety were snapping fingers,
A                                      E
Tappin’ toes and beggin’ him, “Don’t Stop” and hypnotized, and fascinated
A
By the little dark haired boy that played the Tennessee flat top box
And he would play…. (guitar solo)
A                                          E
Then one day he was gone and no one ever saw him ‘round.
A
He vanished like the breeze, and they forgot him in the little town.
A                                           E
But all the girls - still dreamed about him
A
And hung around the cabaret until the doors were locked.
E
And then one day on the hit parade was a little dark haired boy that
played the Tennessee flat top box, and he would play…. (guitar solo)