



Estate Bottled Blues

Envelope
Saltpeter
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Loveless
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Pulling Black Flowers From An Hourglass
My Love
You Ain't That Bad Off
West Of The River
As If Now I Understand

*preacher boy
estate bottled blues*

lyrics

*To Amy,
My love.*

Preacher Boy

Estate Bottled Blues

Envelope

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lyrics

Envelope is one of the most autobiographical songs I've ever written, but the first scene of its origin story is set in another singer's song:

*Cherry says she's gonna walk
'Cause she found out I took her radio and hocked it
But Eddie, man, she don't understand
That two grand's practically sitting here in my pocket
Tonight's gonna be everything that I said
And when I walk through that door
I'm just gonna throw that money on the bed
(from Meeting Across The River, by Bruce Springsteen)*

The Passenger meets Minnie the Moocher music was part of the concept from the start, and little has changed in the arrangement since I first performed it at the old Two Boots in Park Slope, Brooklyn, back when it was still on 2nd street. I remember leaving the stage after the set, and walking past the booth where the drummer's wife was sitting, and I remember her asking, "Did you write that last song?" And when I said "Yes," she said, "That's a good song." And I liked that she sounded a little bit surprised.

envelope

*one step up, two steps back
four good wheels, one bad track
i tell you this, i miss the famine or feast
at least, we got to eat ...*

*i got one, and i lost three
the lost and found was full of me
what went up, came right down
it's hard to grow, below the ground*

chorus

*oh, but sit down on the bed for a minute
i got me an envelope with somethin' in it
now, close yer eyes, and open up the letter
see, i got me a break that's finally gonna matter
i'll finally make you proud
and we'll finally leave this town*

*i know you reap what you sow
but what i don't know is, when will i show
some sign i have paid for my errors
my bad seed cannot grow forever*

chorus

*oh, do you ever pin your hopes
on the promised land of the western coast?
i daydream every day about writin' the song
that'll pay our way away*

*one for the money, one for the show
one for the head, and one for the soul
and one more, is all that i ask for
this time, i'm makin' it last for you
and you, you better ...*

chorus

Salt peter is a true story of the kind you might imagine. It took place on W. Division St. in Chicago, between N. Western Ave and N. Leavitt St. There was a shooting, and later the cops claimed to have found the gun, but I know they never found the gun.

saltpeter

they say they found the gun, but i know they never did

*i seen him jump up, scatter like rabbits
just a dirty bag of bones on the habit
then came the lightning, and i seen inside it
all the true black couldn't hide it*

*and i heard the feet pound
and i heard the heart pound
and i heard the hammer pound
down*

they say they found the gun, but i know they never did

*stitches crossed up like ties and rails
fish belly white across the scales
and i seen the ankle in the headlight
and i seen the barrel glowing dead white*

*and i had a long block
and i heard a slow cock
and i heard a clock tick
tock*

they say they found the gun, but i know they never did

Lost Johnny Lost was written in 2004, the year the Red Sox broke *The Curse of the Bambino*. The Johnny of the song takes his name from Johnny Damon.

Musically, the song is a layer cake of Bo Diddley beat variations, each one slightly different than the rest, until you have so many happening at the same time that a new beat emerges—one that no one's actually playing.

The organ parts are played on the old Hammond Sounder—affectionately known as “The Leatherman”—that I found in a dumpster in Denver.

The moral of the song is that, while the world may weigh a ton, you don't always have to take on the weight.

lost johnny lost

*long hair burying the breeze
a brick dust percolating wheeze
a tailor razor up on your face
the mercy of your eye, like a baseball base
don't take on all the weight of this*

*a lady's question pistol in your eyes
the quiver in the corner magnified
captain sinking down on his ship
a toast with the devil takes the first sip
don't take on all the weight of this*

*chorus
just think about the playground back when you was just a kid
when everyone was clappin' at the mighty things you did
now lost johnny lost, don't ya be lost anymore
just step right up, step right up, and take a good cut at what ya done come here for*

*backyard curse upon your bond
boston quarter lost in a pond
babies in flags all the way up there
the dying men and women with their hands in prayer
don't take on all the weight of this*

*johnny let the leather coin purse be
time before and after you're free
johnny can't twist a hundred years
everything was like this long before you made it here*

chorus

When I was a kid, I went to Mystic Lake Camp in Michigan for a couple summers. One year, at night, around the campfire, one of the counselors told a ghost story. In that story there was a scene in which a couple in a car realizes a killer is on their roof, and blood starts to run down their window panes.

