

White Lightning

George Jones (1959)

A

Well in North-a Carolina, way back in the hills
There lived my old pappy and he had him a still.
He brewed-a white lightnin' till the sun went down.

N.C.

Then he filled him a jug and he passed it around.

E7

D7

Mighty, mighty pleasin', my pappy's corn squeezings.

A

Shhh! Ooh white lightnin.'

D7

Well the "G" men "T" men revenueurs too,

A

Looking for the place where he made his brew.

E7

They were looking tryin' to book him

D7

A

but my pappy kept on cooking.

N.C.

Shhh! Ooh white lightnin.'

Well I asked my pappy what he called his brew.

He said white lightnin' stead of mountain dew.

I took one sip and right away I knew,

N.C.

Cause my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue.

E7

D7

Lightnin' started flashin, thunder started crashing,

A

Ooh white lightnin.'

Well a city slicker came and he said, "I'm tough"

I think I wanna taste that powerful stuff.

He took one sip and drank it right down.

N.C.

And I heard him a moaning as he hit the ground.

E7

D7

Mighty, mighty pleasin', your pappy's corn squeezings.

N.C.

A

Ooh white Lightnin.'