

Big Smoke

Del Barber

Del Barber (composer and performer; album: Praireography, 2014) Blinded by the city lights

 No one can see you stallin'

 It's been so long since you've seen the prairie stars

 You're not sure you can recall them

 But there is something here for you to find

 You may have found it once and lost it now We used to fly through the woods

 On the backs of quarter horses

 Pickin' dandelion bouquets for our sister and our mother

 We felt like men but we were boys

 Too young to know

 That we were as free as fire And you're lost out in the Big Smoke

 Lookin' for a way home

 There are no straight paths

 There's no easy way Brother do you remember

 That one September morning we were shooting cans

 With Dad's .22 without a worry or a warning

 You pulled the trigger down and dropped that deer

 And you looked at me with tears in your eyes And I never in a million years

 Thought that you'd make that shot

 And I picture you tonight, with your sights still on something so far off

 Wherever you are I hope you're being careful

 About the things you think you want And you're lost out in the Big Smoke

 Without a fire of your own

 There are no straight paths

There's no easy way (Last year, father and son produced 12,000 bussels. Under the Crow, they paid thirteen cents a bussel to ship it to Vancouver: \$1560. Within four years they'll likely be paying twice as much and within a decade maybe five times as much. "If the price of grain would increase, I suppose a guy wouldn't feel it quite so badly; but on the horizon we don't see it, an increase." "Supposing they, ah, say that a few towns down the road - that grain should be here. There goes our elevator and I would think that 20% of the taxes in this town come from the elevators.) The sky is getting hazy

 It's filling up with grain dust

 And it could be in a year the bank finally gets the best of us

 But our cows are fed and the bins are full

 We're hoping to see you before the snow You're lost out in the Big Smoke

 Without a fire of your own

 There are no straight paths

 There's no easy way You're lost out in the Big Smoke

 Without a fire of your own

 There are no straight paths

There's no easy way

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