

**1. Ice Roads**

Lyrics and music by: Dan Halen, Don Bishop

winter 's here, ice roads are in now its time to make some jingle stocked up on beans, blankets and beer and a dozen bags of Pringles the heated seat 's sure to come in handy, tad warmer than that old cracked vinyl c.d. player in the big old sleeper is bound to help with these miles rule is keep the dirty side down never go over the limit check all of your tires every time you stop never dump the clutch and spin it drivin' on ice is like a kind of an art you can almost paint a picture with 18 wheels and a load of freight paintbrush is the old gear shifter

**chorus**

ice roads ain't all they're cracked up to be I spend half my life talkin' on the old CB I'm a double clutchin' gear slammin' son of a gun drivin' away my life in the midnight sun ice roads ain't all they're cracked up to be

I still remember first trip up back 'bout ten years ago I was on the ice when I heard it crack I thought I was still on snow my heart skipped a beat, truck started to dive and I began to hold my breath just how fast could I open the door and would the ice withstand the test Cheechako is a word I learnt first winter up here in the north It's a fancy word for newbee, you're better off second, third, or fourth the Sourdoughs they all knew the drill they said "let the kid go first if he's got what it takes for these frozen lakes, well he better see her at her worst"

**chorus**

first thing I did was put the hammer down to try to pull her from an icy grave but a voice on the CB radio said "hold her steady or you'll start the wave" I call that the voice of reason from a trucker who's been here before next thing I heard "did you open the window cause the ice might be holding your door?" well it's quite the ride when you first step on if you ain't never been here before they say two feet thick's about all you need well I think I'd like a dozen or more when I got to the edge I slowed right

down and picked up the old CB said "drivin' these old ice roads ain't all they're cracked up to be"

**chorus**

**2. Leo Loves Sarah**

Lyrics and music by: Dan Halen here's a song about my dog named Leo he's so in love you'd swear her name was Cleo. Patra of the four legged kind but she won't even give him the time she's hot dog he's all excited when he first meets Sarah he spins around you know he just can't bear a -notter lonely night on the porch his heart will always carry a torch it's puppy love

**chorus**

Sarah's high classed and Leo's got none she's been to school and he's kind of dumb and when his butt gets itchy he scoots on the ground she's a high class canine he's just a hound she came with papers he came from the pound

Sarah's goes swimming and for hours she'll float bringing back the ducks until she fills up the boat she's on a mission no messing around with some hound she's Wonder-dog Leo's got brown eyes and dirty fur coat he's rollin' in the garden on his back like a goat every day he's just having a blast so far behind he's first place to be last my weiner dog

**chorus**

when Leo wakes up he wants to play and have fun there's nothing he likes more than to go for a run he wiggles when you put your shoes on your feet he sticks his nose up every bum that he meets my friendly dog he's going to be single 'till the day that he's done living out his days just a lying in the sun without a worry care or misery he'll never have to pay alimony my neutered dog

**chorus**

**3. Princess Sophia**

Lyrics and music by: Dan Halen

as the legend is told, she was laden with gold and near four hundred souls from the Klondike as the sun left the valley the captain gave tally "she a Princess, we'll steam through the midnight" was a breeze from the north as she plotted her course soon past Haines then south east through the islands with a coal oil lamp, chart a course in the damp with nary a light from the mainland

**chorus**

as the Princess drew near her bow would soon rear for the rock lay ahead was to take her on that early cold morn, struck a reef without warn vanderbilt was the name of her maker

she was up on the hard to the skippers chagrin on that ill fated night in October and the call soon went out, send the lifeboats about make it quick for I think I can hold her and the seas they were calm as the boats through the dawn came long side the confusion and sorrow but your boats are too few for to rescue my crew we'll stand by for a large one tomorrow

**chorus**

...and the winds began to blow, and the seas began to grow she opened up her arms and took her down below...took her down below she wasn't meant to go... into the sea below

when the wind she laid down, a score of lifeboats about full intent on a heroic rescue rushing north through the sea to where the Princess slipped free from the rock that had held her last evening was a scene of dismay for at the dawn of the day all were lost off her crew without reason forgive the captain's last call, lend a prayer, bless them all for the wind's bound to change in that season

