



six for three
preacher boy

lyrics

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all songs written by
christopher "preacher boy" watkins

(p) 2021 preach songs music/kobalt music/bmi

all photography
(c) 2021 amy marinelli

preacher boy "six for three"
is a coast road records release



These songs were all written on the banks of the Trinity River over the course of three days in the Trinity Wilderness Area. As such, they're populated by the sights, sounds, and smells of the region—not to mention its memories and ghosts.

There was the butterfly that sat on the corner of my Moleskine as I sang and played, and the bald eagle that glided over my head, heading upstream. There was the long bone on the Manzanita Trail, high up in the mountains, and the bumblebees so heavy that the bird's foot flowers bent beneath them as they landed. And there were the gold miners who tried to crack open the land to find their fortunes—first with hands, finally with hydraulics.

I wrote in a Moleskine and worked out arrangements on a little travel guitar with a peace sign for a soundhole.

Back home, and still feeling the river in my soul, I hurried to record everything before the spirit left me. I knew I had an opportunity to capture something special—the kind of country blues I'd been listening to and chasing my entire musical life. I used a simple setup. One mic for the voice, one on my guitar—a turn-of-the-century Washburn parlor guitar. The guitar was outfitted with a 1960 DeArmond pickup, and I ran that through an old National amp, which I mic'd up also. The final piece of the puzzle was a mic for the footstomp. I recorded everything totally live—no overdubs, no punches, no splices. I mixed it pretty old school. Acoustic guitar on the left, amp on the right, voice and stomp in the middle.

Six songs for Trinity. Six for three. Six for my missus, my daughter and me. My daughter was camping for two weeks a mountain away, while my missus and I lingered the few extra days, savoring the rarest of opportunities to share some time alone together. As I sing in "The River Wild": we came for peace, for our child, for to sleep by the river wild.



Miss Butterfly Blues

If you gon' up the river
Best hope you got yer boat 2x
If you can't breathe under water
Best hope yer ass can float
If you gon' up the rapids
Best hope yer back is sand 2x
If you ain't very strong
You best gon' turn around
There is sun on the mountain
And there is shade below
I see sun on the mountain
And i see shade below
Through the black poplar leaves
The wind begins to blow
Sing my song by the river
Sing to miss butterfly
Sing my song by the river
Sing to miss butterfly
When i can't sing no more
Oh miss, she said goodbye

Miss Butterfly Blues
6-14-21

If you gon' up the river
Best hope you got yer boat
If you gon' up the river
Best hope you got yer boat
If you can't breathe under water
Best hope yer ass can float

If you gon' up the rapids
Best hope yer back is sound
If you gon' up the rapids
Best hope yer back is sound
If you ain't very strong
You best gon' turn around

There is sun on the mountain
And there is shade below
I see sun on the mountain
And i see shade below
Through the black poplar leaves
The wind begins to blow

Sing my song by the river
Sing to miss butterfly
Sing my song by the river
Sing to miss butterfly
When i can't sing no more
Oh miss, she said goodbye



Trinity River Blues

Where the big boulder tears
The current into pairs
That's where the geese like to rest
I guess they know best
But i'm just lookin' at you, sugar

Where the rapids quite
That's where i like to sit
And hear the river roll
By the swimming hole
And i'm just lookin' at you, sugar

I like the way that it's rushin' over
I like the smell of that cold alpine dew
I like to hear that old river song
All night long

If i had a painting brush
I'd paint the sound of the rush
Gray, green, and white
Flowing right
But i'm just looking at you, sugar

I ain't skippin' rocks
And i ain't checkin' no clocks
Umbrella plants grow tall
Ain't doin' nothin' at all
I'm just lookin' at you, sugar

I like the way that it's rushin' over
I like the smell of that cold alpine dew
I like to hear that old river song
All night long

In the cold mountain morning shiver
I'm countin' one, two, three, trinity river

where the big boulder tears
The current into pairs
That's where the geese like to rest
I guess they know best
But i'm just lookin' at you, sugar
where the rapids quite
That's where i like to sit
And hear the river roll
By the swimming hole
And i'm just lookin' at you, sugar
2x

Flung right
But i'm just lookin' at you, sugar
i ain't skippin' rocks
i ain't checkin' no clocks
Umbrella plants grow tall
Ain't doin' nothin' at all
I'm just lookin' at you, sugar
2x

(END)
in the cold mountain morning shiver
i'm countin' one, two, three, trinity river
blues
recorded 6.14.24
in the company
of a beautiful black
parkland beauty

~~Trinity~~
Trinity
River
Blues



The River Wild

I hear the hummingbirds hum
Chasing each other

I hear an old snare drum

In the rhythm of the water

And the banks are steep

And the river is shallow

Black poplar shadow

Long-hanging shade

And we come for peace

For our child

For to sleep

By the river wild

I see the butterfly fly

By the baby gray alder

And the wind's gettin' high

And choppin' up the water

And there is no fork

And nothin' to follow

I see the tail of a swallow

Backlit by the light

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

And we come for peace ...

