

Mountain Dew

A
Down the road here, from me, there's an old hollow tree

D A
Where you lay down a dollar or two

A
Go on around the bend and come back again

A E A
There's a jug full of good old mountain dew

A D A
They call it that mountain dew, and them that refuse it are few

A
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug

A E A
with that good old mountain dew

A D A
My uncle Mort, he's sawed off and short, he measures about four foot two

A
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint

A E A
Of that good old mountain dew

A D A
Well my old aunt June bought some brand new perfume, it had such a sweet smelling pew

A
But to her surprise when she had it analyzed

A E A
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

A D A
Well, my brother Bill's got a still on the hill where he runs off a gallon or two

A
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly

A E A
from smelling that good old mountain dew