A Wilder Edge is about that story, and it's about Judas—the only one who knew whether the kiss was a betrayal or a gift.

a wilder edge

*shine, shine, the moonlight down
leavin' a trail of bones on the ground
ghost, ghost, who do you haunt?
whoever don't walk where the moonlight wants*

*run, run, with all yer speed
charcoal ash the night wind bleeds
and bleed, bleed, below my ledge
and see me through to the wilder edge*

*fire, fire, it's so damn dark
in the deepest vein of this soil's heart
and fire, fire, the cold cuts thin
a wound without, and worn within*

*chorus
damn, damn, damn this dark
and damn this flint, and damn this spark
and damn, damn, disappear
and damn your hide for dyin' here*

*cry, cry, and paint your doe
light above, and black below
she's young, young, and younger still
the road first and then the kill*

*and tap, tap, above your head
drippin' down the window red
and turn, turn, your key to the left
and drive yourself to the wilder edge*

*drip, drip, an icicle
a suicide when the gutter's full
and drip, drip, the last of the rain
where the last of the winter wisdom remains*

chorus

I used to want to write a novel, and eventually I did, while we were living in Denver. It was called "Less And Less All The Time" and it was sort of a cross between the movie "Stand By Me" and Jim Thompson's "The Killer Inside Me." I sent it to many, many publishers and agents, and I got a surprising degree of interest, but in virtually every case, the verdicts were the same: "You're a good writer. The characters are good. The dialogue is good. But you have no idea how to write a novel." And then they would propose revisions.

Writing a novel had been agonizing. There was no way I could face revisions.

Later, when we lived in Brooklyn, I decided I wanted to start reading all the classics I should have read by that point, but never had. So I read War and Peace, Great Expectations, The Sound and The Fury, The Idiot, The Bible.

Eventually, I decided I wanted to write another novel. This one would be based on the premise that Revelations happened, and that it started in Brooklyn. And when I started to think about what that would be like, the first thing I realized was that it would have to happen in Fall.

I never wrote the novel, but I wrote Revelation Falls.

revelation falls

*it's comin' in fall, and it's comin' in rain
and it's comin' in dead, and it's comin' in change
and it's comin' in silk, and it's comin' in sworn
and it's comin' in strain, and it's comin' in storm*

*and it's comin' in fall, and it's comin' in rain
and it's comin' in burnt on a lion's mane
and it's comin' in cloak, and it's comin' in shawl
if revelation comes, it's comin' in fall*

*chorus
and it's rainin' and it's pourin'
and it's too long i been chorin'
i'm gon' go to bed with a heavy head
and pray for light in the mornin'*

*it's comin' in fall, on a darkened day
full of union blue and confederate grey
bayonet red, gunpowder black
gangrene black
out a coal smoke stack*

*and it's comin' in fall, on a darkened day
and it's spiralin' down, and it's fallin' away
and it's comin' in leer, and it's comin' in drawl
if revelation comes, it's comin' in fall*

chorus

I wrote the first scenes of what would become Armageddon Days while on a plane, flying over Utah. It was a low-flying plane, and most of the imagery consists of descriptions of the landscape as seen from not-very-far above.

16 And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.

17 And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done.

18 And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great.

19 And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell: and great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.

20 And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found.

Revelations 16:16-20

armageddon days

*spiograph desert cities turn every geometric cheek
against the dusty affections of a dying spider's creek
as the rumpled chino desert waits for its creases to be raised
by the hot steaming earthquakes of armageddon days*

*the ground takes a shadow from a plane below the sun
and lays it in the scar of what a distant sea has done
as the warm pipe-smoke mountains harbor both the blues and grays
cleaving lakes with the bayonets of armageddon days*

*any blue-vein road could one day disappear
into the ankle of a mountain should one choose to appear
and where there's sand there's mud just as where there's hope there's haze
and always, it's the towers of armageddon days*

*boats die on the water, forever linked at seam
with their own sterile reflections, and the brief light in between
and lakes, like puzzle pieces thrown off in a rage
frame all of the fields of armageddon days*

*the smallest trail a wanted man can leave is flight away on stilts
along the line where the mountains must give way to the quilts
that are made of crops, and salt flats, and dust bowl fields raised
to the holding tank of purgatory's armageddon days*

*so if a star can be evil and a cloud can be a sieve
then couldn't time, being distance, change the very way we live?
and if satan finally loses on revelation's final page
then why is everyone so afraid of armageddon days?*

All I recall is that I first got the idea for the verses from a short story by Rick Bass. I don't remember the story, or what the connection was, but I know he wrote it, and I know after reading it, I started writing this song.

