

Toronto Ale

by Rickland Powell Tune: Going Down to Old Maui

Once more in a van, to the northerly land, every Labor Day we will go
And no matter the cost, the boarder must be crossed, to be in Ontario

Twelve hellish hours it took to drive, "Are we there yet?" some would wail
But now's our chance for to sing and dance Finally at Toronto Ale

Chorus: *Going to Toronto Ale, me boys, going to Toronto Ale Oh, the Red Herring love to dance and sing, going to Toronto Ale*

Near to Buffalo, we came to know, one child had no ID As Canada neared, the parents feared, going back to the "Land of the Free"

We had passed the point of no return, said the guard as we turned pale
So off we go, to be part of the show Dancing at Toronto Ale

Chorus

We shattered our sticks, dancing like lunatics, on the streets of To-ron-to
Each dancer fell lame as an ankle was sprained, or a back or a knee would go

We survived the final stand somehow, not a Herring there would bail
The schedule was run, every day was fun Dancing at Toronto Ale

Chorus

Though northward we roamed, it's Boston for home, now it's time we headed back
We sat and we cringed, as we lined up at Peace Bridge, how'd we fare the Patriot Act

But the next lane o're took the heat for us, through the border we did sail
Yet we still yearn, once more to return For to dance at Toronto Ale

Chorus

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