

THE FADED MANSION ON THE HILL

Clive James & Pete Atkin

Verse colla voce

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

Chords: Cm, G7, Ab, Db, Eb, G7, Cm, G7, Ab, Db, Eb, G7, Cm, C, C7, Fm, Gm, Ab, Gm, Eb, Bbm, Ab, Bb7, Fm, Abm, Eb, Cm, Fm, Cm, G7, Cm, G7, Ab

30 *D^b* *E^b* *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^b* *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 a-head _____

54 *B^b* *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 believe

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 —