

## Stanfour

### "Bootleg John"

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In the land of Breathed County was raised a crooked  
man  
Made the county dry and the prices high  
For the bootleg whiskey man  
His age was barely twenty-one, his family was  
ashamed  
They had a son who left his home  
For a bootleg whiskey game

Bootleg John won't you come on home  
Your family's all alone  
You're runnin' wild and your baby child  
Wants his daddy home

His wife she loved hime dearly tho' he seldom came  
around  
She'd always cry when he said goodbye  
But she never could hold him down  
Twelve pistols in his pocket his shotgun on the floor  
He made his run to Lexington  
To the bootleg whiskey store

His car was full of whiskey, his hand was on his gun  
He was set to go but he didn't know  
He was makin' his last run  
The sheriff pulled him over and he shot the lawman  
down  
They locked him well in the county jail  
And the jailer slapped him down

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