

## **Pogues**

### **"Amadie"**

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Voici une histoire  
D'un homme cajun  
Amadie adouin  
Etat son nom  
Avec sa guitare  
Et avec sa voix  
Amadie adouin  
Etait le roi

Here is the story  
Of a cajun man  
Amadie adouin  
Was his name  
With his guitar  
And his voice  
Amadie adouin  
Was the king

In a town seperated by railroad tracks  
When one side's white the other side must be black

La sueur brulait  
Dans ses yeux  
Les blancs ont crie  
N' arrete pas  
Quand amadie pouvait  
Plus jouer  
Il demandait a celine  
Son mouchoir

(the sweat burnt  
In his eyes  
The whites shouted  
Don't stop  
When amadie couldn't  
Play anymore  
He asked to celine  
His handkerchief)

Black were the tears amadie adouin cried  
Tears a white handkerchief just could not hide

Les bois d'arcadia  
Ils sont morts  
Au fond de la terre  
Amadie s'endort  
Mais si vous voulez  
Ecouter sa voix  
Demande aux ricains  
De la chercher d'en bas

(the forest of arcadia  
Is dead  
Deep under the ground  
Amadie falls asleep  
But if you want to listen  
To his voice  
Ask the yanks  
To look for it from the bottom)

They ran right over amadie's vocal cords  
Good old boys in a good ol' model t ford  
Amadie took a walk by the railroad track  
To the other side and he won't be coming back

They ran right over amadie's vocal cords  
Those good old boys in a good old model t ford  
Amadie took a walk by the railroad track  
To the other side and he won't be coming back

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