

White Lightnin' (Re-Recorded)

George Jones

Well, in North Carolina, way back in the hills
Me and my old pappy had a hand in a still
We brewed white lightnin' 'til the sun went down
Then he'd fill him a jug and he'd pass it around
Mighty, mighty pleasin', pappy's corn squeezin'
White lightnin' Well, the "G" men, "T" men, the revenueurs, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin' to book him
But my pappy kept a-cookin'
White lightnin' Well, I asked my old pappy why he called his brew
White lightnin' 'stead of mountain dew
I took a little sip and right away I knew
As my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue
Mighty, mighty pleasin', pappy's corn squeezin'
White lightnin' Yeah, the "G" men, "T" men, the revenueurs, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin' to book him
My pappy kept a-cookin'
White lightnin' Well, a city slicker came and he said, "I'm tough"
I think I wanna taste that powerful stuff
He took one slug and drank it on down
And I heard him a moaning as he hit the ground
Mighty, mighty pleasin', pappy's corn squeezin'
White lightnin' Yeah, the "G" men, "T" men, the revenueurs, too
Were searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin' to book him
My pappy kept a-cookin'
White lightnin'

Songwriters

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