

Stole Your Woman

"The Canadian Lumberjack"

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If I Sang about a saddle with a lasso and a gun,
You'd thing about a cowboy beneath the prairie sun
But I sing about a pine tree with a bucksaw and an axe
I sing about a big man, The Canadian Lumberjack.

Oh Hey! To the happy workin' bushman, Of Canada
He's a lumberjack
Oh Hey! To the master of the bushland
He's born to live, By the big bold axe
He's born to live, By the big bold axe

With a whopper giant breakfast, of pancakes, beans
and mush
And then you'll hear him whistle all mornin' through the
bush
And when it comes to hard work there's just no turnin'
back
That son of a gun ironman, The Canadian Lumberjack

Oh Hey! To the happy workin' bushman, Of Canada
He's a lumberjack
Oh Hey! To the master of the bushland
He's born to live, By the big bold axe
He's born to live, By the big bold axe

And when his day is over, he'll talk with many chums
He'll sing about the sweetheart, He'll wed when
springtime comes

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