

lyrics

preacher boy

all songs written by christopher "preacher boy" watkins

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

all photography
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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.



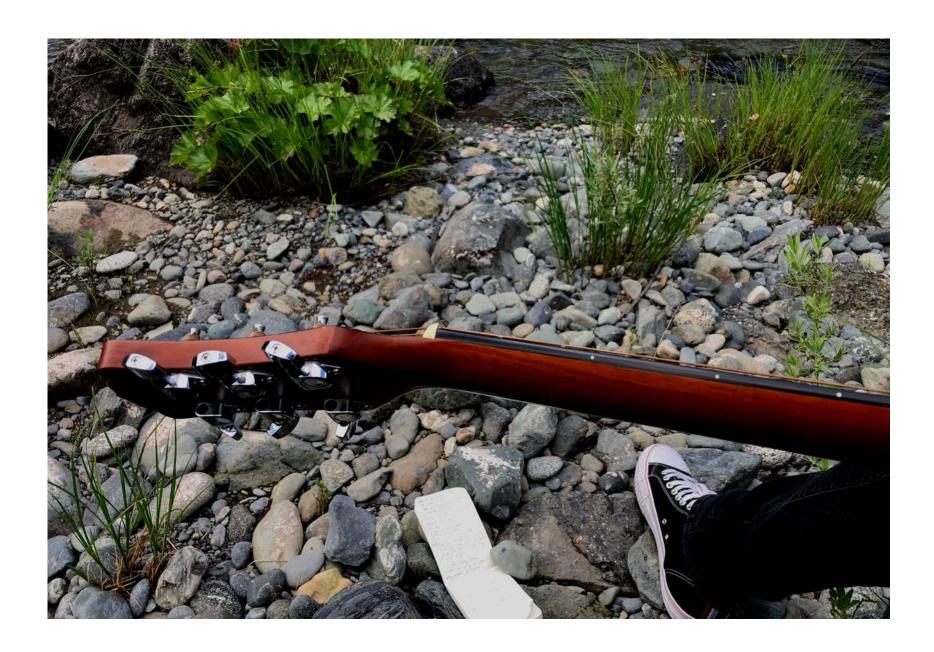
If ywyon p kunner first hope you get you boat 2 It you not breder who wellow hist lope year iss can float if you goin of he rapids. Sest hope you save is send 2x it you and very stay you best for her and puris sun in ku mulen al he is sisale beine 2x Who he black person leaves lu word begin to slew son of son of he were sy h injes harristy who I can't sy so were or miss, sh sy seedly

Miss Butterfly Blues

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

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



whole by Sulder Jears The covert into pries Most when he gage the horest Lyours My kin lest 4st I'm jest leden at you suger ulua u vanets quit mill when I have hosil I were his over roll by he swany the I In 141 later at you, sign 2x The he way that you usen - were i like he smill of that cold a spie dec I like to been the of wer suy all what long if I had a party bush suy, green and white Fluny viget It Im just lealer at you, signer I aim slepper voices 1 and clack clocks unisella plus que full aint du why of all 1st liver at you signe 2x (LHO) in he told mailar may sheen in la compiny

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

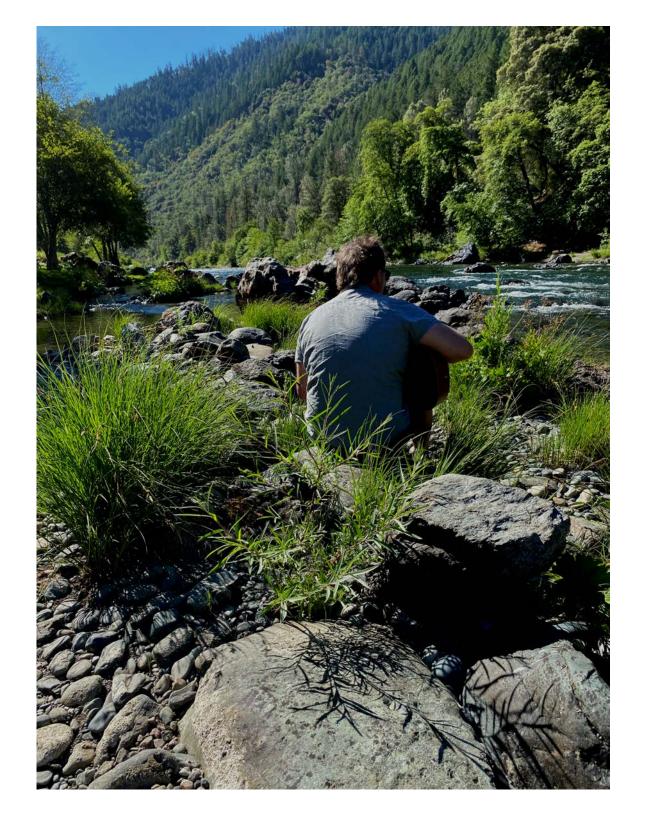
If i had a painting brush
I'd paint the sound of the rush
Gray, green, and white
Flowing right
But i'm just looking at you, sugar

I'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 ain't skippin' rocks
I like to hear that old river song
And i ain't checkin' no clocks
All night long
Umbrella plants grow tall
Ain't doin' nothin' at all

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



I hear le humy bods hom chasy ear den i har in del surre du in which of he welen A in Sales are success du nou is stallen black puplon smoken lew isguy chade I we come for peace for un delet for he stap in he was wild 1 sa he selvety hy by he say year alle il be well sether byen dyppy of he will ad there is no frek I sake kulf a sucher al we come by preside a so 1 sa la bustas ladan My suds list fluer too hear to sky log in he seeder hours din Ru decentre i will dys vente by live wh yer we my for place. Bren Will 6.14.

