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## Copperhead Road [[G-Bass](#) Tablature]

Written by Steve Earle. Arranged by Glenn Watt.

For 2-string bass tuned "GD". Arranged in the key of "D".

D

D — 0 ————— 0 ————— 0 — 0 — 0 —————  
G ————— 2 ————— 2 ————— 2 — 2 ————— 2 —————

Well my name's John Lee Pettimore,                      same as my daddy and

D

D — 0 ————— 0 — 0 ————— 0 ————— 0 —————  
G ————— 2 ————— 2 — 2 ————— 2 —————

his daddy before.                      You hardly ever saw Grandaddy down

D — 0 — 0 — 0 ————— 0 ————— 0 — 0 —  
G 2 — 2 — 2 ————— 2 ————— 2 — 2 — 2 —

here.                      He only come to town about twice a year.

D

D ————— 0 ————— 0 —————  
G ————— 2 ————— 2 —————

He'd buy a hundred pounds of yeast and some copper line.

D 0 — 0 — 0 ————— 0 ————— 0 — 0 —  
G — 2 — 2 ————— 2 ————— 2 — 2 — 2 —

Everybody knew that he made moonshine.                      Now the

G                      C                      G                      D

D 5 — 0 ————— 5 — 0 —————  
G ————— 5 ————— 2 —————

revenue man wanted Grandaddy bad. He headed up the holler with

(Continued on next page)

G                      C                      G

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D 0 5 0 5

G 2 5

everything he had. It's before my time but I've been told he

D

D 0 0

G 2 2

never come back from Copperhead Road.

## Additional lyrics

Now Daddy ran whiskey in a big block Dodge  
Bought it at an auction at the Mason's Lodge  
Johnson County Sheriff painted on the side  
Just shot a coat of primer then he looked inside  
Well him and my uncle tore that engine down  
I still remember that rumblin' sound  
When the Sheriff came around in the middle of the night  
Heard mama cryin', knew something wasn't right  
He was headed down to Knoxville with the weekly load  
You could smell the whiskey burnin' down Copperhead Road  
I volunteered for the Army on my birthday  
They draft the white trash first, 'round here anyway  
I done two tours of duty in Vietnam  
I came home with a brand new plan  
I take the seed from Columbia and Mexico  
I just plant it up the holler down Copperhead Road  
And now the D.E.A.'s got a chopper in the air  
I wake up screaming like I'm back over there  
I learned a thing or two from Charlie don't you know  
You better stay away from Copperhead Road