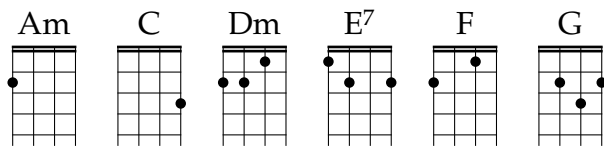


Preston Miller - Tracy Grammer, Dave Carter



Intro
Am Am

Verse 1

He was born in Miller's mansion when the mistress was asleep
The secret son of the chambermaid and master
And they sent him into hiding, for his schooling and his keep
With the Carlyles and the other lucky bastards
Now his toady tutors fawn and praise the man that he's become
Though he's taken to the Laudanum and Faro
And he walks the streets like velvet death with his daddy's money on his breath
And a shame he cannot shake, down in his marrow

Chorus

When day fades to black, you must not listen to the killer
Pretty voices keep you beautiful and bound
'Cause the simple sorry fact of your existence, Preston Miller
Is enough to bring this house of evil down

Verse 2

One night upon some drunken dare, he writes his absent sire
Saying, "Father, I would fain come home to meet thee"
And though his worthless friends guffaw at this sudden show of fire
Another round of bourbon and it's easy
And this letter finds his father in his tower far away
And the hoary claw that holds it shakes and trembles
Is it grief over a life mis-spent, or love or greed or mere contempt
Or something darker stirring in his temples

Chorus

Instrumental

Am Dm F G Am

Verse 3

Am G Am
A week gone by, he's wakened by a knocking at his door
C G Am
And he drags himself half-wasted to the threshold
Am G Am
It's a message in his father's quill saying, "Meet me, scion, if you will
C G Am
At the very stroke of midnight in the meadow"
Am G Am
Now he has combed his laggard locks and hired a comely roan
C G E7
And he's met his comrade fops around the fountain
Am G Am
And he's bidden each a grand goodbye and he's cantered off alone
C G Am
To meet his aged father in the mountains

Chorus

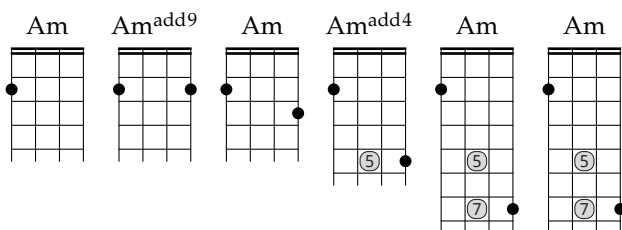
Instrumental

Am Dm F G E7
Am Dm F G Am

Verse 4

Am G Am
"Oh, Father dear, come out, come out, I honour thee tonight"
C G Am
He shouts as he goes weaving in the saddle
Am G Am
He sees the stars go blinking by, like the twinkle in a trollop's eye
C G Am
And six riders riding madly in the shadows

Instrumental



Outro

Am G Am
This morning sailed a ship of fools across a sea of gin
C G Am
With a blind and grinning reaper at the tiller
Am G Am
And it drove an aging Jacob to his lone and bitter end
C G Am
And a bullet through the brain of Preston Miller