

The Faded Mansion On The Hill
Pete Atkin

[Verse 1]

Dm **A7**
When you see what can't be helped go by
Bb
With bloody murder in its eye
Eb **F**
And the mouth of a man put on the rack
A7 **Dm** **A7**
The voice of a man about to crack

Dm **A7**
When you see the litter of their lives
Bb
The stupid children, bitter wives
Eb
Your self-esteem in disarray
F
You do your best to climb away
A **A7** **D** **Am7 D**
From the streaming traffic of decay.

Gm **Bb C** **Bb C F**
Believing, if you will, that all these sick hate days
Cm **Bb C7**
Are just a kind of trick Fate plays
Bbm F Dm
But still behind your shaded eyes
Gm Dm A A7
That mind-constricting thick weight stays

Dm
When on the outskirts of the town
A7
comes bumping cavernously down
Bb **Eb**
Out of the brick gateways
F **A**
From the faded mansion on the hill
Dm
The out-of-date black Cadillac
A7
With the old man crumpled in the back
Dm **A7** **D** **Am7 D**
That Time has not yet found the time to kill.

[Verse 2]

G **Dm6** **Em** **B7** **Em** **G7** **C**
 Between the headlands to the sea, the fleeing yachts of summer go
C **B7** **Em** **Em7sus4** **A**
 White as a sheet and faster than the driven snow
C **B7** **E** **C** **D** **D**
 Like dolphins riding high and giant seabirds flying low.

G **Dm6** **Em** **B7** **Em** **G7** **C**
 And square across the wind the cats and wingsails pull ahead
B7 **Em** **Em7Sus4** **A**
 Living their day as if it almost could be said
C **B7** **E** **E7**
 The cemetery of home could somehow soon be left for dead.

[Verse 3]

A **C#m7**
 But the graveyard of tall ships is really here,
DMaj7 **E9**
 Where the grass breaks up the driveway more each year
F#m **E** **Bm/D**
 And here is all these people have
E **Bm/D**
 And everything they can't believe
E
 The beach the poor men never reach,
Bm/D **A** **Am7/D** **D7**
 The shore the rich men never leave.

[Verse 4]

G **Dm6** **Em** **B7** **Em** **G7**
 Between the headlands from the sea the homing yachts of summer fill
C **B7** **Em** **Em7sus4** **A**
 The night with shouts and falling sails, and then are still
C **B7** **Em** **A**
 The avenues wind up into the darkness of the hill
Cmaj7 **B7** **Em** **C** **Bm7sus4** **E**.
 Where Time tonight might find the time to kill.