

# White Lightning

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'  
Shh, white lightnin'

Well the G men, T men, revenueurs, too  
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew  
They were lookin', tryin' to book him  
But my pappy kept a-cookin'  
Shh, white lightnin'

Well 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  
And I heard him a moanin' as he hit the ground  
Mighty, mighty pleasin', pappy's corn squeezin'  
Shh, white lightnin'

Yeah the G men, T men, revenueurs, too  
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew  
They were lookin', tryin' to book him  
But my pappy kept a-cookin'  
[Incomprehensible] 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  
Lightnin' started flashin' and thunder started crashin'  
Shh, white lightnin'

Yeah I the G men, T men, revenueurs, too  
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew  
They were lookin', tryin' to book him  
But my pappy kept a-cookin'  
Shh, that's all I mingled

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