

Sour Mash

Cory Branan

The town I come from's mostly sky
Even though the county's dry
That didn't stop the stream nearby
From giving us a daughter

She was born in a barrel of American oak
Made of sugar, maple, and charcoal smoke
She just goes to show your folks
What God can do with water

When I go below the gloomy ground
You better buy the room a round
Let her weep and lift a glass
Of bitter-sweet sour mash

Once when I was going through
Those same old famous, same old blues
Tired of either crying to you
Or cussin up a quarrelin'
Yes, I slipped and sipped astray
Only took one taste to see the way

Back to Tennessee to stay
Tennessee my darlin'

And when I go below the gloomy ground
You better buy the room a round
Let her weep and lift a glass
Of bitter-sweet sour mash

I don't want no Beaujolais
Sake, Cider, Chardonnay
Keep Tequila far away
You know what I'm cravin'
Ain't Champagne all fine and chilled
It's not all rot-gut 'shine, and swill
You ask me, life's a cask
Of bitter-sweet sour mash

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