

Canoeing My Troubles Away

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When life in the city is wearing me down
It's hot and it's smelly, the air's turning brown
I'm tired of the traffic, I'm tired of the town
While the sun shines I want to make hay
Get out to the country, find a lake or a stream
Where the blue waters glisten, the granite rocks gleam
Out of a nightmare and into a dream
Canoeing my troubles away.

Canoeing my troubles away
On a lake or a river, I could paddle all day
I'd get endless enjoyment from full-time employment
Canoeing my troubles away.

On a warm summer's night paddling under the moon
The shush of my paddle, the cry of the loon
Moonlight and starlight upon the lagoon
My canoe's a cathedral to pray
And while steering through rapids, midst the boil and the hiss –
It's "Look out! Bow rudder!" – another near miss –
I think, "Lord, it just doesn't get better than this!"
Canoeing my troubles away.

Canoeing my troubles away
Give me flat or white water, I can paddle all day
I'd trade a month down in Boca for an hour in Muskoka
Canoeing my troubles away.

Where Lake Kashagawigamog beckons to me
Lake Rosseau, Lake Joseph, Waseosa, and Tea
The French and Grand rivers, likewise the Souris
They're all blooms in the paddler's bouquet
I feel my heart lighten as I head up the lake
My worries get smaller with each stroke I take
Disappear in the eddies that swirl in my wake
Canoeing my troubles away.

Canoeing my troubles away
In shallows or whitecaps, I can paddle all day
You can bet your sweet fanny when I'm on the Nahanni
I'm canoeing my troubles – they're bursting like bubbles –
Canoeing my troubles away.