

Moonshine

North Mississippi Allstars

I hear cracked cymbals and the Queens of Africa
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
The club burned down to the concrete floor
Old jukebox won't play no more
Cracked cymbals and the Queen to Africa
With the moonlight shining through the trees
Honeysuckle on a southern breeze
I miss the moonshine
And the old times sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland

Old Gabe used to blow up and down the picnic ground
With Bobby Ray Watson and young Kenny Brown
But people ask what it was like
Out in the country on a Sunday night
Heaps see, but mighty few know how old Gabe used to blow
And the moonlight shining through the trees
Honeysuckle on a southern breeze
I miss the moonshine
And the old times sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland
I miss the moonshine
And the old times sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottom

Let's do it like we did before
In Marshall County down Highway 4
Gangsta walking cross the juke joint floor
Butterfly bug drop a drunk outdoors
And old folks know what it was like
Out in the country on a Sunday night
So pour some on the floor
And do it like we did before
And the moonlight shining through the trees
Honeysuckle on a southern breeze
I miss the moonshine
And the old times sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland
I miss the moonshine
And the old times sitting in with the house band
And the bootleggers of the bottomland
Mississippi moonshine
I miss the moonshine and the bootleggers of the bottomland