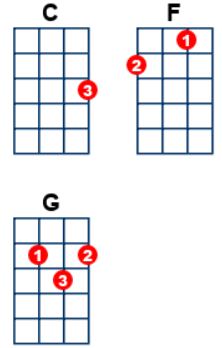


Song 8

Copperhead Road

[G] Well my name's John Lee Pettimore
Same as my daddy and his daddy before
You hardly ever saw Granddaddy down here
He only come to town about twice a year
He'd buy a hundred pounds of yeast and some copper line
Everybody knew that he made moonshine



Now the [C] revenue man wanted [F] Granddaddy [C] bad
He [G] headed up the holler with everything he had
[C] 'Fore my time but [F] I've been [C] told
He [G] never come back from Copperhead Road

[G] Now Daddy ran whiskey in a big block Dodge
Bought it at an auction at the Mason's Lodge
Johnson County Sheriff painted on the side
Just shot a coat of primer then he looked inside
Well him and my uncle tore that engine down
I still remember that rumblin' sound

When the [C] Sheriff came around in the [F] middle of the [C] night
[G] Heard mama cryin', knew something wasn't right
He was [C] headed down to Knoxville with the [F] weekly [C] load
You could [G] smell the whiskey burnin' down Copperhead Road

[G] I volunteered for the Army on my birthday
They draft the white trash first, 'round here anyway
I done two tours of duty in Vietnam
I came home with a brand new plan
I take the seed from Columbia and Mexico
I just plant it up the holler down Copperhead Road

And now the [C] D.E.A.'s got a [F] chopper in the [C] air
I [G] wake up screaming like I'm back over there
I [C] learned a thing or two from [F] Charlie don't you [C] know
You [G] better stay away from Copperhead Road
Copperhead Road
Copperhead Road
Copperhead Road