

Oh Canada

The Blow

The trains are all in that they want to go home and
Sleep. You can hear the whistle blow
It says come on let's go

Oh Canada, the plains stretch out for you
They make a pathway for you
To just come on home

A line of boxcars rolling slow
Lower yourself to the border
And just go through

Oh Canada, the plains spread out before you
They make a pathway for you
You could come on home