

THE BOY FROM WEREDALE

LYRICS — paste into Lyrics

[Verse 1]

Eight years old with a bag in my hand,
Didn't know much, didn't understand.
Algonquin Hut, twelve boys in a row,
Seven in the morning, up we'd go.
Make that bed, get everything right,
Line up straight from morning to night.
I was just Bobby, learning somehow,
If you want to make it, you learn it now.

[Pre-Chorus]

Some lessons were hard,
Some should never have been,
But I found something stronger
Deep under my skin.

[Chorus]

I was the boy from Weredale,
Learning how to stand.
Cold lake mornings,
A paddle in my hand.
I learned to take the hard days,
I learned to face the wind.
They tried to knock me down there,
I made it in the end.

[Verse 2]

Canoes on the water, sails in the breeze,
Running on the track underneath the trees.
Boxing taught me not to back away,
Keep your feet moving, make it through the day.
Mom came once in the summertime,
I watched for her face at visiting time.
Some boys had stories they never would tell,
Every one of us knew Weredale well.

[Chorus]

I was the boy from Weredale,
Learning how to stand.
Cold lake mornings,
A paddle in my hand.
I learned to take the hard days,

I learned to face the wind.
They tried to knock me down there,
I made it in the end.

[Bridge]

Years went by, I went back again,
Standing by Huron, remembering when.
An old man looking at a young boy's ground,
Listening for voices that aren't around.

[Final Chorus]

I was the boy from Weredale,
But I'm not that boy today.
I carried what was good with me,
And found my own way.
Some memories still follow,
Some things don't need a name.
But I walked back through those gates again,
And I was still standing.

[Outro]

Eight years old,
A whole life still ahead.
The boy from Weredale...
I made it in the end.