The chorus was inspired by Eagle-Eye Cherry's recording of his dad's song Desireless. I was recording and touring a lot with Eagle-Eye in the years before Chicago, and I heard Desireless almost every night, all over Europe.

I first saw bones under the water in Ireland, off of New Pier, just down from the ruins of the house where the Desmond of "Cemetery Stout" lived.

I proposed to my missus on New Pier.

All of which is to say that happiness and sadness can co-exist in equal measure.

loveless

*walking by the lake
lighting fires along the shore
that the geese that used to winter here
don't need anymore
and it's november third
and the snow is on the ground
and a letter in the mail confirms
they've laid a lover down*

chorus

*oh so sad to be loveless
oh so sad to be loveless
oh such a shame to be loveless
oh so strange to be loveless*

*the forest is still
save for the sound of the trembling trees
and prayers that have lost their way
and their imposters in the breeze
a lake for the winter to kill
a sun for someone to deny
an axe to leave its cold red kiss
where a love has knelt to die*

chorus

*bones glow in the water
a legend, a laborer's song
crows have walked this snow, i know
though the wind says that they're gone
the bones of spring are buried
beneath the wake of white november's oar
a lover spills a tear and watches the circles spread
until they die against the shore*

chorus

The Fine and The Weak is a Renga Kaleidoscope. A linked hallucination spun from Biblical thread. An allegory of industrialization. A parable on the perils of inheritance.

the fine and the weak

*the spoils of life are both fine and weak
a circus mirror for the grotesqueries we won't speak
we won't speak that name, we won't name that wound
all the songs that we sing have all come un-tuned
it's all come un-tuned like a dancer's slip
like a drunken old captain down with the ship
gone down with the ship, as dust to dust
to rejoin all the bones that preceded us
they preceded us to the farther shore
where the wheel of fire won't spin anymore
won't spin or even light or even offer up change
so farewell to the wild, unruly, and strange
unruly and strange, like the dreams we duck
like the black on the glass from the stack of a truck
from the stack of a truck comes a hovering guilt
blackening in the white lines where somebody got killed
somebody got killed where the spool melts down
where the strip of our life comes fully unwound
so fully unwound in an amber slick
that when we try to walk through, our soles all stick
our soles all stick to the way we were
and the less we know now, the more we once seemed sure
oh, we once seemed sure that the future was close
as the father to the son to the holy ghost
but the holy ghost plays unholy games
he might blink with hope, but he bets with shame
yes, he bets with shame on an un-rollable rock
until there's no more dust left on anyone's clock
now, anyone's clock has a chance to be right
and still we can't divine day without invoking night
when we invoke night what we mean is the moon
we feel the tides of our women in the ocean's womb
in the ocean's womb every secret splays
for the alphabet of history to spell its own days
to spell its own days, to write its own wrongs
to bend in the pitches of the un-tuned songs
all the un-tuned songs, all the hollowed-out pelts
all the unsung saints, and the way they all felt
that's the way it all felt, when the patient and meek
finally came to inherit both the fine and the weak*

The physical setting for February is an area in the West of Ireland called The Burren. The region—covered with limestone hills, and gnashed by the wild Atlantic—is a strange mix of lunar and pastoral, and a place to believe in ghosts, and we did.

“And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood.”

