Applejack song lyrics

Back in seventeen and ninety-one, they started taxin’ whiskey,
But tar and feathered tax men made collectin’ mighty risky.
Them western Pennsylvania lads have an independent streak.
They don’t much like the gov’ment, and they ain’t exactly meek.

The feds, they came a-marchin' back in seventeen ninety-four
Arrestin’ and a warnin’ folks: Don’t make that whiskey any more.
Now a whiskey still makes smoke, which is hard ta hide away,
So we lost our stills, one by one, when we chose to disobey.

They say there’s more than just one way to skin a painter cat,
and you can make good booze without a fire, a still, or vat.
One way is with hard cider, which ferments all by itself,
Just stick it in the basement for a few months upon a shelf.

If cider ain’t yer thing, ‘n ya want a stiffer drink instead,
Ya just dump it in a barrel and ya hide it in yer shed.
Wait for winter's bitter chill, when the cold comes creepin' in.
That's the secret to the magic—when the freezin' part begins.

When that cider starts to freeze up, ya just jack away the ice.
What’s left is apple brandy, and it’s purdy doggone nice.
You can put it up in Mason jars, and then hide it on a shelf,
But keep it hush and drink it slow, and mebbie save it for yourself.

Them revenuers, they search all day for smoke, for stills, and vats,
But it’s purdy hard to catch us ‘cause they really don’t know jack.
Aye, it’s purdy hard to catch us ‘cause they really don’t know jack.
Oh, it’s purdy damned hard to catch us ‘cause they really don’t know jack.