

## Charlie Lawson's Still

Becky Buller & Tommy Austin

Goodnight Sparky Music, BMI

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Ten apple barrels of Daddy's sour mash  
Are gonna bring the fam'ly a whole lotta cash  
There'll be shoes for the winter and another set of clothes  
Flour salt and sugar and a brand new kitchen stove

Daddy earned a livin' through grit and stubborn will  
When the crops began to wither, he built himself a still  
And the town knew he was shinin' and they searched all that they could  
But they never found a kettle in Charlie Lawson's woods

I went to the city when I was 21  
Where the jobs are always plenty and a boy could have some fun  
But I soon began to realize that I missed the folks back home  
And in a month or two I's hungry, broke and all alone

Always said that I'd do better than to live my parent's life  
But I found that it's not easy with children and a wife  
And although I hate to say it, no money can be made  
Through hard work and honest living so I learned my father's trade

On the day I gained the homestead, I was happy, truth be told  
For in the empty cistern was his liquid pot of gold  
It was the only place the revenuers didn't think about  
For the smoke was carried away by the stovepipe on the house

Where do old moonshiners end up when they die  
Is it in the halls of Hades or the dipper in the sky  
Oh, I don't know the answer, but it doesn't matter now  
Just lay me with my whiskey down in the cold, cold ground