

# Sam Roberts, An American Draft Dodger In Thun

He was born in a small town  
And he was given every reason to stay  
Hallelujah, Mississippi, postcard living no sign of decay  
Till Vietnam moved next door, then Hallelujah was off to war  
In the dream he couldn't finish the deed  
He didn't smoke any weed so why leave?

Going where I can't be found  
And I won't be coming 'round

His father Tom said you better sign on  
You'd better take up your gun and fight  
I got nothing against them Viet Cong  
What did they do wrong and why am I right?

He's on his way to Thunder Bay  
Crossed the border late at night  
And it was high stakes until he saw the Great Lakes  
And he felt the cold wind bite

Going where I can't be found  
And I won't be coming 'round  
No, I'm an American on the Canadian Shield  
And I'm putting down roots in your frozen fields  
It gets cold but you feel so good to be a stranger in a town and you're understood

Missing his home, he would wake up in a cold sweat  
And pick up the phone and hope that Tom found a way to forget  
He's been teaching at the high school, learning the game  
In Thunder Bay we're all the same  
He's one of us, he has our trust  
But there's no going back once the line is crossed

I'm an American on the Canadian Shield  
And I'm putting down roots in your frozen fields  
It gets cold but you feel so good to be a stranger in a town and you're understood

You can't ask what you're asking me to do  
And I hope you understand when I refuse  
I'm going North with my point of view  
And I'm never gonna think the same as you  
And I'm where I can't be found  
And I won't be coming 'round  
No, I'm an American on the Canadian Shield  
And I'm putting down roots in your frozen fields  
It gets cold but you feel so good to be a stranger in a town and you're understood