Revelations, 6:12

february

sit down and hear my story of when the moon turned red before me
a bull stood wild and wary in the cold of february
the wind slithered past like a ravenous moray, i stood framed in my doorway
the stars disappeared to let our darks duel, no longer turning upon their white spools
within this end, noise begins low-down, like this sound of an old violin bow
found braided with wax and drowsy, great jars of ink broke around me

the last thing that i remember, the moon turned as red as a simmering ember
gazing from its coal like a cinder, bright enough for my eyes to blister

there's dreams, and then there's dreaming, donkeys on the cliff with the lighthouse beaming
one eye lit to a long-gone ferry, i watched it, wild and wary
and i dreamt of the souls of the boatmen on the underside of the ocean
icicle strings made of rain and spittle met the mist and the moss in the middle
of a wellington print in a trail cut cloven, in and out of the stone so woven
fire fading, failing its chimney, mouth open, but no words within me

the moon, repainted by a crimson filter, burnt the walls within my shelter
gazing from its coal like a cinder, bright enough for my eyes to blister

to the north, the pockmarked quarries, in all their shivering glory
boiling bell, born of an old church, recovering prayers hovering like vultures
and our shadows, gaunt and garbled, slow-dancing upon the marble
our brown bones, them that we buried, the crow judge, wild and wary
too dark yet to see the ashes, until the moonlight's crimson sashes
cast out in searing flashes, from within the midnight's ebony lashes

and thus i saw the searing ember, to this day i still remember
the moon gone red like a february winter, gazing from its coal like a cinder

Fever Moon is a sort of chronicle of hallucinatory dopamine dreams, and the weird tidal calm at the center of delirium.

It started as a joke—greying temples, white castle, a red rose.

But then came the change from major to minor ...

fever moon

*i saw grey at the temple
i saw blue in the sky
i saw white at the castle
with a black eye*

*chorus
night sweat soak broke hallucination
not yet doc, i like this prescription
deep pill chill refill my irrigation
back in the cups i changed up my station
from pirate to tycoon ...
fever moon*

*i saw red at the rose
spreadin' green on the lawn
i saw brown at the derby
but the gold was gone*

chorus

*i saw bronze take an age
i saw silver place
i saw rust take a belt
from an ashen face*

chorus

My missus and I were driving east—the wrong way—from California.

We were possibly somewhere between Tuolumne and Bridgeport, but more likely outside Salinas, when these images started appearing in my head.

I was at the wheel, so I asked her to write them down for me.

Those images became Never Nothing Like That.

My '36 National Resophonic is tuned to an open m7 chord here, and this is the only song I've ever used this tuning for. It has a melancholy that never quite resolves, and so feels open—like Kerouac's hopeless and hopeful Big Sur ...

*The headland looks like
a longnosed Collie sleeping
with his light on his
nose, as the ocean,
obeying its accomodations
of mind, crashes in
rhythm of sand
thought-----*

from Jack Kerouac's "Sea: Sounds of the Pacific Ocean at Big Sur"

never nothing like that

*deep in the dark californian night
driving straight into the stars
half of the moon sits on top of the hillcrest
to x-ray the clouds and their scars*

*spanish accordions dog all the handprints
but changing for change sake was soothing
the bargain begins at the first sight of mountain
to obey the mystery of moving*

*damp in the cold californian morning
the eye behind the wave
brown into green, into green, into blue
into blue into some deeper grave*

*apple-skin fledglings supine on wood
that's been waxed to slide over violence
the bargain begins at the first sight of ocean
to obey the mystery of silence*

*sometimes i wake with the lightning in my eyes
and the echo of some thunderclap
jesus, man, what a motherfucker of a storm
i have never seen nothing like that*

*deep in the dark californian night
the iambic frame of the naked
pushing the screen up against all the water
listening for sounds that sound sacred*

*belatedly praising the roots for their honor
grateful the earth remains porous
the bargain begins at the first sight of breathing
to obey the mysteries before us
to obey all the mysteries before us*

Pulling Black Flowers From An Hourglass was completed sometime during September of 2004. In October of 2004, Mount Saint Helens erupted.

pulling black flowers from an hourglass

*there's nothing quite so lonesome as an empty ferris wheel
rusting on its hinges in the rain
save for that feeling when you're driving down a lonely stretch of 5,
next to tracks that are carrying no train*

*and I can see the body of a bird that met its doom
just another case of roadkill for the highway to consume
and you know that I've been feeling every life that I pass
pulling black flowers from an hourglass*

*i can see the fog come tumbling down the hillside
like a tree whose will has been broke
i can hear the raindrops spattering on my hood
like a playing card pinned to a spoke*

