

## Tennessee Flat Top Box - Johnny Cash

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C  
 In a little cabaret in a South Texas border town,  
G  
 Sat a boy and his guitar, and the people came from all around.  
C  
 And all the girls from there to Austin,  
G  
 Were slippin' away from home and puttin' jewelry in hock.  
C  
 To take the trip, to go and listen,  
G  
 To the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee flat top box.  
F F - C - F - C - F - C  
 And he would play:

C  
 Well, he couldn't ride or wrangle, and he never cared to make a dime.  
G  
 But give him his guitar, and he'd be happy all the time.  
C  
 And all the girls from nine to ninety,  
G  
 Were snapping fingers, tapping toes, and begging him: "Don't stop."  
C  
 And hypnotized and fascinated,  
G  
 By the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee flat top box.  
F F - C - F - C - F - C  
 And he would play:

C  
 Then one day he was gone, and no one ever saw him 'round,  
G  
 He'd vanished like the breeze, they forgot him in the little town.  
C  
 But all the girls still dreamed about him.  
G  
 And hung around the cabaret until the doors were locked.  
C  
 And then one day on the Hit Parade,  
G  
 Was the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee flat top box.  
F F - C - F - C - F - C  
 And he would play: