

Moonshine in the Trunk

Brad Paisley

I got a '69 Camaro, a Ram Jet 502
I could win the pole at Bristol, baby, but I'm riding round with you
Bored as hell, we might as well burn this tank of gas
And if we're going nowhere, girl, let's go nowhere fast

Like there's moonshine in the trunk, and blue lights on our tail
Like if we get caught they're gonna haul us off to jail
Like we're helping out uncle Jessy, making a midnight run
Let's drive tonight like this whole county's dry
And there's moonshine in the trunk

Well they say that's how the Duke boys and NASCAR started out
They were hauling bootleg liquor and look where they are now
Chances are I got a mason jar rolling round in the back
Now white lightning's long gone, but it shouldn't be hard to accept

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Whoa, let's pretend we're running from the law
Whoa, like we're the Bonnie and Clyde of alcohol

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