

## Copperhead Road

**D**

Well my name's John Lee Pettimore  
Same as my daddy and his daddy before  
Never saw granddaddy much down here  
He'd only come to town about twice a year  
Buy a hundred pounds of yeast and some copper line  
Everybody knew that he made moonshine

**G**

Now the Revenue Man wanted granddaddy bad

**D**

Headed up the holler with everything he had

**G**

It's before my time, but I've been told

**D**

He never came back from Copperhead Road

Now daddy ran the whiskey in an old black Dodge  
Bought it at an auction at the Mason's Lodge  
Johnson County Sheriff painted on the side  
Just shot a coat of primer and he looked inside  
Now he and my uncle tore that engine down  
I still remember that rumblin' sound  
Well the sheriff came around in the middle of the night  
Hear mamma crying, knew something won't right  
He was headed down to Knoxville with the weekly load  
You could smell the fire burnin' down Copperhead Road

I volunteered for the army on my birthday  
The draft the white-trash first, round here anyway  
I did two tours of duty in Vietnam  
And I came home with a brand new plan  
Buy seeds from Columbia and Mexico  
I plant it up the holler down Copperhead Road  
Well the D.E.A. man's got choppers in the air  
I wake up screaming like I'm back over there  
I learned a thing or two from Charlie don't you know  
You better stay away from Copperhead Road

Copperhead Road  
Copperhead Road