Powderfinger

Cowboy Junkies

Look out, Mama, there's a white boat coming down 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 making 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 all the thinking
And I just turned twenty two, I was wondering what to do
And the closer they get the more those feelings grew
Daddy's rifle in my arms felt reassuring
He told me, "Red means run, son, numbers add up to nothing"
But when that first shot hit the dock, I saw it coming
Raised the rifle to my eye, never stopped to wonder why
Then I saw black and my face flashed in the sky
Shelter me from the powder and the finger
Cover me in the thought that pulled the trigger
Just think of me as one you never figured
To fade away so young, with so much left undone
Remember me, to my love, I know I'll miss her

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