

## Stole Your Woman

### "K D Lang"

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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:

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