

# Moonshines

Owen Riegling

Back in the hills where the woods get thick  
Brewing shine in a still, growing smoke in the ditch  
It's a different way of life but it is what it is  
You're either poor when you die or firewater rich

Call us backwoods  
Or we're backwards

We've got white lightning running through our veins  
And we'll die trying to save our family name  
Where the whip-poor-will's will, the coyotes cry  
Way back in the holler where the moon shines

I didn't choose this life, this life chose me  
There's a copper line where my roots run deep  
Five generations of living like this  
I'm a hand-me-down, bootlegging son of a bitch

We've got white lightning running through our veins  
And we'll die trying to save our family name  
Where the whip-poor-will's will, the coyotes cry  
Way back in the holler where the moon shines

Whoa-oh  
Whoa-oh  
Whoa-oh  
Whoa-oh

Call us backwoods  
Or we're backwards  
But none of that matters

'Cause we've got white lightning running through our veins  
And we'll die trying to save our family name  
When the whip-poor-will's will and them coyotes cry  
Way back in the holler, in the holler, in the holler

We've got white lightning running through our veins  
And we'll die trying to save our family name  
Where the whip-poor-will's will and them coyotes cry  
Way back in the holler where the moon shine

Burns as bright as a bonfire flames  
It's in my genes like an old grease stain  
It'll be that way 'til the day I die  
Way back in the holler where the moon shines

Where the moon shines