

Neil Young "Clementine"

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In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner forty niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes, without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

Clementine, Clementine
Oh my darling, Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine
But, alas, I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine.

Clementine, Clementine
Oh my darling, Clementine.

Then the miner, forty niner
He began to peak and pine
Thought he oughta join his daughter
Now he sleeps with Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments, soaked in brine
Though in life I used to hug her
Now she's dead, I draw the line.

Clementine, Clementine
Oh my darling, Clementine.

How I missed he, how I missed her
How I missed my Clementine
So I kissed her little sister

And I forgot my Clementine.

Clementine, Clementine
Oh my darling, Clementine.

Clementine, Clementine
Oh my darling, Clementine.

Clementine, Clementine
Oh my darling, Clementine, Clementine.

Clementine, Clementine
Oh my darling, Clementine.

Clementine, Clementine
You are lost been gone, Clementine.

Clementine.

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