

# White Lightning

## The Grascals

In North Carolina, way back in the hills  
Me and my old pappy had a hand in a field  
We brewed white lightnin' 'til the sun went down  
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, revenuers, 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  
Took a little sip and right away I knew  
As my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue

Lightnin' started flashin', thunder started crashin'  
White lightnin'

Well, the G men, T men, revenuers, 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'

Now a city slicker came and he said, "I'm tough"  
I think I wanna taste that powerful stuff  
He took one glug and drank it right down  
I heard him a moaning as he hit the ground

Mighty, mighty pleasin', pappy's corn squeezin'  
White lightnin'

Well, the G men, T men, revenuers, 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'

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