

Charlie Lawson's Still

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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