

## **Three Dead Trolls In A Baggie**

### **"Canada's Loser Prime Ministers"**

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(Spoken Introduction)

The next song is a, uh, Canadian history lesson.. I'm afraid.

Sorry. So if you need to go to the bathroom now might be a good time, as you might actually learn something now and you probably don't wanna do that.

We we're, ehh, basically we've been hired by the CBC tonight to do fifteen minutes about funny. Of something funny. About all of the prime-ministers who got fired. All the prime ministers who never finished their term. All the Loser Prime Ministers, basically. So we've written this song and we need to try it out, so you poor bastards are going to be the first people on earth to hear it.

Anyway, this is a song.. not that you wouldn't know it, but I'll give you a little historical context. In 1891 John A. MacDonald (not the guy who had a farm, different guy) he died in 1891 and between 1891 and 1896 we had a total of five prime ministers. So four of them, one of them was John A. MacDonald, who was cool, and the others were the biggest loser prime ministers Canada has ever and and this song is about them.

(song finally starts)

Well.. Sir... John. A. MacDonald. He died in 1891. Conservatively speaking he had a pretty good run. He left his party reeling. When he packed it in. Well he took it all with him. He even took it with gin. (apparently he was something of a drinker!)

He left his party cold and scared,  
to run the country ill-prepared  
A bunch of rich, old guys choking on their phlegm  
All of them... Hoping to be the next P...M.

It was a time of death and a time of fears,  
Five Prime Ministers in just five years,  
All of them old, all of them white,  
And you probably never heard of them before tonight.

John A. was gone, the Tories in a mess,  
Johnny Abbott stepped up but he couldn't take the  
stress,  
He called in sick, couldn't get out of bed,  
Then he got cancer and then he got dead.

Now Sir John Thompson had the necessary stuff,  
He was smart and kind and fair and tough,  
He took a trip to England for a visit to the King,  
But he never came back 'cause his heart went bing.

It was a time of death and a time of fears,  
Five Prime Ministers in just five years,  
3 were up, 3 were gone,  
And for some reason they were all named John...

(Huh.. coincidence?)

(Yeah, it was a coincidence, of course it was a  
coincidence...)

(Really???)

(Well, yeah, what are you saying, there was some sort  
of

John-conspiracy at the dawn of Canada?)

(No, I'm just saying it's really weird)

(It's not that weird)

(And they were all knights too! That's REALLY weird!)

(No.. no it's not!)

Well, Thompson was dead, who was gonna lead?  
McKenzie Bowell said 'Hey, pick me!'  
Old Man Bowell was the worst choice yet,  
forced to resign by his own cabinet,

He wasn't that bright nor a good orator,  
And he called his cabinets a bunch of traitors...  
Just too weak, just too dumb,  
so the party voted to fire the bum

It was a time of death and a time of fears,  
Five Prime Ministers in just five years,

All conservative, all wore a hat,  
Most were drunk and most were fat.

Well, the Tories were scared and the liberals were  
humming,  
'cause they knew that a federal election was coming  
Someone had to lead, someone had to run,  
Charles Tupper said: 'Boys, I can win this one!'

He had smarts and charm, grace and class,  
Yeah, but Wilfred Laurier kick his ass,  
He only held the job for seventy days!  
Even John Turner couldn't take his record away!

So remember Canada, if you feel ashamed,  
And think our Prime Minister is kinda lame,  
Once there was time far, far worse,  
In the 1890s, Prime Ministers were cursed.

Well, some of the sucked, and some of them blew  
But they all did way, way better than you  
And sure they were losers, they were also PM  
That makes you all bigger losers than them

I was Prime Minister of this country,  
How I wish in Ottawa now.  
I'm in a book on page sevenhundred and three  
But they'd rather put a looney on a dollar than me,  
God Damn Them All  
I was told I'd be PM 'till hell got cold  
We'd fire no-one, shed no tears...  
Now I'm a broken man and my only peers,  
Are the rest of the loser Prime Ministereeeers.

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