

## Bootlegger's Boy

### Old Crow Medicine Show

I was born and raised,  
A bootlegger's boy,  
In the Cherokee Hills,  
I applied my trade,  
In Mountain City,  
I had me a time,  
Just making money,  
On Moonshine.

So I hauled my load,  
Into Knoxville Town,  
I met me a gal,  
And we knocked around,  
But them Knoxville girls,  
Can't leave me alone,  
In my suits so fine,  
And my bottle of corn.

I'm going back to Mountain City,  
Where I can make another run,  
Load my trunk with Moonshine whisky,  
I am a brave Bootlegger's son.

Yeah I sold that corn,  
To the Circuit Judge,  
On the Public Square,  
To Mayor Trent,  
But I met with trouble,  
On the tracks one night,  
With a drunken man,  
I commenced to fight.

Yeah I fought five rounds,  
Then I put him away,  
With a wicked jab,  
From a razor blade,  
And the women screamed,  
As the bottles broke,  
On stoney ground,  
Where the blood did flow.

I'm going back to Mountain City,  
Gonna make those revenues run,  
I killed a man in a feud of whisky,  
I am a cruel Bootlegger's son.

Now I roam the night,  
Just to hide my shame,  
I lost all my money,  
Can't find a friend,  
Gonna drag my bones,  
To the mountainside,  
If corn don't kill me,  
I might never die.

I'm going back to Mountain City,  
Or else they'll hang me this I know,

I killed a man in a feud of whisky,  
I am a cruel Bootlegger's boy.

I'm going back to Mountain City,  
To the Cherokee Hills I started from,  
Going home broke ain't it a pity,  
I am a cruel Bootlegger's son.