The Ballad of Thunder Road (Don Raye / Robert Mitchum) (G)

G  Let me tell the story, I can tell it all;
   Am    D7      G  About the mountain boy who ran illegal alcohol.
   G  His daddy made the whiskey,
       Am    D7
   G  the son he drove the load;
   G  And when his engine roared
   G                        Am    D7      G  They called the highway "Thunder Road".
   G  Sometimes into Ashville,
   G  Sometimes Memphis town.
   Am   D7
 The Revenuers chased him
   G  But they couldn't run him down.
   G  Each time they thought they had him
   G  His engine would explode.
   Am   D7
 He'd go by like they were standing
   G    Am    G
   G  Still on "Thunder Road".

Chorus:
   C  And there was thunder, thunder
   G                        C    D7
   G  Over "Thunder Road", Thunder was his engine
   G                        G7
   G  And white lightening was his load.
   C  And there was moonshine, moonshine
   G  To quench the devil's thirst;
   Am   D7
   G  The law they swore they'd get him
   G  But the devil got him first.

G  It was on the first of April, Nineteen-Fifty-Four
   Am   D7
   G  The Federal man sent word
   G  He'd better make his run no more.
   G  He said "200 agents were covering the state;
   C    Dm    G7    F    D7

   G  Which ever road he tried to take
   Am    D7
       G    Am    G
   They'd get him sure as fate."
   G  'Son' his daddy told him, 'make this run your last.
   Am   D7
   G  The tank is filled with 100 proof;
   G  You're all tuned-up and gassed.
   G  Now don't take any chances, if you can't get through.
   Am   D7
 I'd rather have you back again
   G    Am    G
   G  Than all that Mountain Dew.'  Chorus

   G  Roaring out of Harlan; revving up his mill.
   Am   D7
   G  He shot the Gap at Cumberland
   G  And streamed by Maynardville.
   G  With G men on his tail light; road block up ahead,
   Am   D7
   G  The mountain boy took roads
   G  That even angels fear to tread.
   G  Blazing right through Knoxville, out on Kingston Pike,
   Am   D7
   G  Then right outside of Bearden,
   G  They made the fatal strike.
   G  He left the road at 90; that's all there is to say,
   Am   D7
   G  The devil got the moonshine
   G  And the mountain boy that day. Chorus (2X)

   Am   D7
   G  The law they swore they'd get him
   C    Am    G
   G  But the devil got him first.