**Johnny Cash**

**Tennessee Flat Top Box**

**C G**

**In a little cabaret in a South Texas border town,**

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

**C G**

**And all the girls from there to Austin,**

**C**

**Were slippin' away from home and puttin' jewelery in hock.**

**G**

**To take the trip, to go and listen,**

**C**

**To the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee flat top box.**

**F**

**And he would play:**

**[Instrumental]**

**F C F**

**C G**

**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.**

**C G**

**And all the girls from nine to ninety,**

**C**

**Were snapping fingers, tapping toes, and begging him: "Don't stop."**

**G**

**And hypnotized and fascinated,**

**C**

**By the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee flat top box.**

**F**

**And he would play: [Instrumental]**

**[Verse 3]**

**(same chords progression)**

**Then one day he was gone, and no one ever saw him 'round,**

**He'd 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 a little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee flat top box.**

**And he would play:**

**[Instrumental]**

**[Outro]**

**End on A C**