

# Butter Tarts

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You may talk about your pastries of Vienna  
Or the cakes they sell in Paris à la carte  
Such as almond *Pithiviers* or *gâteau Saint-Honoré*  
But there's none that can compare with butter tarts.

Oh, we eat them by the dozens at the cottage  
In the country they're a kind of tourist art  
There is many a city slicker driving with a bumper sticker  
That reads, CAUTION: THIS CAR BRAKES FOR BUTTER TARTS.

Now, there's some that like the filling almost solid  
For the robust, chewy texture it imparts  
While others, just as choosy, like it syrupy and oozy  
You just can't account for taste in butter tarts.

Well, I can't resist a piece of apple strudel  
I've a tender spot for shortbread in my heart  
I can always justify a second piece of cherry pie  
But quite frankly I'd prefer a butter tart.

*Au Québec, on mange la tire sur neige au printemps  
En hiver y'a la poutine et la tourtière  
En automne les fèves au lard, et le rôti de canard  
Mais toute l'année on peut manger les tartes au beurre.*

Now from time to time this country looks quite fragile  
And threatens every day to come apart  
But Anglophone or Québécois, east to west 'cross Canada  
People stick together 'cause of butter tarts.  
Butter tarts, butter tarts  
People stick together 'cause of butter tarts.  
Butter tarts, butter tarts  
They're a good excuse to stay intact  
They may be all we've got, in fact  
We're Canadian as a dozen butter tarts.