

Son Of The Mountains

Brad Paisley

Since the days of prohibition 'round here they've been making shine

I had an uncle go to prison running jugs across state lines

He told the judge who let him out, you'll never catch me doing that again

He got a faster car and they never did

I'm a son of the mountains, I'm a son a of a gun

I'm as free as the river that through this hollar runs

Blame who I am on where I'm from

'Cause I'm a son, I'm a son of the mountains

By the time they make it legal, we're a long way down that road
Hell, I don't care who you marry, what you brew or what you grow

Up here we believe in freedom, if there's a hill to die on, well that's mine

Yeah, it might be an uphill climb but

I'm a son of the mountains, I'm a son a of a gun

Would you like a little moonshine, I think I've got some

A little uphill climb don't scare me none

I'm a son, I'm a son of the mountains

Good Lord willing and the creek don't rise

It don't matter when you're up this high

Dog on the porch, chicken in the pan

Come on baby, take my hand

Yeah, you're a daughter of the land and

I'm a son of the mountains, I'm a son a of a gun

I'm free as the river that through this hollar runs

The highs and lows don't scare me none

'Cause I'm a son, I'm a son of the mountains

Good Lord willing and the creek don't rise

It don't matter when you're up this high

I'm a son of the mountains