Vaya Con Dios, The Moonshiner

No dimes in yout pocket
No bills in you wallet
No cash in the bank
Ain't no good at all

Honey you're not wise
You don't realise
People talk you know
Guess what I've been told
When you come home late
That beat look on your face
Don't tell me it's because
You're working night and day
I'm not blind
I got eyes you see
You're a mean mioonshiner

You've benn senn down at Joe's
Spending all of my dough
Splashing bourbon and rye

Playing randy and dandy, the game stakes are high

Honey you're a lie
Just a no good guy
Phoney Romey
In a late late show
When I took you home
To mama she said
This guy looks like
He's got a hoke in his head
Lord protect us from evil she cried
He's a mean moonshiner

Honey don't you grieve
When I take my leave
I ain't gona cry
For my last goodbye
I'm gonna take that door
Don't care what you say
You never did say much anyway
I care no longer
For the company
Of a mean moonshiner