# Coconut Moonshine

## Grayson Capps

Long down Mississippi Way
A place ?bout Ocean Springs
There?s a barbecue joint they call The Shed
Between Mobile and New Orleans
We?re gonna talk about Mr. Jim
He?s the soul of the place
There ever since the bar been open
And he will ?til his dyin? day
G-maw?s in the kitchen
There?s a band playing tonight
A full moon looking like a coconut
Hanging up in the sky
Long come Mr. Jim in the coconut moonshine
Prettiest woman in the whole damn bar
Dancing right by his side
In that Coconut Moonshine (3x)

The band is sounding good
The sunny day long time down
An old timey Mason Jar
Jim pass it around
Oh it taste so good, oh it tastes so sweet
Tastes like fresh raw coconut milk
But it burns like canned heat
Blame it on Mr. Jim, that coconut moonshine
Won?t tell anybody where he got it
But it sure makes him dance in time
Coconut Moonshine (3x)

Now it?s summer time way down south
A song ?bout Mr. Jim
The baddest man in the whole damn bar
Dancin? like Anthony Quinn
He?s gonna dance away your troubles
Dance away your fears
Dance away yesterday like tomorrow?s already here
Coconut Moonshine (3x)

All you pretty women, I?ll tell you what he?ll do

He?ll take you by the hand, drag you in the sand
And dance all night with you
All you pretty women, he don?t mean no harm
Sweat be dripping? from between your legs
and underneath your arms
In that Coconut Moonshine (3x)

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Lyrics submitted by GÃ¶ksel SÃ¼nbÃ¼l.

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