

Corn Liquor - Jay Memory

My late Great Grand-Daddy's truck
Still settin' up in them Hills where it's all stuck
The kudzu & rust, they mark the time
He flipped that old Ford flatbed runnin' shine

Corn Liquor, Corn Liquor
Long before it tasted like Apple Pie
Corn Liquor, Corn Liquor
Game my family name a big black eye

(But that) family needed feedin' so duty calls
In those Amacolola Woods up by the falls
He had blown the doors off John Law round that bend
When he flipped that flatbed of fruit jars & met his end

Corn Liquor, Corn Liquor
Long before it tasted like Apple Pie
Corn Liquor, Corn Liquor
It'll kill you sure enough from a dan(g) good time

Four generations cursed his outlaw ways
'Til I finally found his Ford & his near nearby grave
And underneath that bench seat spared by time
Were the hidden spoils of lifetime runnin' good moonshine

And under that bench seat.....

There were 13 bags of cash & 5 gold bars
Great Granddaddy sure-nuff' left his mark
We no longer feel He's the bane of a bootleg past
B'cause we all drive Ford flat-beds & drive 'em fast

Corn Liquor, Corn Liquor
Long before you could get it at the Jiffy Mart
Corn Liquor, Corn Liquor
Gave this Great Grandson a nice head start. And a bootleg heart.