

EASTERN GAP

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2007)

Down along the docks and the city's underside
By the shipping channel after school I ride
Watchin' as the waves roll up against the rocks
When from the inner harbour and the old Sugar Docks
And the grain elevators comes an Algoma freighter
Headin' out as the day is done
And a golden light catches the red and orange of the hatches
And the long black hull in the setting sun

OH SOMEBODY SHOUT BIG BOAT IS HEADIN' OUT
OH HEAR MY SONG BIG BOAT TAKE ME ALONG

I can see a silhouette standin' at the wheelhouse glass
Sailors at the winches as she rolls on past
A couple of 'em hanging in the haze on the pointed bow
She'll be past the island any minute now
And along the fore-deck and after camaraderie and laughter
Echoes to the breaker wall where I stand
And I wonder what the load is and if they ever notice
When I give a little wave with my hand

OH SOMEBODY SHOUT BIG BOAT IS HEADIN' OUT
OH HEAR MY SONG BIG BOAT TAKE ME ALONG

Standing at the Eastern Gap I watch her go
I'll be doing something quite the same one day I know
From the temper and the towers of the town I'll take my leave
The other guys at school, they don't believe
That a harbour has a reason – well they'll understand next season
In my corner, see an empty chair
And through the locks and the St. Lawrence I'll let the path of providence
Lead me to tomorrow way out there

OH SOMEBODY SHOUT BIG BOAT IS HEADIN' OUT
OH HEAR MY SONG BIG BOAT TAKE ME ALONG

THE CREDIT

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2007)

I hear the river song
She's callin' me along
Fallin' rain is rollin' by the sidewalks and streets
Down into the valley where the music is sweet

I see the river wind
I wonder what we'll find
Followin' the fog along her banks and her bends
Down through Mississauga to the lake she descends

And she's rollin' on and on against all odds
Through this incessant sprawl
She's gonna ride and roll through it all

*Look away from the satellite hotstove
Take a little time for the glade and the grove and the ground
Around the creeks and the cradle gravity seeks
In run-off, rapids, splash and spill
Cataracts, the Caledon Hills
Bound by bridges, culverts and chains
But the river knows – the promise remains*

She's gonna ride

I skipped a river stone
But I was not alone
See the people gather from all over the place
Singin' for the river in the valley's embrace

This is the River Credit
To her waters we are indebted
Love her now before we regret it
Respect the River Credit

THE SEAWAY

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2005)

You can sell options in towers on Bay Street
Crunch up the figures all hours of the day
Take your cyberspace piracy, bandwidth capacity
Give me the life sailin' on The Seaway

Tool 'round the harbour in fancy cigar boats
Brag to the neighbours 'bout how much you paid
Take your cutting edge stereos, reality TV shows
Give me the life sailin' on The Seaway

SEPT-ISLES TO IROQUOIS, HAMILTON, SAGINAW
SARNIA TO SAULT STE. MARIE IN A DAY
CITIES OF WONDER UP NORTH TO THE THUNDER
THROUGH THE FIVE LAKES AND BACK DOWN THE SEAWAY

We'll fill the hold with your grain from the prairies
Iron-ore pellets from Port Cartier
Ontario lumber and coal from deep under
Carried on ships on the Great Lakes Seaway

Out on the ocean they're locked in their cabins
Tuned to some satellite TV all day
But on the five lakes you'll see sailors out working
The locks and the waters of the inland Seaway

SEPT-ISLES TO IROQUOIS, HAMILTON, SAGINAW
SARNIA TO SAULT STE. MARIE IN A DAY
CITIES OF WONDER UP NORTH TO THE THUNDER
THROUGH THE FIVE LAKES AND BACK DOWN THE SEAWAY

File through the hallways of commerce and cable
Climb up that ladder of progress and pay
But as for myself – well I'm bound for the harbour
To board me a ship on The Seaway today

To board me a ship on The Seaway today

THE HUGE ON LUGE

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2001)

Grandpa hated winter – couldn't stand the sight of snow
He got surly and bitter when cold winds began to blow
Snow flakes made him dizzy – he hated winter sports
And he wished ill-will on little kids building snowball forts

Snow-Angels made him vomit, snowmen raised his ire
He said “they remind me of the Kaiser” as he stoked a melting fire
When each December rolled around he wished he'd n'er been born
But that all changed the year he got a high-speed Luge on Christmas morn

CUZ HE WAS HUGE ON THE LUGE WHEN HIS CHEEKS WENT ROUGE
NO FLUKE IN A TOUQUE SUB-ZERO SUBTERFUGE
LOOKIT GRANDPA CRUISE LIKE A DEMON ON THE BOOZE
NOT A STOUGE LIKE SCROOGE BUT REALLY HUGE ON THE LUGE

He made himself a Luge track, packed it down with ice
He waxed his Luge most everyday, made sure those blades could slice
Took sharp turns without slowin' down, that took a lot of guts
Called himself the Northern Nugget – but Grandma called him nuts

CUZ HE WAS HUGE ON THE LUGE WHEN HIS CHEEKS WENT ROUGE
NO FLUKE IN A TOUQUE SUB-ZERO SUBTERFUGE
LOOKIT GRANDPA CRUISE LIKE A DEMON ON THE BOOZE
NOT A STOUGE LIKE SCROOGE BUT REALLY HUGE ON THE LUGE

