

Red Sovine, Bootlegger King

Born just south of Knoxville to a family both humble and poor
Never asked for anything at the early age of ten delivered newspapers door to door
Then when he was in his teens he dreamed and schemed for finer things
And he finally figured out what he would do
To be a big time business man he went and hired old Hoke and Stan
And he started holdin' Chattanooga booze

Soon his pockets filled with money and his fingers sported flashing diamond rings
He had all he'd ever wanted when they labelled him the bootlegger king
He always trusted Stan and Hoke to do exactly as were told
They were hired to drive and not to think
A smooth talking business man and he convinced old Hoke and Stan
That booze was made for selling not to drink

That old spring city fally never knew what all it carried
But they knew when she unloaded by the banks
Two rusty rigs roared out of there brakin' scrapin' jammin' gears
Disguised to look like gasoline tanks
He knew the ways of operate runnin' Highway 58
Right on into Kingston Tennessee
To make the sheriff turn his back and face that old green pole and jack
And swap the load at junction Dixie Lee

That bootlegger king's fingers flashed with diamond rings
And the lawman never knew quite where to wait
But they knew it for the truth for a load of hundred proof
He would flash his old pearl handled 38

Then one day he met a girl the sweetest thing in all the world
He knew the time had come to change his life
But it kinda hurt to go to church to find the ones that got there first
Was the same crooks he dealt with just last night
The only thing that they believed is honor among the thieves
And he found a lot of partners on the scene
The choir's mouth were opened wide and that old deacon's bloodshot eyes
Were focused on that bootlegger king

He sat there on the mourners bench that new born baby made him think
He knew he had a lot he must confess
He knew enough to write a book with every name of every crook
So he'd expose the whole rotten mess
And now he's got his conscience clear he still don't know the name of beer
Though true friends are few and far between
He ain't proud of what he had to do he's heard the words that said the truth
They're out to get that bootlegger king
That bootlegger king's fingers...