

Gillian Welch

"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 lives in my whiskey machine
And in my time of dying I know where I'm bound
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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