

Del McCoury

"Waste Of Good Corn Liquor"

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I have lost my blue-eyed darling, Now I sit with a broken
heart By my cabin in the Carolina hills

Oh I loved a shiner's daughter Loved her true with all
my heart Till she fell into her pappy's liker still

(CHORUS)

Oh what a waste of good corn liker From the still they
pulled the plug
All the revenueers snickered 'cause she melted in the
liker And they had to bury poor Lilly by the jug

Cousin Cale upon the juice harp Played a mighty
mournful tune Kinfolks bowed their heads and
gathered round

Then I heard the parson sing Drink me only with thine
eyes As we watch them pour poor Lilly in the ground

CHORUS

Now I'm sitting in the twilight Neath the weeping willow
tree The sun is slowly sinking in the west

And I'm clasping to my bosom A little jug of Lilly Mae
With a broken heart I'm longing for her kiss

CHORUS

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