

Sonny Tackett

"Mountain Man"

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Grandpa worked hard every day,
Up untill the day he died,
Grandma had thirteen kids,
With Jesse James's eyes.
One went East, One went west
One went off to jail,
Daddy met mama in a honky tonk,
And I was born on a moonshine still.

Chorus

I drink a little whiskey,
Run a little moonshine,
Grow a little skunk upon the hill.
If you got a sweet thing,
You better hold her tight,
Cause you know this mountain man will.

Vse2

If There's a chill in the wind,
And your blood runs cold,
Might be the shadow of a mountain man,
But you'd be the last to know.
So keep both hands on the tables friends
And take my advice,
Don't throw down on a mountain man,
With Jesse Jame's eye's.

Chorus

I drink a little whiskey,
Run a little moonshine,
Grow a little skunk upon the hill.
If you've got a sweet thing,
You better hold her tight,
Or you know this mountain man will...

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