

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|-----

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

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

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

C#
 He didn't see his brother but there was his mother
 C#
 With her red-headed head in her hands
 G#m
 While the boyfriend had his gloves wrapped around an old
 B F# Ebm G#m
 Priest trying to choke the man

(B F# Ebm G#m E)
 (G#m F# E) (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 -----	

G#m
 Billy looked up from the window to the truck
 B F# G#m
 Threw up, and had to struggle to stand
 G#m
 He saw that red-necked bastard with a hammer
 B F# G#m
 Turn the priest into a shell of a man
 C#
 The priest was putting up the fight of his life
 C#
 But he was old and he was bound to lose
 G#m
 The boyfriend hit as hard as he could
 B F# Ebm G#m
 And knocked the priest right down to his shoes

G#m
 Well, now Billy knew but never actually met
 B F# G#m
 The preacher lying there in the room
 G#m
 He heard himself say, That must be my daddy
 B F# G#m
 Then he knew what he was gonna do
 C#
 Billy got up enough courage, took it up
 C#
 And grabbed the first blunt thing he could find
 G#m
 It was a cold, glass bottle of milk
 B F# Ebm G#m
 That got delivered every morning at nine

(B F# Ebm F# E)

(G#m F# E)
 (G#m F# E Ebm)

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

G#m
 Billy broke in and saw the blood on the floor, and
 G#m

He turned around and put the lock on the door
 C#m

He looked dead into the boyfriend s eye

Eb

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

G#m
 He took a step toward the man on the ground
 G#m

From his mouth trickled out a little audible sound
 C#m

He heard the boyfriend shout, Get out!

Eb

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

G#m
 Well, this preacher here was attacking your mama
 G#m

But Billy knew just who was starting the drama
 C#m

So Billy took dead aim at his face

Eb

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

G#m
 The white milk dripped down with the blood, and the
 G#m

Boyfriend fell down dead for good

C#m

Right next to the preacher who was gasping for air

Eb

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

G#m
 His mama reached behind the sugar and honey, and
 G#m

Pulled out an envelope filled with money

C#m

Your daddy gave us this, she collapsed in tears

Eb

He s been paying all the bills for years

G#m

Mama, let s put this body underneath the trees

G#m

and put Daddy in the truck and head to Tennessee

C#m

Just then, his little brother came in

Eb

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

G#m

Well now you heard another side to the story

B

F#

G#m

But you wanna know how it ends?

G#m

If you must know, the truth about the tale

B

F#

G#m

Go and ask the milkman