Good Old Mountain Dew (D – G – A )

Down the road here from me there's an old holler tree  
Where you lay down a dollar or two  
Go on round the bend   
Then you come back again  
and there's a jug of that good ole mountain dew

[CHORUS]  
Oh they call it that good old mountain dew (Lord Lord)  
and them that refuse it are few  
I'll hush up my mug   
if you'll fill up my jug

with that good old mountain dew

My auntie Pearl was a good Baptist girl  
Her sins and her troubles were few  
But she’d pop a cork   
if you gave her a snort  
of that good old mountain dew

[CHORUS]

My brother Bill's got a still on the hill  
Where he runs off a gallon or two  
The buzzards in the sky   
get so drunk they can't fly  
Smelling that good old mountain dew

[CHORUS]

My uncle Mort he's sawed off and short   
he measures about five foot two  
But he feels like a giant   
when you give him a pint   
of that good old mountain dew

[CHORUS]

My Aunt Lucille has an automobile  
It runs on a gallon or two  
When she runs out of gas  
It will go just as fast  
on that good old mountain dew

[CHORUS]

My uncle Jake he got bit by a snake  
Doc thought he wouldn’t pull through  
But he danced a jig  
when they gave him a swig  
of that good old mountain dew

[CHORUS]

Damned IRS wants my money I guess  
but I always keep a dollar or two  
I might be a jerk  
but I just can’t work   
without that good old mountain dew