

Marie-Lynn Hammond

"Canadian Love"

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Oh I met him at an ice rink in Flin Flon
twas a mild night, just 20 below
as we skated incircles he reached for my hand
but what it felt like im not sure I know
for I had on two pairs of mittens
and he wore a thick sheepskin glove
but if the tembling I felt wasnt due to the cold
then maybe perhaps it was love

Oh Canadian love, Canadian love
its either 40 below or its 90 above
and though its hard to be yearning
when youre freezing or burning
like the dollar we keep falling - in Canadian love

So we ended up going to his place
where I peeled off my mits at the door (both pairs)
and after 10 minutes of struggle my boots and my
socks
lay in a pool on the floor
then he tenderly took my wool tuque off
and he rolled down my leg warmers too
by now it was 10 to 11 and we
still had a lot left to do

Oh Canadian love, Canadian love
its either 40 below or its 90 above
and though its hard to be yearning
when youre freezing or burning
like the dollar we keep falling - in Canadian love

with a sigh he unknotted my muffler
then he stopped for a much needed rest
I could tell he was getting discouraged - with reason!
For he was still fully dressed
but when he finally unzipped my parka
I caught sight of the clock and cried "Oh!
Its quarter to 12 and I promised my mother
Id be home an hour ago!"

Well, he looked like a man whod been broken

but it wasnt emotional pain
it was just that he couldnt stand having to watch me
put all that stuff back on again

Oh Canadian love, Canadian love
its either 40 below or its 90 above
and though its hard to be yearning
when youre freezing or burning
like the dollar we keep falling - in Canadian love-acapo

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