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
Aor our child
For to sleep
By the river wild

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

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





"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.

Im you pan in the morning before he sun gon shine lefore you get yours I'm gon' get mine with my pick my shored I'm gon walle just golden sands west when you see we next I be a nich man I aint rocken no cracle wed in lay han do not wis It it can to fard Im gon' sist thish your concle it open in I hit my like although I get he sold Im-a hit he read If you follow you should and by you aght to low he delle back again who by the daven (who by 15/14 Mreve Bles) mer very she den

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

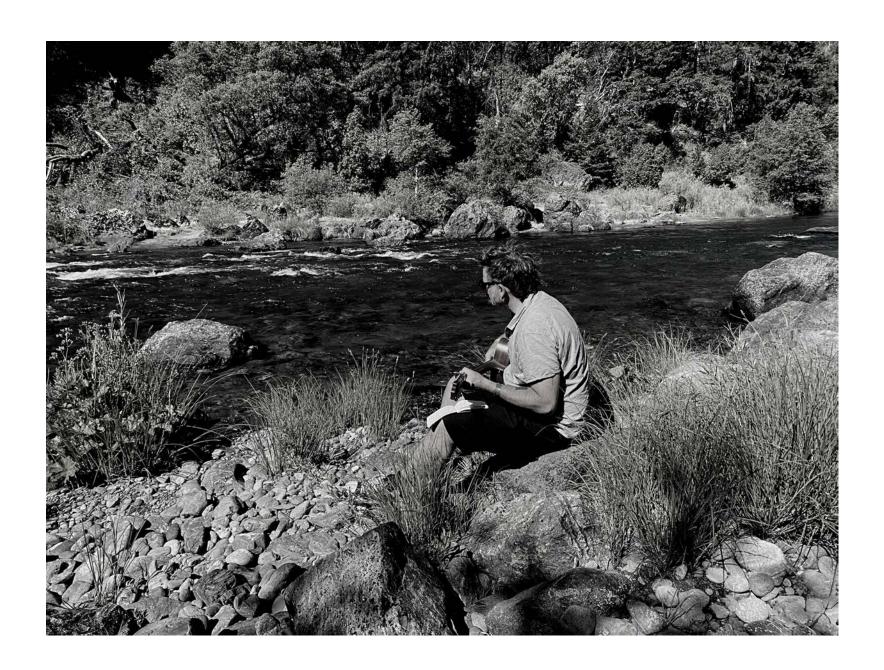
Me and my long tom do not quit
I ain't rockin' no cradle

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 yw filmyer stocked down and he now keed one by you orght to know no dustry back gam a new verer slives durin you know kny any flow dawn you see the cash shelin' by of you will For fly in he seemed is not myn -Ih igh Knus mer seker body mus a leaver de ue what I weam? in deferer in Schieer mount and morne the cough flies to an marken In new ours to m ocean ho he such of houselen i was form and deliced if I bel of life uneweln. i get when he he men was muy ver gos my you low thy only flow an al anos

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

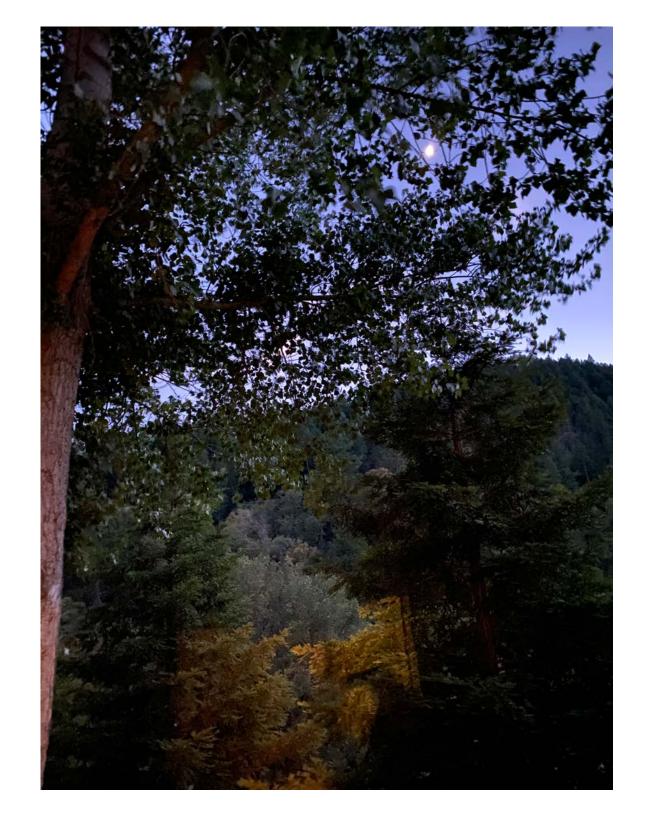
Rivers never slow down
You know they only flow down

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
The river runs to the ocean

I was born and delivered
If i feel my life unraveling
I just return to the river

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



I ye a he in he mentare hw big black eyes Sundes like belong uder hundred and are degree stage as the rapids rise so ke eagle flies (470) as la new Awes So he sking goes rever ending I sa a Sudan a Solder Eyok mint at f line up on he rely hay ware I se a love show pine (CHO Find a long white some felt like knealing benech a your of value what seems quist il pelin Cris i got my five in the water In Imal ver inwithin In not is over In bolor is get to hopping (no) 50 THE STURY GOES

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

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

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

Never ending

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