

Corey, Corey

The Kingston Trio

There's a pine log shack in the mountains.
That's where my Corey dwells.
She makes the finest mash liquor.
What she doesn't drink she sells.

Well, the first time I seen darlin' Corey
She was weavin' through the woods
With a kerosene lantern on her shoulder
And a satchel full of goods.
Please do drop down next Monday.
Please bring me a jug or five.
When the sun comes up on Tuesday
Don't figure to be alive.

Don't care if you are livin'.
Don't care if you are dead.
If you're gonna drink my product
Then I'm gonna take your bread. (Frail, pardner)

Well, the last time I seen darlin' Corey,
She was wanderin' through the weeds
With a government man behind her.
Gonna grab her for her deeds.
Wake up, wake up, darlin' Corey.
What makes you sleep so sound?
The revenue officer's a comin',
Gonna tear your still house down.