

Trooper

"Real Canadians"

Visit "[Real Canadians](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It was a cold night in a hot town
When the alderman's wife pulled her shirt down
She was on to Tommy like a cheap suit
She thought his hair was cute or something

It was a cold night in a hot town
When the alderman's wife let her guard down
She was so excited she could hardly speak
The tequila swept her off her feet or something

There's a million stories in the naked dominion
Coast to coast
The real Canadians, the real Canadians

It was a hot night in a cold town
When a young accountant let his hair down
I must admit he was a cute fruit
But Harley gave him the boot anyway

There's a million stories in the naked dominion
Coast to coast
The real Canadians, the real Canadians

At a retirement party in a naval town
A Canadian groupie laid her guns down
When we asked her if she was really ready
She said she and Jesus were goin' steady

There's a million stories in the naked dominion
Coast to coast
The real Canadians, the real Canadians, the real
Canadians ...

From the Malahat, to Kitimat, to Medicine Hat to
Uranium City
From Thunder Bay, to Saint Jervais,
all the way to St. Johns, Newfoundland
The real Canadians ...

