

Neil Young & Crazy Horse "Powderfinger"

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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 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
me brave

Daddy's gone, my brother's out huntin' in the
mountains
Big John's been drinkin' since the river took Annie-Lou
So the powers that he left me here to do the thinkin'
And I just turned twenty-two
I was wonderin' what to do
The closer it got the more those feelings grew

Daddy's rifle in my hand felt re-assurin'
He told me, "Red means run son, numbers add up to
nothing"
But when the first shot hit the dock I saw it comin'
Raised my 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 feared
You fade away so young
There's so much left undone
Remember me for my love, I know I miss her

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