There's a big holler tree down the road here from me where ya lay

down a dollar er two. Well you go round the bend and when you come

back again there's a jug full o' 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.

Instrumental... dum dee dum dee dum dee dum

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 uh sell $\mathop{\text{\rm him}}\nolimits$

a quart of that good ole mountain dew.

Instrumental

Well my brother Bill's got a still on the hill where he runs of a gallon $% \left\{ 1,2,\ldots ,n\right\}$

or two. Now the buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly from $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right$

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.