

# La Ballade de DL 8-153

by Zachery Richard (2005)

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
Au bas du St. Laurent, en dessous de l'eau,  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *Am7*  
Nagent mes frères depuis la nuit des temps.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
Ils étaient là, quand les glaciers sont fondus.  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *Am7*  
Ils sont encore là, mais ils ne sont plus beaucoup.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
On entend leurs chants, des oiseaux sous-marins,  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *Am7*  
On entend leurs pleurs, mais on ne fait rien.

*Dm* *Dm* *Am7* *Am7*  
Qu'est ce qu'on va faire? Qu'est ce qu'on va manger?  
*Dm* *Dm* *E7* *E7* *Am7* *Am7*  
L'océan devient cimetièrè, pour les baleines trépassées.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
Au large de Trois Rivières, couché dans les roseaux,  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *Am7*  
Un beau béluga: "day el" huit cent cinquante-trois. day el huit cent cinquante-trois=DL 8 153

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
Bourré de PCB. Bourré de DDT. PCB=pay say bay DDT=day day tay  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E7*( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *Am7*  
Bourré de cancer a cause de l'homme qu'il côtoyait.

*Dm* *Dm* *Am7* *Am7*  
Qu'est ce qu'on va faire? Qu'est ce qu'on va manger?  
*Dm* *Dm* *E7* *E7* *Am7* *Am7*  
L'océan devient cimetièrè, pour les baleines trépassées.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
In the lower Saint Lawrence, just below the surface,  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7(½)* *E7(½)* *Am7*  
Swim my brothers, from the beginning of time.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
They were there, when the glaciers melted,  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7(½)* *E7(½)* *Am7*  
They are still there, but they are only a few.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
We can hear their song, the songbirds of the sea,  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7(½)* *E7(½)* *Am7*  
We can hear their cries, and yet we do no thing.

*Dm* *Dm* *Am7* *Am7*  
What will we do? What will we eat?  
*Dm* *Dm* *E7* *E7* *Am7* *Am7*  
The ocean is becoming a cemetery for the dying whales.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
Off Trois-Rivières, laying in the reeds,  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7(½)* *E7(½)* *Am7*  
A beautiful beluga, DL eight one hundred fifty three.

*Am7* *Am7* *Am7* *E7*  
Filled with PCBs, filled with DDT.  
*Am7* *Dm* *Am7(½)* *E7(½)* *Am7*  
Filled with cancer because of the humans nearby.

*Dm* *Dm* *Am7* *Am7*  
What will we do? What will we eat?  
*Dm* *Dm* *E7* *E7* *Am7* *Am7*  
The ocean is becoming a cemetery for the dying whales.