Mountain Dew

There's an old hollow tree, just a little way from me, Where you
My aunt Lucille had a automobile, It
My uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short, He
The preacher he walked by, with a big tear in his eye
You take a little trash and you mix it up with ash and you

lay down a dollar or two. You go round the bend and you
ran on a gallon or two. It didn't need no gas and it
measured about four feet two. But he thinks he's a giant when you
Said that his wife had the flu, And hadn't I ought just to
throw in the soul of a shoe. Then you stir it a while with an

come back again there's a jug of that good old mountain dew. They call it that
didn't need no oil, It just ran on that good old mountain dew. They
give him a pint of that good old mountain dew. They
give him a quart of that good old mountain dew. They
old rusty file, And they call it that good old mountain dew. They

good old mountain dew, 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.