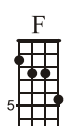


Acadian Driftwood

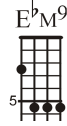
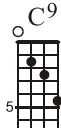
words by Robbie Robertson • performed by The Band
mandolin chord arrangement by John Tauxe (modified 9 Nov 08): mando.tauxe.net

INTRO/BRIDGE F B^b F B^b

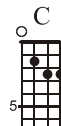
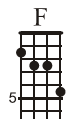
A



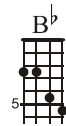
The war was over and the spirit was broken



The hills were smokin' as the men withdrew



We stood on the cliffs and watched the ships

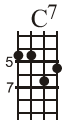


Slowly sinking to their rendezvous

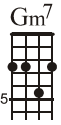
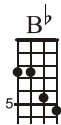
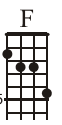
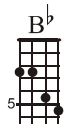
A

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

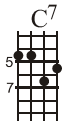
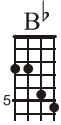
CHORUS



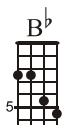
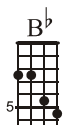
Acadian driftwood, gypsy tail wind



They call my home the land of snow



Canadian cold front movin' in



What a way to ride, what a way to go

BRIDGE

A

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

A

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

CHORUS / BRIDGE

A

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

A

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'd better keep movin' on"

CHORUS / BRIDGE

A

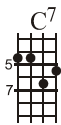
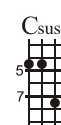
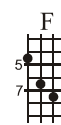
Everlasting summer filled with ill content
This government had us walkin' in chains
This isn't my turf; this ain't my season
Can't think of one good reason to remain

A

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

CHORUS / BRIDGE

CLOSE



Sais tu, Acadi-e; j'ai le mal du pays
Ta neige, Acadie, fait des larmes au soleil
J'arrive Acadi-e, teedle um, teedle um, teedle oo
(repeat and fade)