

Bluegrass Gin — by Rebecca Padula, Donna Thunder, Chris Martin (2012)

C **F G** **C**
Way down yonder in a shady rill, I'm gonna cook and drink my fill
C **F G** **C**
Looks like water, tastes like sin, doesn't smell like anythin'

=====
CHORUS:

F **C**
Mason jar, my old friend, we're gonna make some bluegrass jam
F **C G** **C**
Tip you over then drink you down, then we're headed out on the town.

=====
C **F G** **C**
Pour some black molassas in, light a candle in the timing tin
C **F G** **C**
That puts folding money in my hand — easier than tillin' the land.

CHORUS

C **F G** **C**
Drivin' fast across this night, eyes out for the law's blue light.
C **F G** **C**
Bottles in this big old Ford rattlin' across the floor

CHORUS

C **F G** **C**
Almost to the county line, knock three times, then come inside
C **F G** **C**
This is where the bad guys win, everybody loves my bluegrass gin

CHORUS

