

# Band, Acadian Driftwood

Band

Miscellaneous

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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