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

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        1                         4
Put no stone at my head, no flowers on my tomb
    1                         5
No gold plated sign, in a marble pillared room
      1                             4
The one thing I want, when they lay me in the ground
          1       5                   1
When I die, tear my stillhouse down
```

CHORUS:

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        4
  Oh tear my stillhouse down, let it go to rust
          1
  Don't leave no trace of the hiding place,

   where I made that evil stuff
        4
  For all my time and money, no profit did I see
        1                             5         1
  That old copper kettle, was the death of me
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        1                     4
When I was a child, way back in the hills
    1                       5
I laughed at the men, who tended those stills
          1                       4
But that old mountain shine, it caught me somehow
          1       5                   1
When I die, tear my stillhouse down
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(CHORUS)

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    1                             4
Oh tell all your children, that Hell ain't no dream
        1                       5
'Cause Satan he lives, in my whiskey machine
      1                         4
And in my time of dying, I know where I'm bound
            1       5                   1
So when I die, tear my stillhouse down
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(CHORUS)