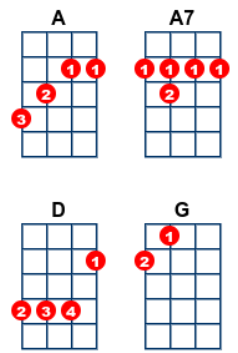


Tear My Stillhouse Down

artist: Gillian Welch writer: Gillian Welch

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yqqreMiHpz4>

thanks to Susan McCarthy



[D]

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 [D] one thing I want, when they [G] lay me in the ground
When I [D] die, [A] tear my stillhouse [D] down

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 [A7] death of [D] me.

When [D] I 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.

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 [A7] death of [D] me.

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

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 [A7] death of [D] me.

That [D] old copper kettle was the [A7] death of [D] me.