

Pogues, Amadie

Voici une histoire
D'un homme cajun
Amadie Adouin
Etat son nom
Avec sa guitare
Et avec sa voix
Amadie Adouin
Etait le roi

Here is the story
Of a Cajun man
Amadie Adouin
Was his name
With his guitar
And his voice
Amadie Adouin
Was the king

In a town seperated by railroad tracks
When one side's white the other side must be black

La sueur brulait
Dans ses yeux
Les blancs ont crie
N' arrete pas
Quand Amadie pouvait
plus jouer
Il demandait a Celine
Son mouchoir

(The sweat burnt
In his eyes
The whites shouted
Don't stop
When Amadie couldn't
Play anymore
He asked to Celine
His handerchief)

Black were the tears Amadie Adouin cried
Tears a white handkerchief just could not hide

Les bois d'Arcadia
Ils sont morts
Au fond de la terre
Amadie s'endort
Mais si vous voulez
Ecouter sa voix
Demande aux Ricains
De la chercher d'en bas

(The forest of Arcadia
Is dead
Deep under the ground
Amadie falls asleep
But if you want to listen
To his voice
Ask the Yanks
To look for it from the bottom)

They ran right over Amadie's vocal cords
Good old boys in a good ol' Model T Ford
Amadie took a walk by the railroad track
To the other side and he won't be coming back

They ran right over Amadie's vocal cords
Those good old boys in a good old Model T Ford
Amadie took a walk by the railroad track
To the other side and he won't be coming back