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, revenuers, 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, revenuers, 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 l the G men, T men, revenuers, 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/