

# 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