

Falkenbach

"White Lightning"

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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 lightnings 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 Im 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!

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