**Carolina Drama**

*I'm not sure if there's a point to this story  
But I'm going to tell it again  
So many other people try to tell the tale  
Not one of them knows the end  
  
It was a junk-house in South Carolina  
Held a boy the age of ten  
Along with his older brother Billy  
And a mother and her boyfriend  
Who was a triple loser with some blue tattoos  
That were given to him when he was young  
And a drunk temper that was easy to lose  
And thank god he didn't own a gun  
  
Well, Billy woke up in the back of his truck  
Took a minute to open his eyes  
He took a peep into the back of the house  
And found himself a big surprise  
He didn't see his brother but there was his mother  
With her red-headed head in her hands  
While the boyfriend had his gloves wrapped around an old priest  
Trying to choke the man  
  
Ah Ah Ahhh...  
  
Billy looked up from the window to the truck  
Threw up, and had to struggle to stand  
He saw that red-necked bastard with a hammer  
Turn the priest into a shell of a man  
The priest was putting up the fight of his life  
But he was old and he was bound to lose  
The boyfriend hit as hard as he could  
And knocked the priest right down to his shoes  
  
Well, now Billy knew but never actually met  
The preacher lying there in the room  
He heard himself say, "That must be my daddy"  
Then he knew what he was gonna do  
Billy got up enough courage, took it up  
And grabbed the first blunt thing he could find  
It was a cold, glass bottle of milk  
That got delivered every morning at nine  
  
Ah Ah Ahhh...  
  
Billy broke in and saw the blood on the floor, and  
He turned around and put the lock on the door  
He looked dead into the boyfriend's eye  
His mother was a ghost, too upset to cry, then  
He took a step toward the man on the ground  
From his mouth trickled out a little audible sound  
He heard the boyfriend shout, "Get out!"  
And Billy said, "Not till I know what this is all about"  
"Well, this preacher here was attacking your mama"  
But Billy knew just who was starting the drama  
So Billy took dead aim at his face  
And smashed the bottle on the man who left his dad in disgrace, and  
The white milk dripped down with the blood, and the  
Boyfriend fell down dead for good  
Right next to the preacher who was gasping for air  
And Billy shouted, "Daddy, why'd you have to come back here?"  
His mama reached behind the sugar and honey, and  
Pulled out an envelope filled with money  
"Your daddy gave us this," she collapsed in tears  
"He's been paying all the bills for years"  
"Mama, let's put this body underneath the trees  
and put Daddy in the truck and head to Tennessee"  
Just then, his little brother came in  
Holding the milk man's hat and a bottle of gin singing,  
  
Well now you heard another side to the story  
But you wanna know how it ends?  
If you must know, the truth about the tale  
Go and ask the milkman*

*“I’m not sure there’s a point to this story, But I’m going to tell it again. So many other people try to tell the tale, not one of them knows the end. . . . . . .”*

Somewhere in South Carolina there was an old Junk house. It held a boy called Billy, his younger brother, his mother and her boyfriend. The boyfriend was always drunk and angry and Billy didn’t have any clue why his mother loved him. He also had some really ugly blue tattoo’s on his arms. Which was confusing because his mother always said that she hated guys with tattoos.

After a hard day of work Billy fell asleep in the back of his car. A couple hours later he woke up. He looked into the house with his sleepy eyes. What he saw was something he would never forget. His mother was standing in the kitchen, eyes filed with panic. She was staring at her boyfriend who was trying to choke and old man who looked like a priest. Billy didn’t believe what he was seeing.

All of a sudden he felt very sick and he figured he’d better look away for a moment. He felt a little weird, threw up and had some trouble to stand. Horrible things happened when billy turned around. When he looked back at the kitchen he saw the boyfriend standing with a hammer in his hand. The priest was on the ground lying in a puddle of his own blood.

Billy was confused, what did he just witness? He didn’t really know what happened. He heard himself say “ that must be my daddy”. He stood still for a second, he was starting to realise what had happened in his kitchen. He got up enough courage to walk to the house. On his way to the kitchen door he picked up a cold glass bottle of milk which got delivered everyday at nine.

He broke in the house, locked the door and looked around. There was blood on the floor, the priest lying in the middle. It was an awfull sight. His mother was standing right next to him but she was to upset to cry.

The man on the ground was trying to say something but Billy didn’t quite understand. He looked dead into the boyfriends eyes. Stared at him for a moment, took a step forward and smashed the bottle of milk on the head of the man who had just left his dad in disgrace.

The boyfriend fell down dead on the ground. Billy looked to the priest and said ‘ Dad, why did you come back here?’. The priest didn’t answer, when he looked at his mom he saw her standing with an envelope of money in her hands. ‘What’s that?’, billy asked. His mother said ‘you’re daddy gave me this, he is the one who has been paying all of our bills for years’.

When his little brother came home the four of them left to Tennessee. Hoping they would be free from all of the problems they where fsving in South Carolina. . . . . .

*“Well now you heard Billy’s side to the story, But you wanna know how it ends?*

*If you want to know the truth about the tale,*

*Go and ask the milkman. . . . .”*