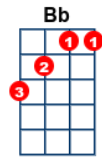


# Good Old Mountain Dew

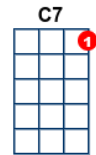
key:F, artist:Grandpa Jones

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ubT2RrZmX6M>

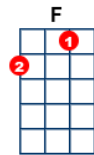
[F] There's a big potted tree down an old hill from me,  
Where you [Bb] lay down a dollar or [F] two.  
You can go round the bend and when you come back again,  
There's a jug full of [C7] good old mountain [F] dew.



[F] Oh they call it that old mountain dew,  
and [Bb] them that refuse are [F] few.  
I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug,  
With some [C7] good old mountain [F] dew.



[F] My uncle Mort he is sawed off and short,  
He [Bb] measures about four foot [F] two.  
But he think he's a giant when you give him a pint  
of that [C7] good old mountain [F] dew.



[F] My old aunt June bought some brand new perfume,  
It [Bb] had such a sweet smellin' [F] pew.  
But to her suprise when she had it analyzed  
It's nothing but [C7] good old mountain [F] dew.

[F] Oh they call it that old mountain dew,  
and [Bb] them that refuse are [F] few.  
I'll [F] shut up my mug if you fill up my jug,  
With some [C7] good old mountain [F] dew.

[F] My brother Bill got a still on the hill,  
Where he [Bb] runs off a gallon there or [F] two.  
The buzzard in the sky get so drunk they can't fly,  
From smelling that [C7] good old mountain [F] dew.

[F] Oh they call it that old mountain dew,  
and [Bb] them that refuse are [F] few.  
I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug,  
With some [C7] good old mountain [F] dew.