

Tennessee Flat-Top Box

Johnny Cash

In a little cabaret in a South Texas border town
Sat a boy and his guitar, and the people came from all around
And all the girls from there to Austin
Were slippin' away from home and puttin' jewelery in hock
To take the trip, to go and listen
To the little dark-haired boy that played the Tennessee flat top box
And he would play 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 snapping fingers, tapping toes, and begging him, "Don't stop"
And hypnotized and fascinated
By the little dark-haired boy that played the Tennessee flat top box
And he would play
Then one day he was gone, and no one ever saw him 'round
He'd vanished like the breeze and 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 a little dark-haired boy that played the Tennessee flat top box
And he would play

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