

Dawson City Beer Truck by John Gordon

In Dawson City there's a story told  
Of a day in the midnight sun  
When a new rush happened, but it wasn't gold  
The result was far more fun

It was June 22 at a quarter to one  
Front street was a crowded road  
Tourists everywhere, who would stop and stare  
WHEN THE BEER TRUCK LOST IT'S LOAD!

Once the locals heard it would be insured  
A call went through the town  
"Get your butts down here, there's a pile of beer  
Time to slam some brown ones down"

There was lots for all it, was quite a haul  
Of Pilsners, Kokes, and Buds  
Some took 1 or 2, others quite a few  
The street was full of suds

Some time afterward, it was often heard  
As the story grew and grew  
That the dike to keep the Yukon out  
Was containing all the brew

An investigation started  
To the cause of all this mess  
A driver going a bit too fast?  
Parks on a tourist quest?

Though we'll never know the answer  
And the evidence is lost  
The result is clear, people quick and near  
Got beer without the cost

Passing by that day and on my way  
To Robert Service road  
I enjoyed a couple of Pilsners  
WHEN THE BEER TRUCK LOST IT'S LOAD!