

Stan Rogers, Canol Road

Well you could see it in his eyes as they strained against the night,
And the bone-white-knuckled grip upon the road,
Sixty-five miles into town, and a winter's thirst to drown,
A winter still with two months left to go.

His eyes are too far open, his grin too hard and sore,
His shoulders too far high to bring relief,
But the Kopper King is hot, even if the band is not,
And it sure beats shooting whiskey-jacks and trees.

Then he laughs and says "It didn't get me this time, not tonight,
I wasn't screaming when I hit the door."
But his hands on the tabletop, will their shaking never stop,
Those hands sweep the bottles to the floor.

Now he's a bear in a blood-red mackinaw with hungry dogs at bay,
And springtime thunder in his sudden roar,
With one wrong word he burns, and the table's overturned,
When he's finished there's a dead man on the floor.

Well they watched for him in Carmacks, Haines, and Carcross,
With Teslin blocked there's nowhere else to go,
But he hit the four-wheel-drive in Johnson's Crossing,
Now he's thirty-eight miles up the Canol road.
He's thirty-eight miles up the Canol road,
In the Salmon Range at forty-eight below...

Well it's God's own neon green above the mountains here tonight,
Throwing brittle coloured shadows on the snow,
It's four more hours til dawn, and the gas is almost gone,
And that bitter Yukon wind begins to blow.

Now you can see it in his eyes as they glitter in the light
And the bone-white rime of frost around his brow,
Too late the dawn has come, that Yukon winter has won,
And he's got his cure for cabin fever now.

Well they watched for him in Carmacks, Haines, and Carcross,
With Teslin blocked there's nowhere else to go,
But they hit the four-wheel-drive in Johnson's Crossing,
Found him thirty-eight miles up the Canol road.
They found him thirty-eight miles up the Canol road,
In the Salmon Range at forty-eight below,
They found him thirty-eight miles up the Canol road...