*and I can see a scarecrow with nothing to protect
just another broken phantom in the caverns of neglect
and you know that I've been feeling every life that I pass
pulling black flowers from an hourglass*

*the lake moves left to right, and the old men do the same
when they take their favorite circuits 'round the shore
but there's a mighty hidden shadow looming out over the blissful
and it's too hard for the old men to ignore*

*Saint Helens had a fire buried well within her soul
it's so frightening how the relapse of a saint can take its toll
and you know that I've been feeling every life that I pass
pulling black flowers from an hourglass*

I am afraid sometimes that I may have borrowed too much from the end of my life to keep myself alive during those times when I wasn't sure if the pain I was feeling was a real injury or a dreamt one, and whether when I asked for help I was awake or not.

I feel very fortunate I haven't died yet, because I think I could have.

Most of all, I feel very fortunate that the woman who is my love, is my love.

my love

*i nearly drowned again
it was all i could do to find the air
my eyes can see above and below the ground
but i can't hear music anywhere*

chorus

*help me my love, i think i'm hurt
oh help me my love, my love, my love*

*fell from a plane again
broken wire underneath my surface
i hear the outside of the walls falling in
i'm so tired of bein' nervous*

chorus

*i nearly went outside
but it's too much to know as much as i do
time means circle and line
by my love, i mean you*

chorus

You Ain't That Bad Off is one of the snarkiest songs I've ever written.

I was just plain pissed off and jealous that another songwriter I knew was getting a lot of great press, and all his press described him as this down-and-out character, and at the time I really *was* down-and-out, and he was this total ivory tower phony playin' at bein' a gutter junkie, and I was really furious about the whole thing.

Which is pretty embarrassing to admit.

For reasons I no longer recall, the working title for this song was "A Mushroom In Dirt," and that may allude to a subplot I've forgotten.

The last verse comes from a story told in Charles Bukowski's novel *Ham on Rye*, in which he describes the moment he realized that the world prefers pretty lies to the truth.

you ain't that bad off

*you like to think you're such a sad pup
man, dust yerself off and get up
you ain't that bad off*

*limpin 'round on a broomstick cane
boy, you know you oughtta be ashamed
you ain't that bad off*

chorus

*i seen ya sightin' on the left field line
actin' like you s'pect to get a curvoe this time
i know you seen it was a change up sign
a swell like you just got to bide his time
fore he be drinkin' champagne, and smokin' sweet tea
and forgettin' that he ever used to run with me
go write a poem on a page, and mail it off fast
and address the damn thing to kiss my ass*

*you think yer born beneath a bad sign?
man, you been drinkin' off a ripe vine
you ain't that bad off*

*you positively drippin' dirty sympathy
but i seen yer tower gleamin' ivory
you ain't that bad off*

chorus

*i hear they talkin' 'bout you these days
'bout all yer crazy down and out ways
but you ain't that bad off*

*ten out of ten prefer the pretty lies
the pollin' shows nobody realized
you ain't that bad off*

chorus

I wrote West of the River while lying in the grass in a park in Chicago.

I was really obsessed with Division Street, and Nelson Algren, and we were living in Ukrainian Village, and I just kept writing and writing about Division Street, and we lived on Iowa Street, which was just a handful of blocks from The Rainbo Club, and this song has my favorite lyric from the whole Estate Bottled Blues album:

*off in limbo
where the spoil of the unholy heist goes
arms akimbo
in mockery of the jesus christ pose*

west of the river

*west of the river
under a big lake country lost sky
there's a sliver
of darkness on the stem of a god's eye*

*hung and spinnin'
in the window of a medieval dream
i feel forgiven
in the welcome of a wind blowin' clean*

*chorus
finally on division
dirty jewel, empty quiver
magic and religion, in a duel
west of the river*

*west of the river
and east of the western side
undelivered
trapped somewhere unstamped along the ride*

*off in limbo
where the spoil of the unholy heist goes
arms akimbo
in mockery of the jesus christ pose*

chorus

The lyric for As If Now I Understand was written at The Rainbo Club.

The whole Moleskine-and-a-Space Pen thing started in Chicago, and every time I finished a lyric in a Moleskine at The Rainbo Club I would go into the bathroom there, and I'd write the name of the song on the wall (which you could do, because it was a Space Pen), with the date.

