# C

# Tear My Stillhouse Down – Gillian Welch

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


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


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


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


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


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