

Black Moon

The Lacs

Say tell me how you want too buddy, I'm a backwoods boy where y
a boots get muddy.

A two path road to the left but ya better not see it again.

And I ain't never seen a Carolina sky where I didn't have to do
it again.

Theres a big heart of gold.

That black moon shine'n on the river.

That black moon shine'n on me.

That black moon shine'n on the river.

That black moon shine'n on me.

Black moon, black moon, black moon.

Black moon, black moon, black moon.

Theres the finer things in live like kids and a wife before see
'n that black moon shine'n.

Yea I listen to my pa as the days go by cause he says its all a
bout perfect timing.

Got the old stan man runnin and the hooch still comin hope that
old evinrude don't stall (don't stall).

If ya need me just call.

That black moon shine'n on the river.

That black moon shine'n on me.

That black moon shine'n on the river.

That black moon shine'n on me.

Black moon, black moon, black moon (black moon).

Black moon, black moon, black moon.

I'm just a river rat raised up on blackwater shine.

We got a still in the field way back in the pines.

See my pa taught me well and now its all mine, got a drum fille
d with 55 gallons of time.

(Ya) Pumpin out tradition every minute it comes.

White lightnin, pond water boy come get ya some.

Get a pint, mason jar or get a whole jug.

Down by the river spreadin blackwater love.