

Tear My Stillhouse Down - Gillian Welch (e !2d)

Put no ^D stone at my head, no ^G flowers on my tomb
No ^D gold plated sign, in a ^A marble pillared room
The one ^D thing I want, when they ^G lay me in the ground
When I ^D die, ^A tear my stillhouse ^D down

CHORUS:

*Oh ^G tear my stillhouse down, let it go to rust
Don't ^D leave no trace of the hiding place,
where I made that evil stuff
For ^G all my time and money, no profit did I see
That ^D old copper kettle, was the ^A death ^D of me*

When I ^D was a child, way ^G back in the hills
I ^D laughed at the men, who ^A tended those stills
But that ^D old mountain shine, it ^G caught me somehow
When I ^D die, ^A tear my stillhouse ^D down

(CHORUS)

Oh ^D tell all your children, that ^G Hell ain't no dream
'Cause ^D Satan he lives, in my ^A whiskey machine
And in my ^D time of dying, I ^G know where I'm bound
So when I ^D die, ^A tear my stillhouse ^D down

(CHORUS)