

Carolina Drama  
The Raconteurs

E|-----  
A|-----  
D|-7-7--5-4-5--2~-----  
G|-----  
B|-----

E|-----  
A|-----  
D|-12--12-11-9--11-9~----  
G|-----  
B|-----

Am  
I m not sure if there s a point to this story  
          C          G          Am  
But I m going to tell it again  
Am  
So many other people try to tell the tale  
          C          G          Am  
Not one of them knows the end

          Am  
It was a junk-house in South Carolina  
          C          G          Am  
Held a boy the age of ten  
Am  
Along with his older brother Billy  
          C          G          Am  
And their mother and her boyfriend  
          D  
Who was a triple loser with some blue tattoos  
D  
That were given to him when he was young  
          Am  
And a drunk temper that was easy to lose  
          C          G          Em  Am  
And thank god he didn t own a gun

Am  
Well, Billy woke up in the back of his truck  
          C          G          Am  
Took a minute to open his eyes  
Am  
He took a peep into the back of the house  
          C          G          Am  
And found himself a big surprise

D  
He didn't see his brother but there was his mother

D  
With her red-headed head in her hands

Am  
While the boyfriend had his gloves wrapped around an old  
C G Em Am  
Priest trying to choke the man

( C G Em Am F )  
( Am G F ) (2x)

E |-----|  
A |-----|  
D | -9--9-7-5-7----9--9-7-5-7----9--9-7-5-7-----| (2X)  
G |-----5-----3-----7-----|  
B |-----|

Am  
Billy looked up from the window to the truck

C G Am  
Threw up, and had to struggle to stand

Am  
He saw that red-necked bastard with a hammer

C G Am  
Turn the priest into a shell of a man

D  
The priest was putting up the fight of his life

D  
But he was old and he was bound to lose

Am  
The boyfriend hit as hard as he could

C G Em Am  
And knocked the priest right down to his shoes

Am  
Well, now Billy knew but never actually met

C G Am  
The preacher lying there in the room

Am  
He heard himself say, That must be my daddy

C G Am  
Then he knew what he was gonna do

D  
Billy got up enough courage, took it up

D  
And grabbed the first blunt thing he could find

Am  
It was a cold, glass bottle of milk

C G Em Am  
That got delivered every morning at nine

( C G Em G F )

( Am G F )  
( Am G F Em )

E	-----	
A	-----	
D	9--9-7-5-7---9--9-7-5-7---9--9-7-5-7-----	( 2X )
G	-----5-----3-----7-----	
B	-----	

Am  
Billy broke in and saw the blood on the floor, and  
Am  
He turned around and put the lock on the door  
Dm  
He looked dead into the boyfriend s eye

E  
His mother was a ghost, too upset to cry, then

Am  
He took a step toward the man on the ground  
Am  
From his mouth trickled out a little audible sound  
Dm  
He heard the boyfriend shout, Get out!

E  
And Billy said, Not till I know what this is all about

Am  
Well, this preacher here was attacking your mama  
Am  
But Billy knew just who was starting the drama  
Dm  
So Billy took dead aim at his face

E  
And smashed the bottle on the man who left his dad in disgrace, and

Am  
The white milk dripped down with the blood, and the  
Am  
Boyfriend fell down dead for good

Dm  
Right next to the preacher who was gasping for air

E  
And Billy shouted, Daddy, why d you have to come back here?

Am  
His mama reached behind the sugar and honey, and  
Am  
Pulled out an envelope filled with money

Dm  
Your daddy gave us this, she collapsed in tears  
E  
He s been paying all the bills for years

Am

Mama, let s put this body underneath the trees

Am

and put Daddy in the truck and head to Tennessee

Dm

Just then, his little brother came in

E

Holding the milk man s hat and a bottle of gin singing,

Am

Well now you heard another side to the story

C

G

Am

But you wanna know how it ends?

Am

If you must know, the truth about the tale

C

G

Am

Go and ask the milkman