My missus used to love to play pinball at The Rainbo Club, so she'd play pinball there after a long day at the Art Institute, and I'd write songs, and then I'd put their titles on the wall, with the date.

And this is a yin-yang blues, and the white half with the black dot is about masculinity, and the black half with the white dot is about mortality.

as if now i understand

*how else to describe the slow accumulation
of all these meager losses, but as waves the moon provokes into a rage
whose passion drives them upwards, and whose tiny violent fates
drives them down into a froth whose dissipation seems to mimic
the acknowledgment of age*

*and how else to describe the awkward fundamental
curiosity of wondering if the flame we once called life could be lit again
but to note the earthen core, and the temporary permanence
of sun, that seem a constant
while our bodies seem but sitting rooms we visit in*

chorus

*and "chris," you say, and then put our your hand
and as men do, then i take it, as if now i understand*

*how else to describe the differences in illness
that disfigure without killing, but as cliffs against a wind off the pacific
holding seeds of stronger flowers, or of acrobatic bushes
or of crevice-buried grasses
with tenacious old savannah dreams to mimic*

chorus

*how else to describe the body in this chair
and the notebook in this lap, and the space-pen in this hand, attempting new refrains
but as specter in the costume of a fleshly aspiration
chasing that which panic teases
cooling blood into believing that the soul has yet retained*

chorus

*All songs written by
Christopher "Preacher Boy" Watkins*

*All songs published by
PreachSongsMusic/KobaltMusic/BMI*

*Cover artwork by
Amy Marinelli
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*Original charts by
Jonathan Dryden*

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Fatbed shuffle

ENVELOPE

Intro

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Chords: E, B7, E-A, E-B7, E.

V1

Musical staff 2: Bass clef. Chords: E, B7, E, B7, E, B7, E, B7.

V2

Musical staff 3: Bass clef. Chords: E, B7, E, B7, E, B7, E, B7.

CH

Musical staff 4: Bass clef. Chords: G, D, A, E.

Musical staff 5: Bass clef. Chords: G, D, A, E.

Musical staff 6: Bass clef. Chords: G, D, A, E-B7 (inst.).

Musical staff 7: Bass clef. Chords: E-A, E-B7, E, B7.

V3

Musical staff 8: Bass clef. Chords: E, B7.

CH2

Musical staff 9: Bass clef. Chords: G, D, A, E, G, D, A, E.

Musical staff 10: Bass clef. Chords: G, D, A, E, G, D, A, E.

G D A- B7

BRIDGE

C B7 E- B7

C B7 E- B7

SOLO

E- G A- C C D E-

E- G A- C D B7

V

E- B7 E- B7 *groove*

E- B7 **CH** G D A- E-

G D A- E- 2 G D

A- *Alto* E- B7 E- A-

f E- B7 E- B7 E- E-

SALTPETER

- CW

intro (4x)

guitar

CH

found the sun

sim. bass

V

same

V

B- E- B- A

feet pound..

instruct.

CH = 8

Repeat whole form

Slightly
swampy funk

LOST JOHNNY LOST

A- *open intro - funk guitar*

V1

A- --- D- A- A- *take an... groove*

V2

A- D- A- A-

CH

A- G F G *2 2 2*

A- *intro groove* *4* V3 A- D- A-

A- *groove* V4 A- D- A- A-

CH

A- G F G *2 2 2*

SOLO

A- *interlude* A- *open* C A- E

LOVELESS

- Watkins

intro - open

B-

pattern

V1 - B - ^{more} sim. V2 more B-A B-

walking by lake november 3

CH. A- G A- A- G E-

oh so sad..

A- G A- A- G E-

love -

interlude B-

(the intro)

