

Faubush Hill

"Winfield Tennessee"

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Getting whipped on by the bible belt
has left it's scars on me
Corn raised in Kentucky
Turns to mash in Tennessee
I never was no moonshine girl
That stuff's too strong for me
So I ride on down to Winfield
For the devils company

Summers in Kentucky, 98 in the shade
I've had my share of sweet tea
I'm growing tired of lemonade
I can't see that ole bootlegger
He goes to church with mom and me
So I ride on down to Winfield
For the devils company

And it happens every-time
I can't cross the county line without crying
I try to imagine what it's like
To be blinded by the light and left there crying
Left there dying
In the devils company

Uncle Bob & Bobby they were taking their last ride
On there way home from Knoxville
On a stormy Friday night
That ole Slavey boy was racing
Winding curves and blinding hills
It was just outside of Winfield
Where the devil took his wheel

And it happens every-time
I can't cross the county line without crying
I try to imagine what it's like
To be blinded by the light and left there crying
Left there dying
In the devils company

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