

Rheostatics, Seven

Dave Bidini and Janet Morassutti

Wake up, raise the curtains
From your deep provincial eyes.
Speak up, for I am certain
That it's no disguise.
'Cause soldiers stopping traffic
Couldn't keep these wheels at bay;
Their guns smoked, then the sun broke,
And we hauled away.

And mothers of the country take two flags and make a sail.
We'll sail the big dominion.
This song is falling...

And did you get my message
On the People's Radio?
I wrote it in Alberta
Across the prairie spine.
And I'd rather jump the borders
That trail from east to west
And get the booking agent
To find another band.

I built my rocket in a shed.
I'm going to launch it at the sun.
I'm going to launch it from my pad.
Oh, could I get this?
It's my northern wish.

Meanwhile in the forest
In a parliament of trees,
The ink will crack and dry all up,
But the compass will swing anyways.
And we don't need mathematics
And we don't need submarines
To tell how far that the land does go...
Till it hits the shore.

Wake up, raise the curtains
From your deep provincial eyes.
Speak out, for I am certain
This song is over.

(Land ho!)