V3 B- V4 B- B- D E-

sim - e - G -

CH 2 BA- G A- A- G E-

A- G A- A- G E-

int. 2 B- intro V3 B- Verse V4 B- B- E- F#-

CH 2x end on E-



THE FINE AND THE WEAK

Watkins

G-

2 bars drums

V

G- C- G- D- G-

Int. 1

G- 4 bars

V3

same verse

V4

same verse

Int. 2

G- 4 bars

V5

same verse

V6

same verse

Solo G- 4 bars

V7

verse

V8

verse

Solo G- 4 bars

V8

verse

V9

verse

G minor solo

opt. fade out on verse

Fine

FEBRUARY 1

- Watkins

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The notes are: E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V1' and a square with 'V2'. A double bar line is placed after the second measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: B- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), B- (quarter), E- (quarter), B- (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V2' and a square with 'V3'. A double bar line is placed after the sixth measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), B- (quarter), D (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V3' and a square with 'V4'. A double bar line is placed after the sixth measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V4' and a square with 'V5'. A double bar line is placed after the fourth measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: B- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V5' and a square with 'V6'. A double bar line is placed after the fourth measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: B- (quarter), E- (quarter), B- (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), B- (quarter), D (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V6' and a square with 'V7'. A double bar line is placed after the sixth measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V7' and a square with 'V8'. A double bar line is placed after the fourth measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: B- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), B- (quarter), E- (quarter), B- (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V8' and a square with 'V9'. A double bar line is placed after the sixth measure.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notes are: B- (quarter), E- (quarter), D (quarter), B- (quarter), D (quarter), E- (quarter). Above the staff, there are circled chord diagrams: a square with 'V9' and a square with 'V10'. A double bar line is placed after the sixth measure.

Handwritten text at the bottom right of the page, including a smiley face and the word "Amor".

MY LOVE

- Watkins

(intro)

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff. It starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure contains a whole note chord E. The second measure contains a double bar line followed by a repeat sign. The following three measures each contain a whole note chord: F#-A, C#-, and F#-A. The fourth measure contains a whole note chord C#-.

Handwritten musical notation for the second staff. It contains four measures of whole note chords: F#-A, C#-, F#-A, and E.

Handwritten musical notation for the third staff, labeled "CH". It contains seven measures of whole note chords: C#-, E, C#-, E, C#-, E, and C#- B.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth staff, labeled "1.". It starts with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure contains a whole note chord E. The second measure contains a double bar line followed by a repeat sign. The following three measures each contain a whole note chord: A, A, and B.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth staff. It starts with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure contains a whole note chord E. The second measure contains a double bar line followed by a repeat sign. The following three measures each contain a whole note chord: F#-A, C#-, and F#-A E. The first two measures have a "2" written above them, and the last two measures have a "2" written above them.

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth staff, labeled "CH". It contains four measures of whole note chords: C#-, E, C#-, and B. The first two measures have a "2" written above them, and the last two measures have a "2" written above them.

Handwritten musical notation for the seventh staff. It contains two measures of whole note chords: E and A.

Am

;

THAT BAD OFF

intro

Bb-

(band)

(e)

guitar

V

Bb- Gb Eb- Bb- Ab- Eb- Bb- Ab- Eb-

that bad off

V2

BR

Gb Eb Db F7

same seen ya sight in

BR CH2

Bb- Gb Eb Ab Bb- Gb Ab Bb-

Champagne boss my ass

Bb-

Verse 3

Verse 4

BR = Gb Eb Db F7

CH2

Bb- Gb Eb Ab Bb- Gb Ab Bb-

Champagne boss my ass

(Solo)

(2x)

Bb- Gb Eb Ab Verse 5 Verse 6

Bb- vamp Gb Ab Bb-

that bad off

Ans

WEST OF THE RIVER

(intro) G B \flat C G

(swt.) C B \flat G "west of the river" (V) G B \flat C

G G C B \flat G (V $\frac{1}{2}$) G B \flat C

G G C B \flat G

[CH] A-7 B-7 C G A-7 C G

[Solo] G F C D D

G B \flat C G C B \flat G

end solo

[GH] A-7 B-7 C G A-7 B G

(vocal)

[Outro] G B \flat C G C B \flat G

fine (art x)

AS IF NOW I UNDERSTAND!

- Watkins

intro

musical staff with notes and chords: B- (pno.), E- (a.c.), E, F# E D (bass), 2, 2, 2

V

musical staff with notes and chords: B- E- B- F#-

V

musical staff with notes and chords: B- F#- E- B- F#-

take intro

musical staff with notes and chords: B- E- 2. G [CH] E-

Chords... you say

musical staff with notes and chords: D E- (pno/bass) [4x] B- E- (loud)

musical staff with labels: Verses, Verse, [CH], intro

build

musical staff with labels: F# rock, Verse, Verse

musical staff with labels: Chorus, loud intro - vamp out end on B minor

preacher boy



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