I hear the hummingbirds hum

Chasing each other

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I see the butterfly fly

By the baby gray alder

And the wind's gettin' high

And choppin' up the water

And there is no fork

And nothin' to follow

I see the tail of a swallow

Backlit by the light

And we come for peace

For our child

For to sleep

By the river wild

I see the bumblebee land on

The bird's foot flower

Too heavy to stand on

The slender tower

And the tumblin' cold

Down from december

I will always remember

Bein' here with you

And we come for peace

For our child

For to sleep

By the river wild

The River Wild 6.11.21





"If you are a miner, nature is your enemy. At least your obstacle—your opposition. You have got to bust through nature, you have got to crack it open. You have got to tear it apart. You have got to rearrange it to get the gold. And once you get the gold, having rearranged the place, you walk away and leave it."

-J.S. Holliday

source:

The Search for Gold

Weaverville, Cal.

I'm gon' pan in the mornin'
before the sun gon' shine
before you get yers
I'm gon' get mine

with my pick: my shovel
I'm gon' walk these golden sands
~~next~~ when ya see me next
To be a rich man

I ain't rockin' no cradle
me and my long tom do not quit
if it can be found
I'm-a find it

I'm gon' bust through nature
crack it open til I hit my load
~~at the~~ I get the gold
I'm-a hit the road

If you follow your shadow
down and the new sand
me by you right to town
no debts back again
never never shed down
it ~~was~~ only flew down
you know my

Gold Mining Blues

6-15

gold style
New Sp.

Gold Mining Blues

I'm gon' pan in the mornin'
Before the sun gon' shine
Yeah, i'm gon' pan in the mornin'
Before the sun gon' shine
Before you get yers
I'm gon' get mine

With a pick and a shovel
I'm gon' be walkin' these golden sands
With a pick and a shovel
Yeah, i'll be walkin' these golden sands
Next time ya see me
I'll be a rich man

I ain't rockin' no cradle
Me and my long tom do not quit
I ain't rockin' no cradle
Me and my long tom do not quit
If it can be found
I'm gon' find it

I'm gon' bust through nature
Crack it open at the crack of dawn
I'm gon' bust through nature
Crack it open at the crack of dawn
After i get the gold
I'm gon' be gone



If you follow your shadow
Down around the river bend
One thing you ought to know
No doublin' back again
A river never slows down
You know they only flow down
You see the eagle glidin' by
And you ache for flyin'
But no matter how hard you try
The secret is not tryin'
The eagle knows much better
Barely moves a feather
Do you see what I mean?
The difference in between
Movement and motion
The eagle flies to the mountain
The river runs to the ocean
To the saint of travelin'
I was born and delivered
If I feel my life unravelin'
I just return to the river
Cuz rivers never go wrong
You know they only flow on
and on and on

The River, The Eagle, And The Saint

If you follow yer shadow
Down around the river bend
One thing you ought to know
There's no doublin' back again

Rivers never slow down
You know they only flow down

You see the eagle glidin' by
And you ache for flyin'
But no matter how hard ya try
The secret is not tryin'

The eagle knows much better
Barely moves a feather

Do you see what I mean?
The difference in between
Movement and motion

The eagle flies to the mountain
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To the saint of travelin'
I was born and delivered
If I feel my life unravelin'
I just return to the river

Cuz rivers never go wrong
You know they only flow on
and on and on



I see a face in the mountain
Two big black eyes
Branches like talons
Under hundred and one degree skies

As the rapids rise
So the eagle flies
Descending
As the river flows
So the story goes
Without ending

(470)

I see a bird on a boulder
Coyote mint out of line
Up on the ridge hangin' over
I see that lone ghost pine

(470)

Found a long white bone
Felt like kneeling
Beneath a grove of madrone

~~I see a face in the water~~

(470)

I put my face in the water
The final verse unwritten
The past is over
And the future is yet to happen

(470)

SO THE STORY GOES
6.16.21

So The Story Goes

I see a face in the mountain
Two big black eyes
Branches like talons
Under hundred-and-one-degree skies

As the rapids rise, so the eagle flies
Descending
As the river flows, so the story goes
Without ending

I see a bird on the boulder
Coyote mint out of line
Up on the ridge, hangin' over
I see that lone ghost pine

As the rapids rise, so the eagle flies
Descending
As the river flows, so the story goes
Without ending

Found a long white bone
Felt like kneeling
Beneath a grove of madrone
Burnt sienna strips all peeling

As the rapids rise, so the eagle flies
Descending
As the river flows, so the story goes
Never ending

I put my face in the water
The final verse unwritten
The past is over
And the future is yet to happen

As the rapids rise, so the eagle flies
Descending
As the river flows, so the story goes
Never ending





the end



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