

Fire On the Breath

Cutthroat Shamrock

Well that big blue Cadillac pulled up
And he had more fire than such
Well he made it on his way
Each and every damn day
Just to get you all liquored up

Well a piper tin will get you torched
And will get you many more than sorts
Well they pried through their pockets
And they pulled out their wallets
Just to spend their wages on for a buzz

CHORUS:

A lute playing songbird
His bellyâ€™s full of fire
Singing on a back road
A moonshine drinking choir

My next of kin Campbellâ€™s in a pen
For doing the same doings that Iâ€™m in
Well he got a flat tire
on a piece of barbed wire
and a revenuer â€™s caught up to him

Now heâ€™s gone far far away
And Iâ€™m running every single day
Twice as much more
To make up for his chores
And I got the pearl pedal to the floor

A lute playing songbird
His bellyâ€™s full of fire
Singing on a back road
A moonshine drinking choir

That corn mash is smelling so fine
And that copper tubing is so divine
?That thump fox is keeping me
?That thump fox is keeping me

?That thump fox is keeping me in time

That big blue flame is what you want
And I haven't had a man there stop
Well I'll draw a line so fine
Just pour the good old times
A popcorn son's got no moonshine

Lyrics submitted by hwkmtn.

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