

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 Northern boy
Oh, Northern 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