

# THE FADED MANSION ON THE HILL

Clive James & Pete Atkin

## Verse colla voce

The musical score is written in a single system with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is on a treble clef staff. Chords are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 3, 7, 11, 14, 19, 23, and 27 marking the beginning of each line of music. The lyrics are: "When you see what can't be helped go by with blood-y mur-der in its eye and the face of a man put on the rack, the voice of a man ab-out to crack When you see the litt-er of their lives, the stup-id child-ren, bitt-er wives, your self-est-eem in dis-arr - ay, you do your best to climb a - way from the stream-ing traff-ic of de - cay Be - liev-ing if you will that all these sick, hate days Are just a kind of trick fate plays And still be-hind your shad - ed eyes That mind-con-strict-ing thick weight stays When on the out-skirts of the town comes bump - ing cav-ern-ous-ly down out of the brick gate -".

C m G7

When you see what can't be helped go by with blood-y mur-der in its

A<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> G7

3 eye and the face of a man put on the rack, the voice of a man ab-out to

C m G7 C m G7

7 crack When you see the litt-er of their lives, the stup-id child-ren, bitt-er

A<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

11 wives, your self-est-eem in dis-arr - ay, you do your best to climb a - way from the stream-ing

G7 C C7 F m G m A<sup>b</sup> G m

14 traff-ic of de - cay Be - liev-ing if you will that all these sick, hate

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 F m A<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>

19 days Are just a kind of trick fate plays And still be-hind your shad - ed

C m F m C m G7

23 eyes That mind-con-strict-ing thick weight stays When on the

C m G7 A<sup>b</sup>

27 out-skirts of the town comes bump - ing cav-ern-ous-ly down out of the brick gate -

30 *D $\flat$*  *E $\flat$*  *G* *G7*  
 ways from the faded mansion on the hill The

33 *Cm* *G7*  
 out-of-date black Cadillac with the old man crumpled in the back that

35 *Cm* *G7* *C* *C9*  
 time has not yet found the time to kill Be-

### *Chorus a tempo*

38 *F* *Cm6* *Dm* *A7* *Dm* *F7*  
 tween the headlands to the sea The fleeing yachts of summer go

42 *B $\flat$*  *A7* *Dm* *Dm11* *G7*  
 White as a sheet and faster than the driven snow Like

46 *Gm7* *Gm6* *A7* *D* *C9*  
 dolphins riding high or giant sea-birds flying low And

50 *F* *Cm6* *Dm* *A7* *Dm* *F7*  
 square across the wind the cats and wing-sails pull ahead

54 *B $\flat$*  *A7* *Dm* *Dm11* *G7*  
 Living their day as if it almost could be said The

58 *G m7* *G m6* *A7* *D* *D7*  
 cem-e-t'ry of home — could some-how soon be left for dead — But the

62 *G* *B m* *C M7*  
 grave-yard of tall ships is reall-y here Where the grass breaks up the drive-way more each year —

65 *D9* *Em* *D* *A m7*  
 — And here is all these peop-le have And ev'-ry-thing they can't retrieve

69 *D* *A m7* *D* *A m7* *G*  
 — The beach the poor men nev-er reach, the shore the rich men nev-er leave —

73 *C9* *F* *C m6* *D m* *A7* *D m*  
 — Be - tween the head-lands from the sea the hom-ing yachts of summ-er fill —

77 *F7* *B♭* *A7* *D m* *D m11*  
 — the night with shouts and fall-ing sails — and then are still The

82 *G m7* *G m6* *A7* *D m* *G7*  
 av-en-ues wind up in - to the dark-ness of the hill Where

86 *B♭M7* *A7* *A11* *D m* *G7* *A11* *D*  
 time to - night — might find the time to kill —