

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