

Moonshine

Luther Dickinson

Crack symbols and the queen's Africa
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
The club burned down to the concrete floor
The old jukebox won't play no more
Crack symbols and the queen's Africa
In the moonlight shining through the trees
Hornets suckle on a southern breeze
I miss the moonshine and the old times
Sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland
Old Gabe used to blow up and down the picnic ground
With Bobery watson and young Kenneth Brown
People ask me what it was like
Out in the country on a sunday night
If seen a mighty few known
How Old Gabe use to blow
In the moonlight shining through the trees
Hornets suckle on a southern breeze
I miss the moonshine and the old times
Sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland
I miss the moonshine and the old times
Sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland
So let's do it like we did before
In marshall county down highway 4
A gangster walk across a chilli joint floor
Butterfly bugged up a jug outdoor
The old folks know what it was like
Out in the country on a sunday night
So pour some more on the floor
And do it like we did before
In the moonlight shining through the trees
Hornets suckle on a southern breeze
I miss the moonshine and the old times
Sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland
I miss the moonshine and the old times
Sitting in with the house band

And the bootleggers of the bottomland
 Moonshine
 I miss the moonshine
 Moonshine
 I miss the moonshine
 The Mississippi moonshine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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