

Passport

My passport says that I'm Canadian
But what does that mean?
What's my identity?
I need something more than a beer commercial
To tell me who I am
So to the textbooks we must go...

In the war 1812, we burned the Whitehouse down, but we weren't a country yet,
So I guess it doesn't count
Turn a few pages back, and in the snow you can follow our tracks
Up to Hudson Bay where we once traded furs
Or was it the other way around, did you have scurvy when I found you
I showed you the cedar tree and this is how you thank me?!
Guns and Germs and Kitchi-Manitou

And I feel the guilt of a nation my forefathers built
On rape and pillage policy
I owe you an apology
'cause I'm what's left of your ancestry

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But what does that mean?
What's my identity?
I've based it on facts from beer commercials
Which may be appropriate
Considering John A. was a drunk

Our fathers of confederation
Drank until they formed a nation
Leaving behind a dynasty
That stems to Bob and Doug Mackenzie
Our English bloodline, tainted with shame
Look to Quebec to redeem our name
From Cartier to Bombardier
Oh, pardon my French I meant 'bom-ba-deer'

A far cry from bilingual
I learned my French from a pineapple
But fluent in kissing en francais
All that I can remember how to say is:
"Puis je allez a la toilette?"

My passport says that I'm Canadian
But what does that mean?
What's my identity?
I need something more than beer and hockey
'though I must admit they give me a sense of camaraderie

'cause I still feel a chill run down my spine
When we cross the blue line
And Harry Neil and Bob Cole
Say, "Canada has scored the winning goal!"

I think I just found my identity
I think I found a reason to vote

Gretzky for Prime Minister

O Kanada

It's called the Cold War 'cause it was fought on ice
With Victoriavilles, Northlands and Sherwoods

No more Rasputin or Tsar it's the USS
R enemy socialist ideology
Star wars paranoia across the Bering SeaCCP
(Communist, communist, communist people)
Like C3P0...

*...Kanada I hinge my pride on this
It was in the third period
I felt the 7 year itch
Well, she pulled the plug from the TV set
So I pulled the bed from the chesterfield
The papers came
She signed a claim
Irreconcilable differences*

Hammer and sickle, cosmonauts and sputNikolai Volkov
When we saw red, we saw red
Behind the iron curtain of the Soviet block the shot Tretiak!
Wrath from the blade of my KoHo...Kanada

Morse code to the KGB
Mayday! Mayday! Emergency!
Intercept the CIA
The USA it's not us, eh
Alfa, Charlie, Kilo, Typhoon
Arm your fleet they'll invade soon
This is it boys time to tango
On my signal fire torpedo

Out & About

Now you can say “y’all” in your southern drawl
And I won’t tell you what I think
But if I pronounce a word a little different than you
You’re in stitches or raising a stink

I could try to be just like you are
But I don’t want to be another stripe and star
I could say it your way and assimilate
But I don’t want to be your 51st state

I said, “out and about,” did I not make it clear?
Did it sound a little funny on the drum of your ear?
Don’t insult my intellect
It’s just a northern dialect

I don’t want to melt in the pot of America

Billy Bishop Vs. The Red Baron

Tired of the trenches
I'm so bored there is no action
I just want to die in glory
Or go home a hero, you know?
Put me in an airplane
With my finger on the trigger
When I get them in my sites
I'm gonna watch them spiral to the ground

I shot him down

Call of duty comes in
I'm on a lone wolf mission
I gunned down every albatross
And for that the Victoria cross
5 makes an ace
72 makes a legend
So I don't see the harm in stretching the truth if we win the war

Billy Bishop

Red Baron - You can't catch me

Town Reunion

There's a place across the 10th line
20th side road, Tecumseth Township
When the crik freezes up
All the kids play shinny with a heel for puck now

After chores we'd go to school
All the kids, all the grades, all in one classroom
Teacher had a heart the size of a barn
But she couldn't learn me

*We didn't have much
But we were blessed
We ate like kings
And on the Sabbath we'd rest
My old man worked the land
See the calluses on his hands*

In the winter of '54
Hurricane Hazel had her way but
The Newton Robinson general store
Still stands there today

Now on Sundays we wear our best
On the seventh day the LORD took a rest
So we'd go to church
And hear the gospel

Seek and ye shall find
Ask and you shall receive
All you have to do is believe

The Ghost of Tim Horton

Born in Cochrane, Ontario
I was once a hometown hero
24 seasons and 4 Stanley Cups
Played in the Garden that I haunt now

There's more to me than donuts and coffee
But that's what you think when you hear my name
Toronto Maple Leafs, 20 years my team
But you think 'double double' and Boston cream

Give me back my legacy

Comin' round the bend near 12 mile creek
Speed plus alcohol, minus the seatbelt
My final words, a single curse
As my body propelled through the windshield

My sweater hangs in the hall of fame
But that's not why you know my name
I'm your fix, your bits of Tim
Your prize that lies beneath the rim

My whole life, my memory
Don't belong to me
Let me rest in peace
Just give me back my legacy

The Death of Tom Thomson

Below the jack pines
Caught up in fishing line
The fire ranger lies
His birch canoe capsized
His lungs filled up with water
No sign of manslaughter
On a calm summers day
Well that's what the neighbours say

Over a love affair
Killed out of jealousy
A girl with long dark hair
Was she a bride to be?
Or did he drown and die
In debts up to his eyes?
He could evade the rapids
But not his enemies

*Below the roots of the jack pine
Here lies Tom Thomson
Unknown at age 39*

I know it's just a shot in the dark
But I think there was a motive that day in Algonquin Park
The coroner must have lied
It was murder, not an accident or suicide
His bones don't lie where the stone marks the ground
The butler in the ballroom with the candlestick was never found

