

## **Buck Owens "Corn Liquor"**

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Well, when I was a little bitty boy  
No bigger than an old polecat  
Well, I used to wonder like all kids  
What made this to that.

Now I'd seen what happened to my pa  
When he take a drink from a jug  
Yeah, he'd start with a smile and then after awhile  
He'd be out on the floor like rug.

Corn liquor (corn liquor)  
Corn liquor (corn liquor)  
What makes you do what you do  
Well, they feel no pain  
When you touch their brain  
Corn liquor they love you.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, now one day in the afternoon  
My folks were away for awhile  
Yeah, I got the jug down from the shelf  
To see what made 'em smile.

Now I slowly sip in the nearly flip  
That one drink was enough  
For the life of me I just can't see  
Why they love that awful stuff.

Corn liquor (corn liquor)  
Corn liquor (corn liquor)  
What makes you do what you do  
Well they feel no pain  
When you touch their brain  
Corn liquor they love you.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, as I grew older I thought about  
That first sip that I had  
Yeah, I really burned and soon I learned  
It wasn't all that bad.

Now to ease the pressures of this world  
Here's the way I've got it figured  
Well, the thing to do for me and you  
Is drink lotsa good corn liquor.

Corn liquor (corn liquor)  
Corn liquor (corn liquor)  
What makes you do what you do  
Well they feel no pain  
When you touch their brain  
Corn liquor they love you.

Yeah, I feel no pain when you touch my brain  
Corn liquor I love you...

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