Tennessee Flat Top Box

Rosanne Cash

In a little cabaret
In a south Texas boarder 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' jewelry and hopped 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
Well he couldn't ride or wrangle
And he never cared to make it down
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
And 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
Then one day he was gone
And 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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