

Pray Over The Moonshine Still

Tyler Childers

Well call up the reverend
Won't you get him up here now
That old gal won't get to work till every head is bowed

We got new copper wire
She's lookin' pretty nice
And we can't start the corn
Till we take it up with Christ

So pray o'er the moonshine still
Pray that the money rolls through them hills
We'll strike gold if it's your will
Just pray o'er the moonshine still

Well mama needs a Maytag
And the babies all need shoes
But at the rate that we are goin'
We'll never see the blues

Our corporations boomin'
Were known both near and far
But if we're gonna reach the masses
We're gonna have to buy a car

But first pray o'er the moonshine still
Pray that the money rolls through them hills
We'll strike gold if it's your will
Just pray o'er the moonshine still

They say that I'm a sinner
They say I'm bound for hell
But I know every baptist boy
And I know them very well

So if I don't reach glory
If I ride that long black train
Well I'll be in good company sippin' moonshine all the way

So pray o'er the moonshine still
Pray that the money rolls through them hills
We'll strike gold if it's your will
Just pray o'er the moonshine still