

Mountain Dew

Ween

There's a big holler tree down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Well you go round the bend and when you come back again
There's a jug full of good ole mountain dew

Oh they call it that ole mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug
With some good ole mountain dew

Now 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 ole mountain dew

Well my ole aunt Jill 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 ole mountain dew

Well the preacher rolled by with his head heisted high
Said his wife had been down with the flu
And he thought that I ought just to sell him a quart
Of that good ole mountain dew

Well my brother Bill's got a still on the hill
Where he runs of a gallon or two
Now the buzzards in the sky get so drunk, they can't fly
From smellin' the good ole mountain dew

Oh they call it that ole mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug
With some good ole mountain dew