

# The Band, Acadian Driftwood

The war was over and the spirit was broken  
The hills were smokin' as the men withdrew  
We stood on the cliffs  
Oh, and watched the ships  
Slowly sinking to their rendezvous  
They signed a treaty and our homes were taken  
Loved ones forsaken  
They didn't give a damn  
Try'n' to raise a family  
End up the enemy  
Over what went down on the plains of Abraham

Acadian driftwood  
Gypsy tail wind  
They call my home the land of snow  
Canadian cold front movin' in  
What a way to ride  
Oh, what a way to go

Then some returned to the motherland  
The high command had them cast away  
And some stayed on to finish what they started  
They never parted  
They're just built that way  
We had kin livin' south of the border  
They're a little older and they've been around  
They wrote a letter life is a whole lot better  
So pull up your stakes, children and come on down

Fifteen under zero when the day became a threat  
My clothes were wet and I was drenched to the bone  
Been out ice fishing, too much repetition  
Make a man wanna leave the only home he's known  
Sailing out of the gulf headin' for Saint Pierre  
Nothin' to declare  
All we had was gone  
Broke down along the coast  
But what hurt the most  
When the people there said  
"You better keep movin' on"

Everlasting summer filled with ill-content  
This government had us walkin' in chains  
This isn't my turf  
This ain't my season  
Can't think of one good reason to remain  
I've worked in the sugar fields up from New Orleans  
It was ever green up until the floods  
You could call it an omen  
Points ya where you're goin'  
Set my compass north  
I got winter in my blood

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