

## Hey Canada!

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Ch. 1 - Hey Canada - you've been good to me  
Hey Canada - the true north strong and free  
Long live Canada - from sea to sea to sea  
Canada, you're for me

Listen up Canada, I wrote a song for you  
You're a century and a half but look barely 82  
We've two official languages to wish you a good day  
And like to end our sentences with "eh"

We could talk about our history, I'm sure there's tales to tell  
But let's talk about the weather, that's something we do well  
With humidex and wind chill, snow and freezing rain  
But still we try not to complain (*too much!*)

Ch. 1

As for our geography, I'd say we're big and wide  
Rocky Mountains and the prairies and that's just on the west side  
While all along the east coast is the great Atlantic shore  
Mais Quebec est la province que j'adore

And up there in the arctic you can see the northern lights  
And sometimes round Nunavut the sun stays up all night  
There's places in Newfoundland with really strange names  
Whose origins still can't be explained

Ch. 2 - Hey Canada - our home and native land  
Hey Canada - united we stand  
Long live Canada - your wish is my command  
Canada, I'm a fan

We may be pretty big but in some ways we're still small  
You can call our buck a loonie and we won't complain at all  
We love hockey and poutine, maple syrup, beer and Tim's  
And we've always got a helping hand to lend

So happy birthday Canada, you've come a long long way  
And people from all over have come here and they've stayed  
You're the greatest country the world has ever known  
And I'm proud to call Canada my home

Ch 1 twice

## East Coast Girls Drink Beer

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We're common folks here on the coast  
Things are simple and plain  
Men and women are very different  
But some ways we're the same  
Come the weekend a celebration  
We all want to unwind  
At half past four we'll hit the store  
And grab a case of Alpine

Chorus:       We don't think 'bout umbrella drinks  
                  No wine coolers round here  
                  No "G&T"s here if you please  
                  East Coast Girls drink beer!

There's no denying our women a time  
When they go out on the town  
They'll knock back whatever's on tap  
And order another round  
Yeah they sure love the amber stuff  
And can hold as much as we're able  
You'll be surprised when you realize  
They've drunk you under the table

Chorus:       We don't think 'bout umbrella drinks  
                  No wine spritzers round here  
                  No "V&T"s here if you please  
                  East Coast Girls drink beer!

If you're in a bind with your valentine  
And wonder what present to get her  
No need to shower her with flowers  
Chocolates or a nice sweater  
Even hugs and kisses for your missus  
Won't win her love more sooner  
When all she needs is Alexander Keith's  
Or a pint of Moosehead or Schooner

Chorus:       We don't think 'bout umbrella drinks  
                  No chardonnays round here  
                  No "G&T"s here if you please  
                  East Coast Girls drink beer!

It's true we're crazy 'bout East Coast ladies  
They're the dream of all males  
For when it comes to having fun  
Just give them lager or ale  
Here's to lovers, sisters and mothers  
We'll raise a glass and a cheer  
But when you toast our women folk  
Make sure it's filled with good beer

Chorus: We don't think 'bout umbrella drinks  
No pink champagne round here  
No "G&T"s here if you please  
East Coast Girls drink beer!

Chorus: We don't think 'bout umbrella drinks  
No margaritas round here  
No "R&C"s here if you please  
East Coast Girls drink beer!

## To Be In New Brunswick Once More

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Chorus 1: Oh to be in New Brunswick once more  
That's what I'm yearning for  
To be home again with my family and friends  
And everyone (*chorus 3: everything*) I adore  
Oh to witness the tidal bore  
Or walk on the sandy shore  
How I wish I was there breathing in the salt air  
And to be in New Brunswick once more

Oh to be home by the sea  
Such a beautiful place to be  
With its rugged rocks and my boat's on the dock  
And the ocean's calling to me  
Where the neighbours treat you so kind  
And everyone takes their time  
There's never a rush or even a fuss  
As they all help you unwind

Chorus 2: Oh to be in New Brunswick once more  
Just like the days of yore  
Oh how I ache to be out on the lake  
With my fishing rod and my lure  
Or to dig up clams by the score  
And walk on the ocean's floor  
To be out on the bay on a beautiful day  
And to be in New Brunswick once more

Oh how I long for the family farm  
With the campfire out past the barn  
And when day is done the neighbours would come  
And we'd gather and sing up a storm

