

# White Lightning Hit The Family Tree

Chris Young

It was the thirty first gathering of the Thompsons, Joneses, and Smiths  
There were tables full of chicken, taters, collard greens, and grits  
Well, it all took place at Hatie Lake State Park  
Volleyball, fishin', badmitton, yard darts  
Aunt Irene said she'd never seen a turnout like this

Well, it started with hand shakes and lordy, how the babies have grown  
As the sun got hotter the day got to draggin' along  
I saw Uncle Gene comin' back from his car  
With somethin' clear as water in a mason jar  
The lemonade got hearty and, lordy, the party was on

That ol' boom box got louder and louder  
Actin' civilzed didn't seem to matter  
Everybody got to showin' their honey includin' me

Lord, I'd never known granny to take her a sip  
But the words were a slurrin' comin' off of her lips  
And it dawned on me, white lightnin' hit the family tree

Well, cousin Johnny was a gator, Jimmy was a UT fan  
And that football talk was quickly gettin' out of hand  
And granny told Uncle Dave that she hated his guts  
Got right up in his face said, your whole famn damily's nuts  
Chicken legs got to flyin' and the whoop started hittin' the fan

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Well, that ol' park ranger jumped out of his car  
Said, "Listen here folks, it's gone a little too far"  
Tear it all down, pack it all up  
Call it quits while there's still a little love

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But the words were a slurrin' comin' off of her lips  
And it dawned on me, white lightnin' hit the family tree  
Yeah, it dawned on me, white lightnin' hit the family tree

Ohh, that day we had a good time, man  
Take it home, yo