

Tom Stompin "K D Lang"

Visit "[K D Lang](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Where the wild roses grow in Alberta-
On the banks of the Gooseberry lake
There's a rose I suppose that you hearda-
She's as mild as a wild Irish wake
Like a thorn she was born to be contrary
Like a boy's was her joy raising cain.
The wildest rose that ever drove on the prairie
behind the wheel of a big truckload of grain.
Chorus
Little k little d little l-a-n-g-Her name was just plain kd
lang
But her main claim to fame was how she sang with a
twang
And jumped around like a 'rangytang-lady k.d. lang
k.d. lang, k.d. lang, she jumped around like a
'rangytang-
lady k.d.lang.
>From her home down in consort Alberta
near the tracks of that old railroad line
With her hair she could scare old Medusa,
While she sang like a young Patsy Cline.
It wasn't long till her songs got her landed
On the stage with those outrageous clothes-
There were skirts over shirts, boots, and trousers,
Hangin down from this wild Alberta Rose.
Chorus:
Now she toured north and south of the border-
And recorded with many famous names...
Though her style it was wild and outrageous,
Her star just kept rising to fame-
With her voice that was new and exciting,
She was called to those Juno awards
She made a leap on the stage and she got one
And took it home to Alberta, Boy George!
Chorus:

Visit [Tom Stompin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.