Yes I just can't wait to return  
Back to where I was born  
It'd mean so much to me if I could just be  
Back home in New Brunswick once more

Chorus 1

## Warriors

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I am the warrior, I'm living the dream  
I'll fight for my country, I'll fight for my team  
I'm holding the line, I'm here to defend  
I'm giving my all from beginning to end  
I am the warrior

Chorus: No one can stop me, I'm here to stop you  
You can't get around me, you're not going through  
I'll take what you give me and suck it all up  
I'm not backing down til I'm handed the cup  
I am the warrior

This is my comrade, we are like twins  
Joined at the side nothing gets in  
We know our place on the battlefield  
He is the sword I am the shield  
We are the warriors

Chorus: No one can stop us, we're here to stop you  
You can't get around us, you're not going through  
We'll take what you give us and suck it all up  
We're not backing down til we're handed the cup  
We are the warriors

Bridge 1: We found our niche; we're a vital piece,  
There's no weakest link in us all  
We're a plate of steel, no Achilles heel  
We're the real deal, we're a wall

This is our uniform these are our colours  
We are united, we are all brothers  
This is our fortress, here is our pledge  
We will forever honour this badge  
We are the warriors

Chorus: No one can stop us, we're here to stop you  
You can't get around us, you're not going through  
We'll take what you give us and suck it all up  
We're not backing down til we're handed the cup  
We are the warriors

Bridge 2: So give us your best, we'll pass the test  
We will not rest til we're done  
And every minute we're working to win it

We'll prove that we're number one

We are the warriors, we're living the dream

We'll fight for our country, we'll fight for our team

We are the warriors, we're living the dream

We are the warriors, we'll fight for our team

We are the warriors

## Friday Night Open Mic

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Well, it's Friday Night Open Mic, up go the lights  
The stage is set, the mics are being checked  
"One-Two, Hey-Hey" "Are the levels okay?" "We'll fix them as we go."  
But don't you know, it's time for the sign-up sheet  
So you shuffle your feet, come in off the street  
And open the door, write your name on the board  
With your guitar in hand like a traveling salesman's suitcase

You sit near the back and try to relax,  
Await your turn while your stomach churns  
With a nervous tension and a certain apprehension  
"What shall I play? Will it sound okay?"  
It did the other day when I practiced at home, but then I was alone  
Now I have to bare my soul to people I don't know  
I wonder how that'll go"

On and on you wait, they're running late  
So you hesitate - "Am I tempting fate?"  
But you'll be up soon, so you hit the back room  
Get your guitar in tune and pace the floor like you've done before  
And try to decide what you'll play tonight  
A little Dylan if you're willing, or maybe some Rhymin' Simon?  
"Hey, how about that new one I've been working on?"  
Or is still just coming along and not quite strong enough to share with the rest of the world?  
I should stick to my favourites  
Those are my best and I'm less likely to get them wrong  
They're pretty good songs, people sing along and I know them well  
But what the hell – why play it safe?  
This place is great and they can relate if you make a mistake"

Now your waiting's done! It's time to go on  
Your name's been paged so you hit the stage  
And smile and wave and start to play something a little upbeat  
They tap their feet and sing the chorus like it's for us all  
And they applaud as you end the song  
And start another unlike the other  
More introspective and retrospective  
And personal and serious to get them curious  
And to reflect on what was said between the lines of that clever rhyme  
And you have time for one more song  
A sing-a-long that they all know, **maybe** something off the radio  
Where they can show they're on your side  
They've enjoyed the ride you took them on with your three songs  
They stand and cheer and all your fears have disappeared  
As the host calls for one last round of applause  
And says your name as you've just claimed your 15 minutes of fame

Now it's back to your chair while you sit and stare  
And try and listen and pay attention to whoever's next  
But instead you reflect on your set for the rest of the evening  
Press rewind in your mind a few thousand times  
Scrutinize and criticize, assess it and bless it as the hours progress and the night's laid to rest  
And as you leave you feel quite pleased with your performance - it was enormous  
You did your best and passed the test with no regrets  
Except you have to wait til the next date  
To grab the pen, sign in and do it all again  
When next the lights are shining bright  
You'll hit new heights when next the lights are shining bright  
On Friday Night Open Mic



