

51 phantom

North Mississippi Allstars

51 phantom, a boolegged man
Known from the hills to the bottomland

Late in the evening, 'bout this time of night
51 phantom gets to feelin' right.

Memphis to New Orleans the 51 I ride
White lightnin' flash across the Mississippi sky

It's the code of the hills like they've never been told
Don't look for me out where the monkey grass grows

On down the levy, 'round the bend
51 phantom striking again

Just for the rooster crow for day
Had me a howl down the moonshine highway

woooo-oooo-oooooooo-wwwoooo-ooooo.

51 phantom, the seventh son
Memphis to New Orleans on the 51

Til I rest my head on the coolin board
51 phantom on up and down the road

woooooooooooooooooooo-oooooooo

(Alternate live lyrics:

From Memphis to New Orleans on the 51
I'm as old as the hills, the hills we run

51 phantom creepin through your town
Might find your woman squeak round

Got your gallop, your monkey grass
Ain't the first time, won't be the last

Mis'sippi moonshine all up in my head
Shotgun and boobytrap livin in my bed

Well, you won't hear me coming in the light of day
But you might hear me howl down the lonesome highway)