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Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Powderfinger

Par Neil Young

Album : Neil Young Archives Vol. III (1976-1987)

Look out, Mama, there's a white boat comin' up the river

With a big red beacon and a flag and a man on the rail

I think you'd better call John

'Cause it don't look like they're here to deliver the mail

And they're less than a mile away

I hope they didn't come to stay

It's got numbers on the side and a gun

And it's makin' big waves

Daddy has gone, my brother's out hunting in the mountains

Big John's been drinking since the river took Emmy Lou

So the powers that be left me here to do the thinkin'

And I just turned twenty-two

I was wonderin' what to do

And the closer they got

The more those feelings grew

Daddy's rifle in my hand felt reassuring

He told me, "Red means run son, numbers add up to nothin"

But when the first shot hit the docks I saw it comin'

Raised my rifle to my eye

Never stopped to wonder why

Then I saw black

And my face splashed in the sky

Shelter me from the powder and the finger

Cover me with the thought that pulled the trigger

Just think of me as one you'd never figured

Would fade away so young

With so much left undone

Remember me to my love

I know I'll miss her

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