Randy Newman, Northern Boy

LORD:

In Ottawa, there is a custom
Before the boy becomes a man
He takes a drop of Northern courage
And swears he'll do the best he can
He swears he'll do the best he can

DEVIL:

Oh Northern boy As thick as a tree As dull as a butter knife

LORD:

Oh Northern boy Clean of limb, clear of eye Unfettered he lives, unfettered he'll die The Nothern boy Oh, Nothern boy Saskatchewan An endless prairie Where the buffalo used to roam

DEVIL:

Only a man Half-blind on whiskey Would choose to make This land his home Would choose to make This land his home

LORD:

Oh, Northern boy As strong as an oak As quick as a thunderbolt To adventure he'll rise The Northern boy Can be gentle as a lamb

DEVIL:

And just like a sheep he will follow you Whenever he can The Northern boy

LORD:

The Northern boy The Northern boy