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 decayTill 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 'roundHis 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 biteGoing where I can't be found
And I won't be coming 'roundNo, 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 understoodMissing his home
He would wake up in a cold sweat
And pick up the phone and hope
That Tom found a way to forgetHe'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 crossedI'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 understoodYou 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 youAnd I'm where I can't be found
And I won't be coming 'roundNo, 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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