

Copperhead Road

Steve Earle

Well, my name's John Lee Peddimore.
Same as my daddy and his daddy's before.
You hardly ever saw granddaddy down here.
He'd only come to town about twice a year.
To buy a hundred pounds o' yeast and some copper line.
Everybody knew that we made moonshine.

Now, the revenue man wanted granddaddy bad.
Headed up the holler with everything he had.
Before my time, but I've been told.
You never come back from Copperhead Road.

Granddaddy ran whisky in a big black Dodge.
Bought it at an auction at the Mason's Lodge.
Johnson County Sheriff painted on the side.
Just shot coat of primer, then he looked inside.
Well, him and my uncle tore that engine down.
I still remember that rumbling sound.

Then the sheriff came around in the middle of the nite.
Heard mamma crying that something wasn't rite.
He was headed down to Knoxville with the weekly load.
You could smell the whisky burning down Copperhead Road.

BRIDGE:...

I volunteered for the army on my birthday.
They draft the white trash first, round here anyway.
I done two tours of duty in Viet Nam.
I came home with a brand new plan.
I'd take the seed from Columbia and Mexico.
I just planted up a holler down Copperhead Road.

Now the D.E.A.'s got a chopper in the air.
They got a stream, lying back over there.
I learned a thing or two from Charley,
don't you know.
You better stay away from Copperhead Road.
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