

# Copperhead Road

## The Brogues

Well my name's John Lee Pettimore  
Same as my Daddy and his Daddy before  
You hardly ever saw grandaddy down here  
He only come to town about twice a year  
He'd buy a hundred pounds of yeast and some copper lineEverybody knew that he made moonshine  
Now the revenue man wanted grandad bad  
He headed up the holler with everything he had  
'fore my time but I've been told  
He never come back from Copperhead RoadNow Daddy ran the whiskey in a big block Dodge  
Bought it at an auction at the mason's lodge  
Johnson County sheriff painted on the side  
Just shot a coat of primer then he looked inside  
Well him and my uncle tore that engine downI still remember that rumblin' sound  
Then the sheriff came around in the middle of the night  
Heard mama cryin', knew something wouldn't right  
He was headed down to Knoxville with the weekly load  
You could smell the whiskey burnin' down Copperhead RoadI volunteered for the army on my birthday  
They draft the white trash first, 'round here anyway  
I done two tours of duty in Vietnam  
I came home with a brand new plan  
I'd take the seed from Colombia and MexicoJust plant it up the holler down Copperhead Road  
Now the D.E.A.'s got a chopper in the air  
I wake up screaming like I'm back over there  
I learned a thing or two from Charlie don't you know  
You better stay away from Copperhead RoadCopperhead Road  
Copperhead Road  
Copperhead Road

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