

Tear My Stillhouse Down

by Gillian Welch

(can also play in Am / D / E)

Put no <sup>Dm</sup> stone at my head; no <sup>G</sup> flowers on my tomb  
No <sup>Dm</sup> gold plated sign in a <sup>A</sup> marble pillared room  
The <sup>Dm</sup> one thing I want when they <sup>G</sup> lay me in the ground  
When I <sup>Dm</sup> die <sup>A</sup> tear <sup>Dm</sup> my stillhouse down

<sup>G</sup>  
Oh tear my stillhouse down; let it go to rust  
<sup>Dm</sup>  
Don't leave no trace of the hiding place where I made that evil stuff  
<sup>G</sup>  
For all my time and money no profit did I see  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
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

[CHORUS]

[SOLO VERSE]

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

[CHORUS]

[SOLO CHORUS]

That old copper kettle was the death of me!