## Makin' Chili

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Let's make some chili baby, with a little bit of spice (*repeat 1<sup>ST</sup> line*)  
I'll use my secret recipe on you, and cook it up real nice

Let's heat up my onions and your sweet peppers too  
It's time to get things sizzlin', that's what we're going to do

Then I'll give you lots of meat to fry up in your pan  
Sear it just a little bit, then we'll stir things up again

Now it's time to get saucy, I'm going to fill up your pot  
Make sure it's nice and big cuz we're gonna make a lot

And now if you can take it I'm gonna add a little heat  
I hope you like it spicy, cuz you're in for a special treat

The key to making chili is to cook it real slow  
The more you let things simmer, the more pleasure you will know

That's how you make good chili, that's how you do it right  
I just love making chili – let's do it every night

## Newfoundland 9-1-1

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Chorus:       Come gather round boys, let's pull together  
                  Gather round lads, well there's work to be done  
                  Women and men, old and the young  
                  They need us all to answer the call  
                  Of Newfoundland 9-1-1

I couldn't believe it when I first heard the news  
But I saw the twin towers collapse on the tube  
The airspace was closed for the very first time  
With thousands of planes still in the sky

The domestics were brought down as fast as they could  
But those o'er the Atlantic, they needed to reroute  
With Gander the closest airport around  
Built big enough to bring 'em all down

Chorus

The last shift returned without being called  
To help in the tower and deal with them all  
Dozens of planes from all round the world  
Gathering here while chaos unfurled

Hour after hour down a single runway  
Thirty nine planes descended that day  
Sixty five hundred passengers and crew  
And where we can keep them nobody knew

The school bus drivers were all off on strike  
But they put down their signs to help with the plight  
And shuttled the passengers all across town  
To schools, halls, and churches, whatever we found

## Chorus

The townsfolk and merchants came out in droves  
And brought food and blankets and second hand clothes  
They worked round the clock to attend to our guests  
To help give them comfort and places to rest

We offered them showers inside our homes  
Let them contact their families by computer or phone  
Canadian tire let them have things for free  
Prescriptions were filled by the town's pharmacy

From hours to days our guests became friends  
We took them to shop and for coffee at Tim's  
And made a fine dinner of home made moose stew  
Then off to the pub for a song and a brew

Then on the fourth day we were finally cleared  
To put all the planes back in the air  
We loaded them up with tearful goodbyes  
And wished them good luck with the rest of their lives

The whole world changed when the towers went down  
And the heroes were there saving lives on the ground  
But up here in Gander we did all we can  
For the plane people stranded in Newfoundland

Chorus twice

## Les Musiciens De Bremen

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Un ane etais en route pour la ville de Bremen,  
Il allait chanter.  
Il a rencontré un chien de chasse, et lui demenda de ce joindre au groupe,  
Il a dit oui.....joindre le groupe

L' ane et le chien marchent sur la route, en direction de la ville de Bremen  
Ils ont rencontrer un chat,  
Ils lui ont demander de ce joindre au groupe,  
Elle a dit oui...

L' ane, le chien et le chat marchait vers la ville de Bremen  
Pour jouer de la musique.....  
Ls ont rencontrer un coq  
Et lui ont demander de ce joindre au groupe  
Il a dit oui...

L'ane, le chien, le chat et le coq marchait vers la ville de Bremen  
Pour jouer de la musique.....

Ils ont appercue un chalet en bois rond  
Ils etais plein de voleurs  
Ils avait de la nourriture, du vin et de l'or.

Le groupe a décider de chanter pour les voleurs,  
Mais les suprendre  
Et leur faire peur,  
Et les voleurs se sont enfuis du chalet en bois rond,

L'ane, le chien, le chat et le coq ont manger la nourriture,  
Et ont bue le vin,  
Et partager l'or,  
Et plus tard, ont jouer de la musique...

