

# Band, The, Acadian Driftwood

Band, The

Northern Lights-southern Cross

Acadian Driftwood

F□□□□ c9

The war was over and the spirit was broken

Dm9□□ ebmaj9□□ gm7

The hills were smokin' as the men withdrew

F

We stood on the cliffs

C/g□ a9

Oh, and watched the ships

Bb□□□ gm7

Slowly sinking to their rendezvous

F□□□□ c9

They signed a treaty and our homes were taken

Dm9□ ebmaj9

Loved ones forsaken

Gm7

They didn't give a damn

F

Try'n' to raise a family

C/g□ a9

End up the enemy

Bb□□□□ gm7

Over what went down on the plains of abraham (\*)

F□ bb

Acadian driftwood

Gm7□ c7

Gypsy tail wind

Bb/d□ f/c bb□□ gm7

They call my home□ the land of snow

F□ bb□ gm7□ c7

Canadian cold front movin' in

Bb/d□ f/c

What a way to ride

Bb dm7/a□ gm7 c7 f

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

&quot;you better keep movin' on&quot;

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

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

F $\square$  c7sus4 c7 bb/d $\square$  gm7  
Sais tu, a-ca-di-e j'ai le mal du pays  
[you know, acadia, i long for the country (i am homesick)]  
F $\square$  c7sus4 c7 bb/d $\square$  gm7  
Ta neige, acadie, fait des larmes au soleil  
[your snow, acadia, makes tears in the sun (or for the sun)]  
F $\square$  c7sus4 c7 bb/d $\square$  gm7  
J'arrive acadie, teedle um, teedle um, teedle ooh  
[i am arriving acadia (or i am coming acadia)]