

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

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 Charlie don't you know  
You better stay away from Copperhead Road