

CANYON WIND © Copyright BLU HOPKINS 2001 SOCAN

Verse

I follow in the footsteps, of those men who went before
and toiled toward the ocean, that far elusive shore.
I ride in cushioned comfort where the navvies slaved and died,
to finish that first railroad, across this country wide.

They laboured through the mountains, to the place where rivers wed
the thompson and the fraser, both sharing the same bed
They fall in mist and thunder from the canyon to the sea,
to be lost in the ocean, as if they'd never been

Chorus

**Hot wind blowing up the highway,
I see storm clouds moving in,
Dust devils playing by the roadside,
Swirl and spin, canyon wind**

Verse

And now a hundred years have gone, since last they came this way
Forgotten now thier hardships, the awful price they paid
In sweat and blood they struggled high above the rivers' roar
To make a safe route past these mountain ramparts to the shore

Chorus

**Hot wind blowing up the highway,
I see storm clouds moving in,
Dust devils playing by the roadside,
Swirl and spin, canyon wind**

Verse

Their names are all forgotten, and their bodies dust and bones
but i can see their faces in these worn and ancient stones.....
Their spirits ever restless, their souls long to be free
Soft voices on the canyon wind, I hear them calling me.

Chorus/Ending

**And I feel that wind all around me
Calling out their names again
Blow away across the sea now and take them
Home again, canyon wind**

HARD MAN ©Copyright BY BLU HOPKINS 2000

Hard man, what can I say?
Hard man, sweat blood all day,
Hard man, won't you go away,
Hard man

Hard hands, callused and tough
Black nails, cut up and rough,
Hard times, Lord I've had enough
It seems like I've been here forever,
Never feeling the sun on my face.
Surrounded by tools of destruction,
I have to get out of this place.

Gears grind, cat engine roars,
Raw wind, chills to the core,
Heart aches, I can't take any more,
Hard man

It seems like I've been here forever
Never feeling the sun on my face.
Surrounded by tools of destruction,
I have to get out of this place.

Hard man, now I can see
With you here inside, I can never be free
Hard man, you're not really me
Hard man

NO LIFE ON THE BRINE ©Copyright BLU HOPKINS

Verse

I'll fish no more the bay, where the orca once did play
and the steelhead each year answered nature's call,
Their spawning beds are silted in, they'll never come again,
Where the cedar and the spruce once stood so tall.

Bridge

Like our brothers in the east , we left the most and took the least,
While offshore draggers raped our oceans, hid from sight.
And those big boats from Japan, take more fish in one day than
I could catch in all my life on Robson Bight

Verse

In the wharfside taverns , where the fishermen once gathered
the tourists sit and sip thier cottage brew
And the fish boats sit there rotten, thier names are all forgotten
while the feds say, there is nothing they can do.

Bridge

No more i'll sail this coast, or in the beer hall sit and boast
of the bounty that i once took from the sea,
The factory ships will roll along , 'till the salmon are all gone,
and there's no life left upon the brine for me

Verse

What will i leave my son, now this fishing life is done
With the pride that was our familys' , through the years
He'll never learn the ways, of the islands and the bays
and the only salt he'll taste is bitter tears.

Bridge

No more i'll sail this coast, or in the beer hall sit and boast,
Of the bounty that i once took from the sea.
Those factory ships will roll along, 'till the salmon are all gone
And there's no life left upon the brine for me
And there's no life left upon the brine for me
And there's no life left upon the brine for me

THE HYLAND VALLEY MINE ©Copyright 2002 BLU & KELLY HOPKINS SOCAN

All my kin were mining men, we worked the face all day,
In the open pits of the copper mines, we slaved our lives
We dug deep down in that valley ground, a fortune there to find.
And the poison dregs in the tailings ponds, are what we left behind, in the pit of the Hyland Mine,

Chorus

And we all thought it would last forever
To the truth we all were blind,
We believed the lies, and our lives we wasted,
In the pit of the Hyland Mine, the Hyland Valley Mine.

Inst break

Verse

I worked overtime in that goddamn mine 'till I could barely stand,
Then I stumbled home and fell into bed, too tired to be a man.
So it wasn't long 'till my wife was gone,
With the kids and all we owned
And left me here in a mortgaged house, heartbroken and alone,
In a cold and empty home.

Chorus

And we all thought it would last forever
In truth we all were blind, we believed the lies and our lives we wasted
In the pit at the Hyland Mine, the Hyland Valley Mine.

Inst break

Verse

Now here I stand in this barren land,
And I gaze into the hole.
That stole my youth and broke my heart and soon will have my soul
At last I've seen what a fool I've been,
And the tears rise to my eyes.
And I cry for the land and the love I've lost
In the pit of the highland mine, the Hyland Valley Mine.

Chorus

And we all thought it would last forever ,
In truth we all were blind.
We believed the lies and our lives we wasted,
In the pit of the Hyland Mine, the Hyland Valley Mine,

Reprise

Yes we all thought we would live forever,
In truth we all were blind
We believed the lies and our lives we wasted,
In the pit of the Hyland Mine,
The Hyland Valley Mine

MILLRAT BLUES ©Copyright BLU HOPKINS /KELLY HOPKINS 2002 SOCAN

Workin' on the greenchain, sweatin' at the mill
I'd rather be a free man, sit and drink my fill.
I've been hurtin', I've been cursin',
And lately I've been singin' the blues.
And I get so god damn tired of fightin', when all I do is lose.

