Forty Below

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(Chris Dafoe)

Oh, my grandpa came west in the 'eighties
To the prairies where grain grows like grass
But the bankers and freight rates got grandpa
And so grandpa went east, second class.

cho: Oh it's forty below in the winter
And it's twenty below in the fall
And it rises to zero in springtime
And we don't have no summer at all.

It was raining and hailing this morning,
On the corner of Portage and Main,
Now it's noon and the basements are flooded
And the duststorms are starting again.

Come and pay for my fare if you love me
And I'll hasten to bid you adieu
And farewell to your Red River Valley,
And its natives, all shivering and blue!

- by Chris Dafoe, mid 'fifties. Note original 1.3 is "wheat board and freight rates".
JB

apr96