

## Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer

### "Preston Miller"

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he was born in miller's mansion when the mistress was  
asleep  
the secret son of the chambermaid and master  
and they sent him into hidin for his schoolin and his  
keep  
with the carlysles and the other lucky bastards

now his toady tutors fawn and praise the man that he's  
become  
though he's taken to the laudenum and faro  
he walks the streets like velvet death with his daddy's  
money on his breath  
and a shame he cannot shake down in his marrow

when day fades to black you must not listen to the killer  
pretty voices keep you beautiful and bound  
cause the simple, sorry fact of your existence, preston  
miller  
is enough to bring this house of evil down

one night upon some drunken dare he writes his  
absent sire  
sayin father i would fain come home to meet thee  
and though his worthless friends guffaw this sudden  
show of fire  
another round of bourbon and it's easy

and this letter finds his father in his tower far away  
and the hoary claw that holds it shakes and trembles  
is it grief over a life misspent, or love or greed or mere  
contempt  
or something darker stirring in his temples

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a week gone by, he's wakened by a knockin at his door  
and he drags himself half-wasted to the threshold

it's a message in his father's quill sayin meet me scion,  
if you will,  
at the very stroke of midnight in the meadow

now he has combed his laggard locks and hired a  
comely roan  
and he's met his comrade fops around the fountain  
and he's bidden each a grand goodbye and he's  
cantered off alone  
to meet his aged father in the mountains

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oh father dear come out come out i honor thee tonight  
he shouts as he goes weavin in the saddle  
and he sees the stars go blinkin by like the twinkle in a  
trollop's eye  
and six riders riding madly in the shadows

this mornin sailed a ship of fools across a sea of gin  
with a blind and grinning reaper at the tiller  
and it drove an aging jacob to his lone and bitter end  
and a bullet through the brain of preston miller

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