

## Scott Miller

### "Raised by the Graves"

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I born in a town that the industry built in the tired dirt of  
the Tidewater  
To a hard headed man who had the good luck to marry  
a decent man's daughter  
And from my earliest days I could tell things were bad-  
President's they were resigning.  
And I was raised by the Graves

I wore my brother's close because our house it was  
cold  
With a cry of "pennies make dollars"  
And we settled down so far from that down  
That God only knows if you holler.  
And on the back of the farm there was an old  
graveyard  
Where I used to play as a child.  
And I was raised by the graves.

Well I struck out at home and I went on my own into a  
world that has already past me  
And I married a woman a lot like my mom and I act a lot  
like my daddy.  
But when its time to go home I'll head back to the farm  
Where the names will all be familiar.  
Because I was raised by the graves.

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