I get up before the sunrise, go to work till it goes down,
Then I go and get my paycheck, blow it all in town.
I've been hurtin', I've been cursin',
And lately I've been singin' the blues.
And I get so goddamn tired of fightin', when all I ever do is lose.

Bridge

This millrat's life is really wearin' me thin,
I'm in pretty bad shape for the shape that I'm in.
My back is achin', my body is sore,
I've had all I can stand I can't stand no more.

My wage is a good one, fourteen forty five,
It's enough to pay the rent with, and keep myself alive,
I've been hurtin', I've been cursin',
And lately I've been singin the blues.
And I get so god damn tired of fightin, when all I ever do is lose.

Inst break (verse/bridge)

One day i'll get a good job, sit and sing my songs all day,
Play my tunes and pick my guitar, 'till there's nothin' left to say.
No more hurtin', no more cursin', just sit all day a singin' the blues.
No more slavin' in the sawmill, gonna sell those workin' shoes.
But when I get up tomorrow mornin'
I'm still gonna have those mean old millrat blues

JACK OF ALL TRADES ©Copyright 2003 Blu Hopkins

Jack of all trades and master of none
Born in the light of a cold northern sun
I live in a place where there's no room to grow,
No fertile ground for the seeds that I sow.

Jack of all trades and master of none,

Oh what I'd give to be master of one

Went looking for work, there was none to be found.
All I find here is lies and the old runaround.
And though they don't say it, they're making it clear.
I just don't fit in, I'm not wanted here.

Jack of all trades and master of none.
Oh what I'd give to be master of one.

Bridge

And though I may be a jack of all trades
I still have a few things to learn,
I've come to this place by the choices I've made
Where my path has divided and turned

Inst

Jack of all trades when will I find my song
It's here deep inside, I've been waiting so long
It gets harder to hold on, with each passing day,
I can't keep it much longer here hidden away.

Jack of all trades and master of none,
Oh what I'd give to be master of one

IMPOSSIBLE ©Copyright - BLU HOPKINS 2000 SOCAN

The little things you say and do, to me just mean so much so much,
The way my heart will burst, or break,
With every word or touch.
The way your hair falls 'cross your breast,
The love light in your eyes
The whispered words into my ear, as in our bed we lie.

Chorus

It's impossible for me to say the words to change your mind,
It's impossible to change the things we've done and left behind.
It's impossible to take away the tears that have been cried.
It's impossible to make love stay home if you never try.

We've traveled this road hand in hand,
Endured the pain and fears.
Our races run, our battles won, together through the years.
Our campfire embers burning low, under the starlit sky.
We just can't let our love burn out, before the new sunrise.

Chorus

It's impossible for me to say the words to change your mind,
It's impossible to change the things we've done and left behind.
It's impossible to take away the tears that have been cried.
It's impossible to make love stay home if you never try.

So come and be a part of me, I'll be a part of you.
We'll hold onto each other here, until the night is through.
And make love, on a blanket, in a meadow, by a stream.
Our bodies painted silver, in the full moon's shining beam.

Chorus

It's impossible for me to say the words to change your mind.
It's impossible to change the things we've done and left behind.
It's impossible to take away the tears that have been cried.
It's impossible to make love stay home if you never try.
It's impossible for me to say the words to change your mind.
It's impossible to make love stay home if you never try.

THE VOICE OF THE BARRENLANDS ©Copyright Blu Hopkins 2003 Socan

I was born near the banks of the mighty Slave River,
in the town of Fort Smith, where the river runs down,
white water and whirlpools to trap the unwary
And the rapids are named for the men they have drowned.

Chorus

Where the night sky is bright and the Northern lights shimmer,
like a drapery of silver and purple and gold
I can hear the north wind as it blows up the river.
It's the voice of the barrenlands calling me home. The barrenlands calling me home
Lost my way for a while on the streets of Toronto,
I'm not proud of the things that I did to survive.
I learned how to live in that cold concrete city.
Never thought that I'd ever leave that town alive.

Chorus

Where the night sky is bright and the northern lights shimmer,
Like a drapery of silver and purple and gold,
I can hear the North wind as it blows up the river.
It's the voice of the barrenlands calling me home
The barrenlands calling me home
Oh I miss the frost crystals that form in your nostrils,
and the squeak of your boots, as you walk on the snow
the sweet smell of wood smoke and new moosehide mukluks
when the weather is fine and it's forty below.

Chorus

Where the night sky is bright, and the northern lights shimmer,
like a drapery of silver and purple and gold.
I can hear the north wind as it blows up the river.
It's the voice of the barrenlands calling me home.
The barrenlands calling me home
Now here in my house, in this warm southern valley,
I lie still and listen for the Arctic winds' song
and I know someday I'll return to the tundra
I've been kept here away from my home far too long.

Chorus

Where the night sky is bright , and the northern lights shimmer,
like a drapery of silver and purple and gold.
I can hear the north wind as it blows up the river.
It's the voice of the barrenlands calling me home.
The barrenlands calling me home.