

## **Three Dead Trolls In A Baggie "The War Of 1812"**

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Oh, come back, proud Canadians  
To before you had TV,  
No hockey night in Canada,  
There was no CBC (Oh, my God!).  
In 1812, Madison was mad,  
He was the president, you know  
Well, he thought he'd tell the British where they ought  
to go  
He thought he'd invade Canada,  
He thought that he was tough  
Instead we went to Washington....  
And burned down all his stuff!

And the White House burned, burned, burned,  
And we're the one's that did it!  
It burned, burned, burned,  
While the president ran and cried.  
It burned, burned, burned,  
And things were very historical.  
And the Americans ran and cried like a bunch of little  
babies  
Waa waa waah!  
In the War of 1812!

Now some hillbillies from Kentucky,  
Dressed in green and red,  
Left home to fight in Canada,  
But they returned home dead  
It's the only war the Yankees lost, except for Vietnam  
And also the Alamo... and the Bay of... ham.  
The loser was America,  
The winner was ourselves,  
So join right in and gloat about the War of 1812

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Waa waa waah!  
In the War of 1812!

In 1812, we were just sittin' around,  
Mindin' our own business, puttin' crops into the  
ground.  
We heard the soldiers coming and we didn't like that  
sound.  
So we took a boat to Washington and burned it to the  
ground.

Oh... we... fired our guns, but the Yankees kept-a  
coming,  
There wasn't quite as many as there was a while ago.  
We fired once more and the Yankees started running,  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, oh, oh....  
They ran through the snow and they ran through the  
forest,  
They ran through the bushes where the beavers  
wouldn't go.  
They ran so fast, they forgot to take their culture,  
Back to America, and Gulf and Texaco

So, if you go to Washington, its buildings clean and  
nice,  
Bring a pack of matches, and we'll burn the White  
House twice!

And the White House burned, burned, burned,  
But the Americans won't admit it  
It burned, burned, burned,  
It burned and burned and burned  
It burned, burned, burned,  
Now, I bet that made them mad  
And the Americans ran and cried like a bunch of little  
babies  
Waa waa waah!  
In the War of 1812!

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