

Kingston Trio, The

"Corey, Corey"

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Jack Splittard

There's a pine log shack in the mountains. That's where
my Corey dwells.
She makes the finest mash liquor. What she doesn't
drink she sells.

Well, the first time I seen darlin' Corey she was weavin'
through the woods
With a kerosene lantern on her shoulder and a satchel
full of goods.

Please do drop down next Monday. Please bring me a
jug or five.
When the sun comes up on Tuesday don't figure to be
alive.

Don't care if you are livin'. Don't care if you are dead.
If you're gonna drink my product then I'm gonna take
your bread. (Frail, pardner)

Well, the last time I seen darlin' Corey,
she was wand'rin' through the weeds
With a government man behind her. Gonna grab her
for her deeds.

Wake up, wake up, darlin' Corey.
What makes you sleep so sound?
The revenue officer's a comin', gonna tear your still
house down.

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