

Classic Country

"White Lightning - George Jones"

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Well in North Carolina, way back in the hills
Me and my old pappy had a hand in a still
We brewed white lightnin' 'til the sun went down
Then he'd fill him a jug and he'd pass it around
Mighty, mighty pleasin, pappy's corn squeezin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Chorus:

Well the "G" men, "T" men, revenueurs, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin to book him,
But my pappy kept a-cookin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

--- Instrumental ---

Well I asked my old pappy why he called his brew
White lightnin' 'stead of mountain dew
I took a little sip and right away I knew
As my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue
Lightnin' started flashin' and thunder started crashin'
Shhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Chorus:

Well the "G" men, "T" men, revenueurs, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin to book him,
but my pappy kept a-cookin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Well a city slicker came and he said "I'm tough"
I think I wanna taste that powerful stuff
He took one g-g-glug and drank it right down
And I heard him a moaning as he hit the ground
Mighty, mighty pleasin, pappy's corn squeezin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Chorus:

Well the "G" men, "T" men, revenueurs, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin to book him,
but my pappy kept a-cookin'

Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'...

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