

Canadian Kid

Brett Kissel

Brown hair and blue eyes, I was skinny and six
I had second-hand skates and a new hockey stick
It was northern Alberta and nobody thought
That the kid from the farm would amount to a lot

Growing up how I did, well I knew how to work
So I practiced my first Sears guitar til I hurt
Now I travel around and they pay me to play
And when people ask me I'm so proud to say

I'm a Canadian kid, born and bred
Hat to boots, A to Z
Anywhere in this world that I may lay my head
I'll still always be a Canadian kid

Now I sing everywhere and more that I see
The more that I know that I'm lucky to be
In a land where I'm sittin on top of the world
With my 5% beer and Canadian girls

I'm a Canadian kid, born and bred
Hat to boots, A to Z
Anywhere in this world that I may lay my head
I'll still always be a Canadian kid
I'll still always be a Canadian kid