

HE RODE THE TENNESSEE BACK ROADS IN A FORD V-8

On a moonless night in the middle of July,
The sharecroppers shuddered to the Rebel cry,
Twelve men on horseback dressed all in white,
Their hood covered faces kept hidden from sight,
They lit fire to a cross in the shack's front yard,
Then threw to the ground a man feathered and tarred,
Then they circled the home and laughed out loud,
When a moonbeam shot from a distant cloud,
But before they could bolt and from around the bend,
Came the roar of a motor with a mean top end,
Behind the wheel sat a repentant man,
A moonshiner from the hills with a righteous plan,
And when he saw the light he knew he had a date,
With the local gentry and their evil trait,
On the Tennessee back roads in a Ford V-8.

He rode the Tennessee back roads in a Ford V-8,
With his foot to the floor so he wouldn't be late,
And whenever he was summoned he was guided by fate,
To do what was proper and unveil the mask of hate,
On the Tennessee back roads in a Ford V-8,
He rode the Tennessee back roads in a Ford V-8.

Around and around he drove with a grin,
"You boys should've stuck with your original sin,
'Cause now, you see, you're gonna have to pay,
For I've been sent in advance of the Judgment Day,"
Then the horses panicked and they reared up high,
And one by one they let their riders fly,
"Now get up on your feet and each take off your hood,
And let your faces show the fear you thought on others felt good,
Apologize to these folks so they can see who you are,
Then you'll clean this poor man of your feathers and tar,"
And after that on their horses he helped them balance their worth,
With the value of a strong heart and a softened rebirth,
And when they left for home to both family and friend,
The smiling moonshiner promised all would take to the mend,
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by John Patrick Seekamp c 2017