

# Tear My Stillhouse Down

[Gillian Welch](#)

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 That old copper kettle was the death of me

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