Steve Earle Lyrics

# “Copperhead Road”

Well my name's John Lee Pettimore

Same as my daddy and his daddy before

You hardly ever saw Grandaddy 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 revenue man wanted Grandaddy bad

He headed up the holler with everything he had

'Fore my time but I've been told

He never come back from Copperhead Road

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 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

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 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 Charlie don't you know

You better stay away from Copperhead Road

Copperhead Road (×3)