

Three Dead Trolls In A Baggie "The Canada Song"

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The Canada Song

Written by Three Dead Trolls in a Baggie

Between the ice caps of the north pole,
and the states of America,
there is a country in the middle that is known as
Canada

Where the natives are all happy,
and the lakes are fresh and clean,
there is no unemployment,
and no one is mean.

In the summer there's no mosquitos,
and the winters are never cold.
There is no clear-cut logging,
and no ozone hole.

Oh Canada, your leaders are so swell.
In Canada, no one ever goes to Hell.

No criminals or taxes, and Visa never phones.
Elvis is alive in Moosejaw, but we leave him alone
(thankyouverymuch)

'cause we're in Canada, whose army is so strong.
In Canada, no one has to mow their lawn!

No waiting for the busses, no standing in a line.
The banks are all nonprofit, and the dollar moves at
ninety-nine point nine nine nine nine nine nine (That's
American, ya know)

So shout Canada (Canada!)
The courts are always fair.

So shout Canada (Canada!)
Whose mechanics never ever swear
(Oh, I put my finger on the darned manifold, ooh, that's
hot!)

The rednecks and the hippies live in perfect harmony,
growing wheat and marijuana together, hydroponically.

Nobody has pimples, and the skies are all so clear,
and when Jesus Christ comes back to Earth,
I know he'll be born here.

The phone line's never busy, and you're never put on
hold,
Canada's a country carved entirely from gold.

Oh in Canada, everyone says please.
In Canada, no one ever cuts the cheese.

Oh Canada, Oh Canadaaaa
The country of love is the country for me
Canada...
starts with a "C".

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