

You could see the flames two counties over
The night lightnin' struck that hill
Those oaks that burned were 300 years old
Before God had them killed
And last time I looked, the Good Book didn't have nothin' against no trees
And you wonder why I start my mornin' prayin' on my knees, singin'

Lord, have mercy on a mortal sinner
Lord, I see you workin'
Burnin' up my timber
Turnin' all my pride and lust
Into ash and smoke and dust
I was just tryin' to make a little green

Hell, I never made a dime off a copper still
But that grass sold like gold
Grew it 10 foot high in the holler by day
And by night I sold my soul
A couple ounces at a time
They got theirs and I got mine

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Turns out they caught wind of me down at the DEA
And that fiery bolt of lightnin' was a streak of saving grace
Guess it paid off I put plenty every Sunday in the plate
I ain't sayin' He's a stoner, but I do know Jesus saves

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