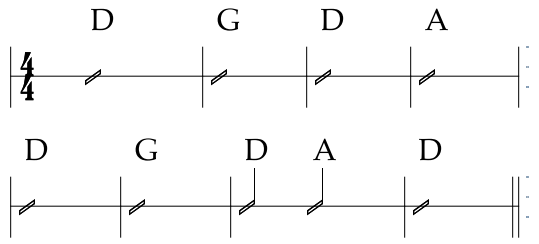


# Tear My Stillhouse Down

Gillian Welsh

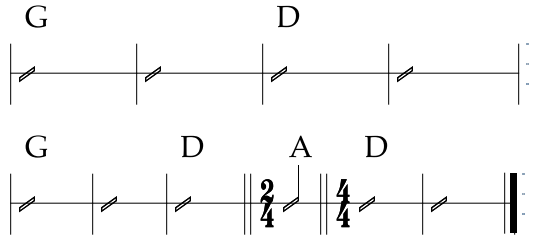
Put no stone at my head, no flowers on my tomb,  
 no gold plated sign in a marble pillared room  
 The only thing I want, when they lay me in the ground,  
 When I die, tear my stillhouse down

## Verse



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

## Chorus



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

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

## CHORUS

