

MOUNTAIN DEW

D D7
DOWN THE ROAD FROM ME THERE'S AN OLD HOLLER TREE,

G D
WHERE YOU LAY DOWN A DOLLAR OR TWO.

D D7
THEN YOU GO AROUND THE BEND AND WHEN YOU COME BACK AGAIN,

D A7 D
THERE'S A JUG FULL OF THAT GOOD OL MOUNTAIN DEW.

(chorus)

D D7
WELL, THEY CALL IT THAT OL MOUNTAIN DEW, DEW, DEW,

G D
AND THEM THAT REFUSE IT ARE FEW.

D
I'LL HUSH UP MY MUG IF YOU'LL FILL UP MY JUG,

D A7 D
WITH THAT GOOD OL MOUNTAIN DEW.

MY UNCLE BILL'S GOT A STILL ON THE HILL,

WHERE HE RUNS OFF A GALLON OR TWO.

AND THE BIRDS IN THE SKY GET SO DRUNK THEY CAN'T FLY,

FROM SMELLING THAT GOOD OL MOUNTAIN DEW.

THE PARSON WALKED BY WITH HIS HEAD HIESTED HIGH,

SAID HIS WIFE HAD COME DOWN WITH THE FLU.

AND HE THOUGHT THAT I ORGHT TO GIVE HIM A QUART,

OF THAT GOOD OL MOUNTAIN DEW.

MY UNCLE MORT'S KIND OF SAWED OFF AND SHORT,
HE'S ONLY ABOUT FOUR FOOT TWO.
BUT HE FEELS LIKE A GIANT WHEN HE GETS HIM A PINT,
OF THAT GOOD OL MOUNTAIN DEW.