Copperhead Road

The Giants

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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