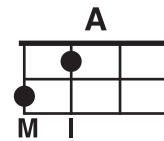
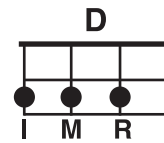


Tear My Stillhouse Down -- Gillian Welch (1995)

D G
Put no stone at my head, no flowers on my tomb

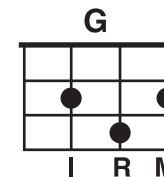


D A
No gold plated sign, in a marble pillared room



D G
The only thing I want, when they lay me in the ground

D A D
When I die tear my stillhouse down



=====**CHORUS**=====

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 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 CHORUS

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 CHORUS last line x 2