Folks came from miles around to see the crazy bugger race
And his Olympic octogenarian frost-bitten feisty face
Then one day at a time-trial he broke the speed of sound
And to this day that beloved Luge and he still have not been found

CUZ HE WAS HUGE ON THE LUGE WHEN HIS CHEEKS WENT ROUGE
NO FLUKE IN A TOUQUE SUB-ZERO SUBTERFUGE
LOOKIT GRANDPA CRUISE LIKE A DEMON ON THE BOOZE
NOT A STOUGE LIKE SCROOGE BUT REALLY HUGE ON THE LUGE

YES HE WAS HUGE ON THE LUGE WHEN HIS CHEEKS WENT ROUGE
NO FLUKE IN A TOUQUE SUB-ZERO SUBTERFUGE
LOOKIT GRANDPA CRUISE LIKE A DEMON ON THE BOOZE
NOT A STOUGE LIKE SCROOGE BUT REALLY HUGE ON THE LUGE

THE STORY OF THE FRASER

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2006)

Well it crackles and it crashes and it rushes in the Rocky heights
Down low between the peaks and the jagged pearly whites
By the cliffs where the cougar roam,
Following an urge unknown
It tumbles and it turns and it twists - you gotta hang on tight
To hear the story of the Fraser

And it cascades and it quickens in the melting snow and ice
Hear it growl as the tributaries howl of the river's price
And the canyon cries untold
The silt and the blood and gold
A million years of never tellin' it the same way twice
The story of the Fraser

Well it rumbles and it winds on through the Caribou Plateau
Where coyote howl and wanna-be cowboys go
From the spruce and the juniper bough
Counting sheep, daydreaming cow
To the Okanagan fruit tree written out row by row
The story of the Fraser

And it races on down through Hell's Gate
By the hemlock, fir and the cedar not a second late
Where the spawnin' salmon climb
The river delta unwinds
Do the men still balance on logs in the logbooms as they celebrate
The story of the Fraser?

Let it roll...

Me I live in a fast fat city far away
Where there's a million tales trapped deep in traffic grey
And I wonder if somehow
A hundred years from now
The troubadours and the river shores will still relay
The story of the Fraser

SASKATCHEWAN

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2006)

Bluff then a slough, bluff then a slough, oh Saskatchewan
You take my breath more than the mountains do, Saskatchewan

Cluster a'houses cluster a'trees, oh Saskatchewan
Congregation a'rushes move in the breeze, Saskatchewan

Beavers don't build dams out there, no, Saskatchewan
They build mansions in the sloughs pokin' up in the air, Saskatchewan

Tall church spire stands so straight, oh Saskatchewan
And the Wheat Pool elevator where I prayed, Saskatchewan

Big ol' hill a'white potash, oh Saskatchewan
Big cloud rollin' and the lightnin' flash, Saskatchewan

Saw a big farm where fortune smiled, oh Saskatchewan
And a little one where it ain't stopped for a while Saskatchewan

We love your heart and golden grain, oh Saskatchewan
You know one day we might even get off that train, Saskatchewan

Bluff then a slough, bluff then a slough, oh Saskatchewan
You take my breath more than the mountains do, Saskatchewan

LATE OF OCTOBER

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2007)

Everything was orange when I woke up today
Every leaf at the window by the bed where we lay
From the blazing sunrise in the east like a torch
To the cackling cousins carved up out on the porch

You ask me what I like, don't have to think it over
Middle of September to the late of October

Well I heard of territories where the leaves never change
Sounds like people tellin' stories most unlikely and strange
Hear the wind's a-tuggin' and the first one's 'bout to fall
See the rest come a-swirlin' like it's nothing at all

You ask me what I like, don't have to think it over
Middle of September to the late of October

Now there's one thing I can't stand when this season comes around
It's a modern apparition and it kicks up quite a sound
Hear then rev their engines – c'mon give me a break
What ever happened to a broom and a rake

But there's apples in the oven and something's smellin' good
They're choppin' up the kindling and chords of firewood
Hear the wolves are howlin' - the hollowed eve is here
Let's get to the forest 'fore the autumn disappears

You ask me what I like, don't have to think it over
Middle of September to the late of October
I don't have to think it over
Middle of September to the late of October

THE ISLAND

(words & music Mike Ford SOCAN 2007)

The wind that turns the windmill blades
To light the water's edge soirees
The panels catch the solar rays, the island

The marsh beside the new lagoon
Where we can lose an afternoon
Behind the stretch of sand and dune, the island

A harbour jewel for us to share
Feel the breeze and breathe the air
Imagination soaring where
There used to be an Airport

The haze that hung is there no more
And gone the turbo engine roar
They found another reason for the island

A speedy flight's an easy sell
But is that really living well
Soaring through the air propelled
By what we strip the planet bare for

The age of rail came back again
Round about Two-Thousand-Ten
It helped the city to befriend the island

We watch the sails against the blue
And take it down a notch or two
Then bid the setting sun adieu, the island