

# White Lightnin'

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'

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