**Copperhead Road by Steve Earle**

Well my name's John Lee Pettimore  
Same as my daddy and his daddy before

You hardly ever saw Grandaddy down here  
He only came 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 revenue man wanted Grandaddy bad  
He headed up the holler with everything he had

**It's before my time but I've been told  
He never came back from Copperhead Road**

Now Daddy ran the 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

Well the sheriff came around in the middle of the night  
Heard mama cryin', knew something wasn't right

**He was headed down to Knoxville with the weekly load  
You could smell the whiskey burnin' down Copperhead Road**

**(Pause! Full Band Comes in here!)**  
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  
And I came home with a brand new plan

I take the seed from Colombia and Mexico  
I plant it up the holler down Copperhead Road

Well the D.E.A.'s got a chopper in the air  
I wake up screaming like I'm back over there

**I learned a thing or two from ol' Charlie don't you know  
You better stay away from Copperhead Road**

**(Pause again for band!)  
  
Copperhead Road  
Copperhead Road  
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