

Old Crow Medicine Show

"Bootlegger's Boy"

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I was born and raised,
A bootlegger's boy,
In the Cherokee Hills,
I applied my trade,
In Mountain City,
I had me a time,
Just making money,
On Moonshine.

So I hauled my load,
Into Knoxville Town,
I met me a gal,
And we knocked around,
But them Knoxville girls,
Can't leave me alone,
In my suits so fine,
And my bottle of corn.

I'm going back to Mountain City,
Where I can make another run,
Load my trunk with Moonshine whisky,
I am a brave Bootlegger's son.

Yeah I sold that corn,
To the Circuit Judge,
On the Public Square,
To Mayor Trent,
But I met with trouble,
On the tracks one night,
With a drunken man,
I commenced to fight.

Yeah I fought five rounds,
Then I put him away,
With a wicked jab,
From a razor blade,
And the women screamed,
As the bottles broke,
On stoney ground,
Where the blood did flow.

I'm going back to Mountain City,
Gonna make those revenues run,
I killed a man in a feud of whisky,
I am a cruel Bootlegger's son.

Now I roam the night,
Just to hide my shame,
I lost all my money,
Can't find a friend,
Gonna drag my bones,
To the mountainside,
If corn don't kill me,
I might never die.

I'm going back to Mountain City,
Or else they'll hang me this I know,
I killed a man in a feud of whisky,
I am a cruel Bootlegger's boy.

I'm going back to Mountain City,
To the Cherokee Hills I started from,
Going home broke ain't it a pity,
I am a cruel Bootlegger's son.

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