

Buck Owens, Corn Liquor

Well, when I was a little bitty boy
No bigger than an old polecat
Well, I used to wonder like all kids
What made this to that.

Now I'd seen what happened to my pa
When he take a drink from a jug
Yeah, he'd start with a smile and then after awhile
He'd be out on the floor like rug.

Corn liquor (corn liquor)
Corn liquor (corn liquor)
What makes you do what you do
Well, they feel no pain
When you touch their brain
Corn liquor they love you.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, now one day in the afternoon
My folks were away for awhile
Yeah, I got the jug down from the shelf
To see what made 'em smile.

Now I slowly sip in the nearly flip
That one drink was enough
For the life of me I just can't see
Why they love that awful stuff.

Corn liquor (corn liquor)
Corn liquor (corn liquor)
What makes you do what you do
Well they feel no pain
When you touch their brain
Corn liquor they love you.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, as I grew older I thought about
That first sip that I had
Yeah, I really burned and soon I learned
It wasn't all that bad.

Now to ease the pressures of this world
Here's the way I've got it figured
Well, the thing to do for me and you
Is drink lotsa good corn liquor.

Corn liquor (corn liquor)
Corn liquor (corn liquor)
What makes you do what you do
Well they feel no pain
When you touch their brain
Corn liquor they love you.

Yeah, I feel no pain when you touch my brain
Corn liquor I love you...