

# White Lightning

Danny Michel

There's a woman counting quarters at the table  
There's a gentleman taking tickets at the door  
And I'm slipping out tonight  
Cuz the moon is yellow bright  
And I'm afraid that I don't love her anymore  
I heard a song come on a speaker  
It said something 'bout slipping out the back  
Or making a new plan n' some guy named Stan  
Well I said "Thank you Paul for keeping me on my track"

I wish it was 1930 at the old Kentucky derby  
And I was riding White Lightning off the bluff  
Cuz I need a racehorse and some old rusty spurs  
Cuz I can't get away from her fast enough

There's a woman rolling nickels on the counter  
There's a man chopping wood outside the door  
She said, "Every room is sold"  
So I slept out in the cold  
And it occurred to me I'd never slept better before  
I found a perfect dirty bar room  
Full of liars, cheats and losers all around  
I said "Gentlemen hold your pistols,  
I'm just here to wet my whistle  
And forget that woman I left back in town"

I wish it was 1930 at the old Kentucky derby  
And I was riding White Lightning off the bluff  
Cuz I need a racehorse and some old rusty spurs  
Cuz I can't get away from her fast enough

You ever tell yourself a lie so many times  
That you convince yourself that it's true  
Well I don't regret a single thing in my life  
But I curse the day that I ran into you

I wish it was 1930 at the old Kentucky derby  
And I was riding White Lightning real rough  
Cuz I need a racehorse and some old rusty spurs  
Cuz I can't get away from her fast enough  
I just can't get away from her fast enough  
I just can't get away from her fast enough