

D

Tear My Stillhouse Down – Gillian Welch

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

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

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

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

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

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