

# Powderfinger

**Mark Erelli & Jeffrey Foucault**

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 they're 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 has 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 thinkin'  
And I just turned twenty-two  
I was wonderin' what to do  
And the closer they got  
The more those feelings grew  
Daddy's rifle in my hand felt reassurin'  
He told me, "Red means run son, numbers add up to nothin'"  
But when the first shot hit the docks I saw it comin'  
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 figured  
Would fade away so young  
With so much left undone  
Remember me to my love  
I know I'll miss her

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