Aksarnerk

Deep in the arctic where the trees don't grow
The tundra's covered in a blanket of snow
Keep warm inside the skins of caribou
Stay safe inside the walls of our igloo
While the sled dogs how and bark
Waves of light split through the dark
In the next life we will dance among the stars up in the sky
I will hear you
I will watch you
When you sing this lullaby

No Luck in the Golden Horseshoe (Whammy Bar)

Stottlemire starts a fight, that's what I call baseball
A bench clearing brawl, who cares about what the Skydome scoreboard says
The Jays won the pennant then I lost my job
The plant will go to Mexico
Recession leads to depression
But I'm already there

The auto industry's closing down
Get my diploma or leave town
This easy listening radio
Seems so hard on my ears

*The sun don't shine in November
The sun won't shine in November
If there's one thing I can count on
The sun won't shine*

I just can't see a way out of this - oh no

Collection calls fill the tape
On my answering machine
How many ways can I say it?
I just don't have the money

They cash their cheques for Wintario
In hopes of one hundred grand
But little do they know
There's no luck in the golden horseshoe

Someone broke into my house again
Get by anyway you can
They stole my electric guitar
And left behind the whammy bar

Like my job on the factory floor
It's just not needed anymore
Pink slip or in the drawer
We've been shown the exit door

Passé like the whammy bar

National Infidelity

You cheated on me

Time to take matters into our own hands
Before they kill the buffalo and take our land
Wandering Spirit gathers all the white men
Shoots them one by one with their own invention

Cut Knife Hill, the middle of Saskatchewan
A misinterpretation of Poundmaker's tongue
The Mounties sent by train with a Gatling gun
Fine Day, the war chief, surrounds them but it's never done

String me up
Tie the noose around my neck

But if you hang me, you will divorce this country

I know they're gonna pin this all on me
We'll receive the same fate, Métis or Cree

This is my final testimony; I won't play insanity (you cheated on me)
Manitoba, mother country, deprived of its liberty (you cheated on me)
The massacre of our society, cannons and calamity (you cheated on me)
The voice of God spoke to me; he gave us the victory (you cheated on me)

Letterbomb – The FLQ Song

Unemployment and assimilation
Discontent takes its toll
Robbing banks and blowing up mailboxes
Taking hostages and making demands

They'll get the message when it blows up in their face

This isn't a crisis, this is a war
Tanks and terror rule the streets

When discontent takes its toll
That's when we take control

In Cod We Trust

Nothing in the nets, nothing in our stomachs
No cod = no cash
The Grand Banks are overdrawn
While the Spanish and Portuguese
Scrape the ocean floor
My government forces me
To stay ashore

They used to be as big as me
They ran thicker than the fog
But you let the draggers in
And they took all the fish out
Unemployment, early retirement
What other choice do I got?
You're at a loss of words?
Well, we're at a loss of income!

*No! We don't want your compensation
Hey! We want your resignation*

Are you kidding me?
Two hundred a week to feed a family!
Hollywood actors save every seal
But I can't jig for single meal

No, we're not moving to Alberta
We're staying here
We' go back 400 years
And we'll persevere

*No! We won't celebrate confederation
Hey! We demand an explanation*

Grey-Bruce

Cheap smokes and fireworks
Cavaliers on cinderblocks
Snapshots of the scenery on Highway 21

Politics on bumper stickers
"Register my firearms no way!"
Cowboys don't ride horses
They drive pick up trucks

*You just do as you're told
And you'll fit in the mould
And you will fill their shoes*

Gone: Keenan's toothpick factory,
Russell brothers, Black Clawson-Kennedy
But the Chee Chee Maun still hibernates in the Owen Sound harbour

We're picking apples from the trees
We're raking up the fallen leaves
The salmon run upstream
The Sydenham River

Grey skies on Grey County
Can't drive through the hypnotizing snow
They close the schools the kids rejoice
Get out the Krazy Karpets

Grown out of your Cooperalls
Living vicariously through your kid
But we can't all be Hunters and Sutters
Who would drive the Zamboni?

North of the checkerboard
The local legend goes
Albino groundhog tell us
When the spring will come

The power plant or the quarry
What other choice did you have?
Its not all escarpment and black bears
In the Bruce Peninsula

The Last Marathon of Terry Fox

A marathon a day until Thunder Bay
Where the cancer caught up with me
The head of Superior, the shoulder of the road
That's where my body quit

The fibreglass and still never grew tired
But the right leg bore its load
And the sole of my shoe, all worn through
A metaphor for my life

When it's your time you know

Pain in my chest
Labour for a breath
Pulp and paper fillin' my lungs
I forced a smile
As I ran the last mile
Knowin' that this was the end

Coolie

Walk down the tunnel
Don't know if you'll be back again
The things we do for a dollar

Just light the fuse
Take the abuse
The things we do for our children

Stories of a promise land
Dynamite in your hand

Canadian Tire Money

From generations of farmers,
It runs in my blood
The axe feels at home in my hands

Jackknifed into my memory
The lessons of my father passed down to me
On how to fell a tree

Dig the car out of the snow
Scrape off every window
The block heater saved us again

Give you a push out of the drive
Should be home near half past five
Running errands at the grocery store
I reckon a cord should do for a few days more and...

*All of the Canadian tire money
In the shoebox in my sock drawer
Couldn't buy the diamond that you wanted
But I promised I'd keep you warm*

You stoke the fire and I split the wood
Some things don't need to be said
I'll provide, win the bread
I took a vow, I took a stand
I put the ring onto your hand

When I'm over the hill and near the valley of death
When I take my last breath
My love will burn

I'm sorry I can provide you with more
Than discounts from a hardware store
But you and I, we've got our little kingdom
Our bellies are full, our hearts are warm