

Green

Canaan Smith

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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