

## Moonshine Song

GBH

I grew up in the deep South, and wore dungarees.  
We lived in a little shack, and ate bacon grease.  
I slept with my sister, and she slept with my pa.  
It didn't bother my mother, 'cus we kept him in a jar.

I ain't got no moonshine, I ain't got no wife.  
Oh Lord help me, rebuild my life.  
Since I was a young boy, travelled far from home.  
Oh Lord don't let me die on my own.

I ended up in prison, down in Tennessee.  
There were 14 bad dudes, in the cell with me.  
I felt so dirty, I felt like a pig.  
Got raped in the showers by Mr Big.

Now my life's nearly over, it's been a pain.  
And my eyes are getting bad, I didn't see that train.  
Now as I lay dying, I hear coyote hoots.  
But it's two drunk Indians, and they've stole my boots.