

Stanley Brothers, The

"Bootleg John"

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In the land of Breathed County was raised a crooked
man
Made the county dry and the prices high
For the bootleg whiskey man
His age was barely twenty-one, his family was
ashamed
They had a son who left his home
For a bootleg whiskey game

Bootleg John won't you come on home
Your family's all alone
You're runnin' wild and your baby child
Wants his daddy home

His wife she loved him dearly tho' he seldom came
around
She'd always cry when he said goodbye
But she never could hold him down
Twelve pistols in his pocket his shotgun on the floor
He made his run to Lexington
To the bootleg whiskey store

His car was full of whiskey, his hand was on his gun
He was set to go but he didn't know
He was makin' his last run
The sheriff pulled him over and he shot the lawman
down
They locked him well in the county jail
And the jailer slapped him down

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