

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Powderfinger

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 thinking  
And I just turned twenty-two  
I was wonderin' what to do  
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 the first shot hit the dock, I saw it coming  
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  
Just think of me as one you'd never figure  
Would fade away so young  
With so much left undone  
Remember me to my love, I know I'll miss her