

## Fall, The "White Lightning"

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In North Carolina way back in the hills  
Lived my pappy and he had him a still  
He brewed white lightning 'til the sun go down  
Then he'd get out a jug and pass it around

Mighty mighty pleasin'  
Poppa kept a-squeezin' and called it  
White Lightning

G-men, T-men, Revenue too  
Searching for the place where he made his brew  
They were lookin' tryna book him  
But my pappy kept a-cookin' it  
White Lightning

I asked my pappy why he called the brew  
White Lightning's full of morning dew  
Took one sip then I knew  
When my eyes bulged out and my face turned blue

A city slicker came and said "I'm mighty tough,  
I wanna get a taste of the powerful stuff"  
Took one slug and drank it right down  
And I heard him moaning as he hit the ground

Shout!

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