

# Gillian Welch, Tear My Stillhouse Down

Put no stone at my head, no flowers on my tomb  
No gold plated sign in a marble pillared room  
The one thing I want when they lay me in the ground  
When I die tear my stillhouse down  
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  
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  
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  
Oh tell all your children that Hell ain't no dream  
'Cause Satan he lives in my whisky machine  
And in my time of dying I know where I'm bound  
So when I die tear my stillhouse down  
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