

Gilby Clarke

"Tear My Stillhouse Down"

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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

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