

Powderfinger

Cowboy Junkies

Look out, Mama, there's a white boat coming 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 it's 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 making big waves

Daddy's 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 all the thinking
And I just turned twenty-two
I was wondering 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 nothing'
But when that first shot hit the dock, I saw it coming
Raised the rifle to my eye
Never stopped to wonder why
Then I saw black and my face flash 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 never figured,
to fade away so young
with so much left undone
Remember me to my love
I know I'll miss her