**chorus**

**4. Trapper Dan**

Lyrics and music by: Dan Halen, Don Bishop

Trapper Dan was a mountain man, he stood about seven four nary a girl would give him a whirl on the old dance floor he had a beard down to his belly and with a belly full of beer well he'd sing and dance and give a hell of a prance and the boys they all would cheer

**chorus**

singin' Trapper you're one crazy cowboy livin' far too long in the bush I don't mind you dancin' with my sweetheart but please don't grab her by the tush now the Trapper he was handy, in far more ways than one he'd get the ladies on the dance floor and then grab 'em by the buns or so the story goes with 10 beer in his belly and a great big whiskey nose

**chorus**

one fine evening he met Sale', new here at the bar pulled up in a brand new pickup truck, instead some fancy car now the Trapper said "there's a mighty fine gal" "gotta' move in for a look" and when Sale' passed well he grabbed some ass and the whole bar stopped and looked

now Sally as a girl's name is spelt S.A.L.L.Y and I think that that's the first time I ever saw old Trapper cry you see Sale' he was slight of build, as the French say "femine" 'cause Sale' had a boys name spelt S.A.L.E.'

**chorus**

... please don't grab her by the tush please, please, please, don't grab him by the tush

**5. Sgt. Preston**

Words and music by: Dan Halen, Don Bishop, Chris George

near the 49th state in the year of '98" lay a land so wild and unclaimed with the cry of new-found gold greed and malice soon took hold

through the creeks lying yet un-named living high above the law on the ground that they would thaw were the man who's legends would be told they suffered through the winter's pain with desires unexplained for they all had the fever for the gold

**chorus**

Sgt. Preston, Sgt. Preston singing Mounty of the north he is out to arrest 'em he's a one man force 'neath the northern lights evil doer's he will fight Sgt. Preston and his sled dog King

the lawless north soon earned it's name, with the fella's jumpin' claims and the word went outside through the wire send a man up to the north one who represents the force strong and tall with a mascot and attire with his "high browns" polished bright and his Stetson on just right he's the picture perfect mounty of our dreams with his red serge pressed so fine and his yellow stripe in line scarlet fever ner distract our man this time

**chorus**

on his dogsled he will roam through the wild land he calls home o're the hills and through half frozen creeks he'll splash dressed in fur and winter fleece he will keep the northern peace and arrest Mr. Snidley Whiplash in this land that rarely thaws powered by his sled dog's paws lives the man who keeps the true north strong and free in the distance you can hear a joyful melody so clear from the mounty with his loyal white Husky

**chorus**

**6. Livin' 867**

Lyrics and music by: Dan Halen, Don Bishop

livin' 867, little piece Heaven in the northern hemisphere under the midnight sun drinkin' ice cold Chilkoot beer turn the music loud, you're sure to get a crowd that can party hardy all night long digin' the beat baby singing along with the song

**chorus**

we're gonna' pick you up we're gonna' stand you up and party 24/7 when the sun just never goes down

we go fishin' and a hikin' a lot of mountain biking in the land we hold so dear

we carry bear spray but we really ain't got no fear on a midnight paddle it's really just a prattle with the friends we've met up here Johnny Walker, Glen Livit, Jack Daniels, end Ever Clear

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**chorus**

**7. Way Up North**

Lyrics and music by: Dan Halen, Don Bishop, Chris George

near a dozen years ago, left a place I called my home moved up north to the land of midnight sun from a city of a million two friendly neighbors I never knew hardly said goodbye to anyone

with my lovin' wife and the little dog made a toast with a cup of grog and headed out west on highway one took the time to say a prayer both got down and knelt right there closed our eyes and felt the rising sun

is it the winter with the northern lights, or endless summer sun, or the moonlight in the crystal evening sky or how the Raven's play when they fly, by the light, by the light, coyote swears by the light, by the light, by the light, by the light

by the light, by the light, coyote swears by the light, by the light, by the light, by the light

**8. Amazing Grace (Instrumental)**

Music by: Dan Halen