

# Moonshiner

Allison Moorer

I've been a moonshiner for seventeen long years  
I spent all my money on whiskey and beers  
I go to some hollow and put up my stilt  
I'll make you one gallon for two dollar bill

I go to some grocery and drink with my friends  
No women to follow to see what I spent  
God bless those women I wish they were mine  
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry  
If moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die  
God bless those moonshiners, I wish they were mine  
Their breath smells as sweet as the good ol' moonshine

I might go to heaven, I might go to hell  
Till I meet my maker don't know where I'll [Incomprehensible]  
It feels like stirred whiskey, I'll live in the sky  
High upon the mountain with some sweet moonshine