

Tear My Stillhouse Down

artist: Gillian Welch , writer: Gillian Welch

thanks to Susan McCarthy

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, tear my stillhouse down, let it go to rust
Don't leave no trace of the hiding place where I made that evil stuff
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