

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