

Saskatchewan In 1881

Colter Wall

Mr. Toronto man, go away from my door
You've got my wheat and canola seed, you're askin' me for more
Better fly 'fore I produce my .44

I'm just a prairie boy, never meant none no harm
Spent my days makin' wages out on the Martin's farm
No eastern boys are gonna twist my arm

It's so damn cold out here, the wind'll cut you half in two
I ain't kiddin' now, my old plow is frozen to my mule
I've been livin' off of ice-cold rainbow stew

Don't be pickin' fights with no Mennonites
Don't be raisin' cane while they're plantin' grain and workin'
through the night
Gonna let you know if you ain't actin' right

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