

## **Ian Tyson**

# **"Alberta's Child"**

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Well, them ol' boys in Texas chew copenhagen  
Wash it all down with that Coors  
Ain't a bit bashful about speakin' their minds  
They'll tell you what's theirs and what's yours  
There's Waylon and there's Willie,  
they own about half the state  
And sing of her glories all in song  
Talk about your lovers and your fighters  
wild brahma bull riders  
The whole thing takes a holt and goes on

Ride with me Jesus, help me pull this heavy load  
Don't let her slip, don't let her slide  
You answer all our questions further down this muddy  
road

Old cowboys cross the Great Divide

Well up north it's saddle broncs and it's hockey and  
honkytonks  
Old Wilf Carter 78s  
Dumb stuff like chores when it's twenty below  
They're the things that a country boy hates  
Too much damn wind and not enough whiskey  
Drives them ol' northern boys flat wild  
And he many go to Hell or even Vancouver  
He'll always be Alberta's child

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