

# Kenny Chesney, White Lightnin'

White Lightnin'  
(Written by S. Wooley)

Well in North Carolina, way back in the hills  
Lived my old pappy and he had him a still  
He brewed white lightnin' 'til the sun went down  
Then he'd fill him a jug and he'd pass it around  
Mighty, mighty pleasin, pappy's corn squeezin'  
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

(Chorus)

Well the 'G' men 'T' men revenueers, too  
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew  
They were looking, tryin to book him,  
but my pappy kept a-cookin'  
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Well I asked my old pappy why he called his brew  
White lightnin' 'stead of mountain dew  
I took a little sip and right away I knew  
As my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue  
Thunder started flashin', lightnin' started clashin'...  
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

(Repeat chorus)

Well a city slicker came and he said 'I'm tough'  
I think I wanna taste that powerful stuff  
He took one slug and drank it on down  
And I heard him a moanin' as he hit the ground  
Thunder started flashin', lightnin' started clashin'  
Mmmmm.... white lightnin'

(repeat chorus)