

# An American Draft Dodger In Thunder Bay

Sam Roberts

He was born in a small town  
And he was given every reason to stay  
Hallelujah, Mississippi  
Postcard living no sign of decay  
Till Vietnam moved next door  
Then Hallelujah was off to war  
In the dream he couldn't finish the deed  
He didn't smoke any weed so why leave?  
Going where I can't be found  
And I won't be coming 'round  
His father, Tom, said, "You better sign on  
You'd better take up your gun and fight  
I got nothing against them Viet Cong  
What did they do so wrong and why am I right?"  
He's on his way to Thunder Bay  
Crossed the border late at night  
And it was high stakes till he saw the Great Lakes  
And he felt the cold wind bite  
Going where I can't be found  
And I won't be coming 'round  
No, I'm an American on the Canadian shield  
And I'm putting down roots in your frozen fields  
It gets cold but you feel so good  
To be a stranger in town and you're understood  
Missing his home  
He would wake up in a cold sweat  
And pick up the phone and hope  
That Tom found a way to forget  
He's been teaching at the high school, learning the game  
In Thunder Bay we're all the same  
He's one of us, he has our trust  
But there's no going back once the line is crossed  
I'm an American on the Canadian shield  
And I'm putting down roots in your frozen fields  
It gets cold but you feel so good  
To be a stranger in town and you're understood  
You can't ask what you're asking me to do  
And I hope you understand when I refuse  
I'm going North with my point of view

And I'm never gonna think the same as you  
And I'm where I can't be found  
And I won't be coming 'round  
No, I'm an American on the Canadian shield  
And I'm putting down roots in your frozen fields  
It gets cold but you feel so good to be a stranger in town  
And you're understood

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