

Waylon Jennings, White Lightning

Well, in North Carolina, way back in the hills
Lived my old pappy and he had him a still
He brewed white lightning until the sun went down
And then he'd fill him a jug

And he'd pass it around
Mighty, mighty pleasin'
You're pappy's corn squeezin'
White lightning

Yeah, the G-Men, T-Men, revenueurs too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were lookin', tryin' to book him
White lightning

Well, I asked my old pappy
Why he called his brew
White lightning, instead of mountain dew
I took a little sip and right away I knew

As my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue
Lightnin', started flashin'

Thunder started clashin'
White lightning

Yeah, the G-Men, T-Men, revenueurs too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were lookin', tryin' to book him
But my pappy kept on cookin'
White lightning

Well, a city slicker came
And he said: I'm tough
I think I wanna taste that powerful stuff
He took one slug and he drink it right down

And I heard him moanin' as he hit the ground
Mighty, mighty pleasin'
You're pappy's corn squeezin'
White lightning

Yeah, the G-Men, T-Men, revenueurs too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were lookin', tryin' to book him
But my pappy kept on cookin'