

North of The 54

Knucklehead

Just up north past the 54 is a place that we ignore
A place that people never visit, a life they will never know

Left to rot away, in a prison with no walls
Instead of righting the wrongs of the past
We're gonna let our first nation fall

People lost faith with treaty six and it went downhill from there
The youth of today are falling but the leaders just don't care

Left to rot away, in a prison with no walls
Instead of righting the wrongs of the past
We're gonna let our first nation fall

His peoples hope at fourteen years old
Dead before he could even vote
Born to a world of struggle and strife
He felt reprieve when he took his life

Overpowered and beaten down, for easier control
All anybody ever wants is to be safe in their own home

Left to rot away, in a prison with no walls
Instead of righting the wrongs of the past
We're gonna let our first nation fall

A brand new baby at just sixteen
She said it's is time that she'll stay clean
A bullet through the bedroom wall
Mislaid hopes in a mother's arms

The youth are falling, just up north past the 54

Lyrics submitted by Rod Beaudry.

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