

# Powderfinger

Ryan Adams

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 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 makin' 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 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 reassurin'  
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  
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