

White Lightning

Shakin' Stevens

Well in North Carolina, way back in the hills
There lived by old pappy and he had him a still
He brewed white lightning till the sun went down
Then he filled him a jug and he passed it around
Mighty, mighty pleasing, pappy's corn squeezings
Ooh white lightning

Well the "G" men, the "T" man, revenuers too
Searching for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, trying to book him
But my pappy kept on cooking
Ooh white lightning

One day I asked my pappy what he called his brew
White lightning instead of mountain dew
I took a little sip and right away I knew
When my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue
Lightning started flashing, thunder started crashing
Ooh, my goodness, white lightning

Well a city slicker came and he said I'm tough
I think I'd like to try that powerful stuff
He took a little slug and he drank it on down
You could hear him a moaning as he hit the ground
Mighty, mighty pleasing, pappy's corn squeezings
Ooh white lightning