```
          G
There's a big hollow tree down the road here from me,
            C                    G
Where you lay down a dollar or two.

You stroll 'round the bend and you come back again.

                                D7        G
There's a jug full of good old mountain dew.

Chorus:

                                  G7
They call it that old mountain dew,
      C                          G
And them that refuse it are few.

You may go 'round the bend,

But you'll come back again

                        D7         G
For that good old mountain dew.

My uncle Nort, he's sawed-off and short,
He measures about four-foot two,
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

Well, my old aunt June bought some brand-new perfume
It had such a sweet smellin' pew.
But to her surprise when she had it analyzed
It was nothin' but good old mountain dew.

Well, the preacher rode by with his head histed high,
Said his wife had been down with the flu.
And he thought that I  ort just to seel him a quart
Of that good old mountain dew.

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Well, 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
From smellin' that good old mountain dew.
```

Visit http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs