

Acadian Driftwood
The Band

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
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

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	C7sus4	C7	Bb/D	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	C7sus4	C7	Bb/D	Gm7	
	Ta neige, Acadie, fait des larmes au soleil				
	{Your snow, Acadia, makes tears in the sun (or for the sun)}				
F	C7sus4	C7	Bb/D	Gm7	
	J arrive Acadie, teedle um, teedle um, teedle ooh				
	{I am arriving Acadia (or I am coming Acadia)}				

(*): The Plains of Abraham refer to farm land owned by Abraham Martin just west of the The Citadel in Quebec City and the site of the battle between the French and the English. It is now a park (also overlooks the St.Lawrence) and is a wonderful place to visit if you ever get the chance.