

Tear My Stillhouse Down

Gillian Welch

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]only 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 [A]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 [A]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 [A]death of [D]me