

Allison Moorer **"Moonshiner"**

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I've been a moonshiner for seventeen long years
I spent all my money on whiskey and beers
I go to some hollow and put up my stilt
I'll make you one gallon for two dollar bill

I go to some grocery and drink with my friends
No women to follow to see what I spent
God bless those women I wish they were mine
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry
If moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die
God bless those moonshiners, I wish they were mine
Their breath smells as sweet as the good ol'
moonshine

I might go to heaven, I might go to hell
Till I meet my maker don't know where I'll
[Incomprehensible]
It feels like stirred whiskey, I'll live in the sky
High upon the mountain with some sweet moonshine

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