

Powderfinger

^G Look out, ^C Mama, there's a white boat coming up ^G the ^C river ^G

^C With a big red beacon and a flag and a man on the ^G rail ^C ^G

^C I think you'd better call John

'Cause it don't look like they're here to ^{Em} deliver the ^C mail

^{Bm} And it's less than a mile away ^C

^{Bm} I hope they didn't come to stay ^C

^{Bm} It's got numbers on the side and a ^C gun

^D And it's makin' big waves ^D

^G / / / / ^C / / / / ^G / / / / ^C / / / / ^G / / / /

^G Daddy's gone, my brother's out huntin' in the ^C mountains ^G ^C ^G

^C Big John's been drinkin' since the river took ^G Emmy Lou

^C So the powers that be left me here to do the ^E thinkin' ^C

^{Bm} And I just turned twenty-two ^C

^{Bm} I was wonderin' what to do ^C

^{Bm} The closer they came, the more those feelings ^C grew ^D ^D

^G / / / / ^C / / / / ^G / / / / ^C / / / / ^G / / / /

Solo

^G
Daddy's rifle in my hand felt reassurin'
^C
He told me, "Red means 'run', son, the numbers add up to nothing."
^G ^C ^G
^C ^{Em} ^C
When the first shot hit the dock, I saw it comin'
^{Bm} ^C
Raised my rifle to my eye
^{Bm} ^C
Never stopped to wonder why
^{Bm} ^C ^D ^D
Then I saw black and my face splashed in the sky
^G ^C ^G ^C ^G
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

^G ^C ^G
Shelter me from the powder and the finger
^C ^G
Cover me with the thought that pulled the trigger
^C ^{Em}
Just think of me as one you never figured
^{Bm} ^C
Would fade away so young
^{Bm} ^C
With so much left undone
^{Bm} ^C ^D ^D
Remember me to my love, I know I'll miss her
^G ^C ^G ^C ^G
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /