

# Land of the Silver Birch

School is a drag  
We are here for three  
reasons

To get judged  
To get strapped  
And to sing the Canadian National Anthem

And one day  
I got it wrong; and 'O Canada'  
Became a totally different song

And I stood there  
In all my patriotic innocence  
pride, welled up in my chest  
like the kind of love that is  
Insanity-for-no-reason  
And I sang:  
'Land-of-the-sil-ver-birch'

And I sang it for At-ush-mit who lives in  
the woods  
And I sang it for Ko-ishin-mit who flies  
everywhere  
And I sang it for Paw-quin-mit who lives  
in the sea

And I got five straps on each  
tiny hand  
And I couldn't feel my fingers  
for a good hour and a half

And although I cried some  
I never told Momma 'Jack'  
Because it wasn't  
her  
business

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