

The Fall, White Lightning

In North Carolina way back in the hills
Lived my pappy and he had him a still
He brewed white lightning 'til the sun go down
Then he'd get out a jug and pass it around

Mighty mighty pleasin'
Poppa kept a-squeezin' and called it
White Lightning

G-men, T-men, Revenue too
Searching for the place where he made his brew
They were lookin' tryna book him
But my pappy kept a-cookin' it
White Lightning

I asked my pappy why he called the brew
White Lightning's full of morning dew
Took one sip then I knew
When my eyes bulged out and my face turned blue

A city slicker came and said "I'm mighty tough,
I wanna get a taste of the powerful stuff"
Took one slug and drank it right down
And I heard him moaning as he hit the ground

Shout!