Tear My Stillhouse Down
Gillian Welch

TEAR MY STILLHOUSE DOWN

INTRO: **D**   **D**   **D**   **D**

   D   **G**
Put no stone at my head, No flowers on my tomb
  D   **A**
No gold plated sign, In a marbled pillered room
   D   **G**
The one thing I want, When they lay me in the ground
   D   **A**   **D**
When I die, Tear my stillhouse down

   G   **G**
Oh, Tear my stillhouse down Let it go to rust
   D   **D**   **D**   **D**
Don t leave no trace of the hiding place, Where I made that evil stuff
  G   **G**
For all my time and money, No profit did I see
   D   **D**   **A** **D** **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 mountian shine, It caught me somehow
   D   **A**   **D**
When I die, Tear my stillhouse down

  G   **G**
Oh, Tear my stillhouse down Let it go to rust
   D   **D**   **D**   **D**
Don t leave no trace of the hiding place, Where I made that evil stuff
  G   **G**
For all my time and money, No profit did I see
   D   **D**   **A** **D** **D**
That old copper kettle was the death of me

[INST] AS VERSE **D** **G** **D** **A**
        D **G** **D A** **D**

  D   **G**

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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
When I die,    Tear my stillhouse down


      G                         G
Oh, Tear my stillhouse down  Let it go to rust
         D                   D                  D              D
Don t leave no trace of the hiding place,  Where I made that evil stuff
       G                          G
For all my time and money,  No profit did I see
        D          D              A     D     D
That old copper kettle was the death of me



[OUTRO] G   G    D    D
        G   G   D A  D       D              D                A    D    D    D
                         That old copper kettle was the death of me
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