

## **Mark Collie**

# **"Ballad Of Thunder Road"**

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Now let me tell a story, I can tell it all  
About the mountain boy who ran illegal alcohol  
His daddy made the whiskey, the son, he drove the  
load  
And when his engine roared, they called the highway  
thunder road

Sometimes into Ashville, sometimes Memphis Town  
The revenueurs, they chased him, but they couldn't run  
him down  
Each time they thought they had him, his engine would  
explode  
He'd go by like they were standing still on thunder road

There was thunder, thunder over thunder road  
Thunder was his engine and white lightning was his  
load  
There was moonshine, moonshine to quench the  
devil's thirst  
The law they swore they'd get him, but the devil got  
him first

On the first of April, 1954  
The federal man sent word, he better make his run no  
more  
He said 200 agents were covering the state  
Whichever road he'd try to take, they'd get him sure as  
fate

"Son", his daddy told him, "Now make this run your last  
Your tank is filled with 100 proof, you're all tuned up  
and gassed  
Now don't take any chances, if you can't get through  
I'd rather have you back again than all that mountain  
dew"

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The law they swore they'd get him, but the devil got

him first

Roaring out of Harlan, revving up his mill  
He shot the gap at Cumberland and screamed through  
Maynardville  
With G-men on his tail light, roadblocks up ahead  
The mountain boy took roads that even angels feared  
to tread

Blazing right through Knoxville, out on Kingston Pike  
Then right outside of Bearden, there they made the  
fatal strike  
He left the road at ninety, that's all there is to say  
The devil got the moonshine and the mountain boy that  
day

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