**No Mo’ Moonshine, Billy Martin**

Went to church on Sunday, seven times the preacher cried

He cried no more moonshine on Sunday, Billy Martin

He cried, “No more communion with the Lord!”

Corn was layin’ flat and the beans was dryin hard

And I couldn’t get our a that rockin chair, not for Jesus

No I couldn’t get out of that rocking chair

Frost on broken glass, my socks is burning for the still

And they’re checkin’ out my hat size up in heaven — yesterday

Yes, the Lord wants this poor boy back home

Wind came up at midnight and the snow whirled round my door

Lord these bare toes is freezing to the floorboards, yes on Sunday

Lord, Lord, this poor boy’s coming home.