

# Clementine

Neil Young

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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