## 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!