

Ian Tyson, Alberta's Child

Well, them ol' boys in Texas chew copenhagen
Wash it all down with that Coors
Ain't a bit bashful about speakin' their minds
They'll tell you what's theirs and what's yours
There's Waylon and there's Willie,
they own about half the state
And sing of her glories all in song
Talk about your lovers and your fighters
wild brahma bull riders
The whole thing takes a holt and goes on

Ride with me Jesus, help me pull this heavy load
Don't let her slip, don't let her slide
You answer all our questions further down this muddy road
Old cowboys cross the Great Divide

Well up north it's saddle broncs and it's hockey and honkytonks
Old Wilf Carter 78s
Dumb stuff like chores when it's twenty below
They're the things that a country boy hates
Too much damn wind and not enough whiskey
Drives them ol' northern boys flat wild
And he many go to Hell or even Vancouver
He'll always be Alberta's child