

Ballad Of Thunder Road, The

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Thanks Gary Jensen

Let me tell the story, I can tell it all
About the mountain boy who ran illegal alco-hol
His daddy made the whiskey, son, he drove the load
When his engine roared, they called the highway thunder road.

Sometimes into Ashville, sometimes Memphis town
The revenueurs chased him but they couldn't run him down
Each time they thought they had him, his engine would explode
He'd go by like they were standing still on thunder road.

And there was thunder, thunder over thunder road
Thunder was his engine, and white lightning was his load
There was moonshine, moonshine to quench the devil's thirst
The law they swore they'd get him, but the devil got him first.

On the first of April, nineteen fifty-four
A federal man sent word he'd better make his run no more
He said two hundred agents were covering the state
Which-ever road he tried to take, they'd get him sure as fate.

Son, his daddy told him, make this run your last
Your tank is filled with 100-proof, you're all tuned up and gassed
Now, don't take any chances, if you can't get through
I'd rather have you back again than all that mountain dew.

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Roaring out of Harlan, revvin' up his mill
He shot the gap at Cumberland, and screamed by Maynardville
With G-men on his taillights, roadblocks up ahead
The mountain boy took roads that even angels feared to tread.

Blazin' right through Knoxville, out on Kingston Pike
Then right outside of Bearden, they made the fatal strike
He left the road at ninety, that's all there is to say
The devil got the moonshine and the mountain boy that day.

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