Basil was a pirate  
He'd sail the seven seas  
He'd rob you of your fortune  
Or anything he pleased  
He'd take your gold and silver  
And all your finest jewels  
He'd steal your silk and spices  
And weapons and your tools

But one thing Basil hated  
Every time that he'd attack  
Raiding ships was dangerous  
For they would all fight back  
So captain Basil Hood  
He came up with a new plan  
If the high seas were too risky  
He'd do his raids on land

Late one august night  
Basil's pirates came ashore  
And stole a herd of cattle  
Twas easier than before  
The herders were befuddled  
As the cows were shipped to sea  
For they had all been quarantined  
With a local disease

Chorus 1:    The cows! The cows!  
                  He stole a herd of cows  
                  And stored them in the cargo hold  
                  To sell in the next town  
                  But Captain Basil Hood  
                  Never understood  
                  That cows don't travel very well  
                  It'll just lead to no good

For when they reached the open sea  
The cows felt very sick  
And everything their stomachs held  
Was tossed right out of it  
The smell was so atrocious  
It affected all the crew  
They couldn't keep their dinners down  
And they all threw up too

Hood's pirates became queasy  
They couldn't even stand  
They wished that they would die  
Or at least get back on land  
But then they saw a brigantine  
Who had caught up with their ship  
And though they knew they'd get the noose  
They signaled o'er to it

Chorus 2: The smell! The smell!  
They couldn't stand the smell  
Coming from the cargo hold  
It made them very ill  
Now Captain Basil Hood  
Clearly understood  
Even if it costs his life  
He'd leave there if he could

The Navy's warship pulled up  
Beside the pirate ship  
And then the Navy's Admiral  
He boarded really quick  
But once he caught his breath  
And breathed in the smelly air  
His face turned blue; the Admiral knew  
He must get out of there

Hood pleaded with the admiral  
And surrendered all his arms  
But much to his surprise  
The Admiral had gone  
He turned his warship right around  
And then he sailed away  
And left the pirate Basil  
To live another day

Chorus 3: The smell! The smell!  
He couldn't stand the smell  
And though it saved his life  
Hood learned his lesson well  
Now Captain Basil Hood  
Clearly understood  
That cows don't make good treasure  
Best leave them where you should

## Beer Leaguer

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Chorus:      Wasn't that a game, how the lead kept on changing  
                 I played just like Bobby way back when  
                 One thing will remain as our bottles all get drained  
                 We just can't wait to hit the ice again

I've played this game forever, since I was just a kid  
But I still get that tingle in my bones  
And when our hour's up it's like we won the cup  
And we stop to talk it up our way home

My jersey's kind of tight but I wear it every night  
And I really should air out that bag some day  
But I just re-taped my stick and my ankle's feeling fit  
And tonight I'm in the mood to play

Chorus

I can still remember back when I was young  
They all said I had just what it takes  
The scouts were in the stands, my fate was in my hands  
When I hit the boards and I felt something break

Yeah it's a tired old tale that I often regale  
How I almost had my moment in the sun  
Now I can only dream of how things might have been  
Signing autographs for everyone  
Chorus

I used to have a wife back in another life  
But now the kids have grown she's moved away  
Still I'm never alone, this hockey rink's my home  
And my freedom gives me more time to play

They call it a Beer League but it's everything I need  
Just me and the boys under the lights  
We relive our glory days in every shift we play  
And we go and celebrate it every night

Chorus (x2)

## We're Here for the Song

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Ch: We're not in it for money  
We're not in for fame  
We're not gunning for glory  
We're not making no claims  
We're just trying to groove it  
And get you singing along  
We're here for the music  
We're here for the song

You can hear us anywhere  
Like your local bar or saloon  
In the park or even the market  
We're playing your favourite tunes  
We're not fishing for recognition  
We're not looking to score  
We're not trying to win no prizes  
Music's its own reward

Ch: We're not in it for money  
We're not in for fame  
We're not gunning for glory  
We're not playing no games  
We're just doing a blues riff  
To get you singing along  
We're here for the music  
We're here for the song

Bridge: Oh yeah – it's so surreal  
The way it makes you feel  
Oh yeah – we love what we do  
We're not making the news  
We're just playing all night for you

What we are is what we are  
There's nothing we'd rather be  
We're just havin' fun like everyone  
We just do what we please

So here's to singing with feeling  
And here's to playing with pride  
It's a recreation celebration  
We're having one helluva time!



Ch: We're not in it for money  
We're not in for fame  
We're not gunning for glory  
We're not staking no claims  
We ain't making excuses  
So buddy don't get us wrong  
We're here for the music  
We're here for the song

There ain't no way to refuse it  
So come on, sing along  
We're here for the music  
We're here for the song