

Hockey

Jane Siberry

Winter time and the frozen river
Sunday afternoon
They're playing hockey on the frozen river
Rosie...!
You skate as fast as you can 'til you hit the snowbank
(that's how you stop)
And you buy your sweater through the catalogue
Sailing on
Rosie...!
You'll have that scar on your chin forever you know
Looks bad now, but someday your girlfriend will say "Hey, what...?"
You might look out the window... Or not
Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Get away get away get away get away
Break away break away break away break away This stick was signed by Jean Belliveau
so don't f**kin' tell me where to f**kin' go...
f**k f**k f**k f**k!
Sunday afternoon
Hey, your dog just stole the puck- ahh... not my dog
You get it - your turn They rioted in the streets of Montreal when they benched Rocket Richard,
and that is true bona fide Canadian history, that's what really counts
That's what we're all about
Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Get away get away get away get away
Break away break away break away break away
You use your rubber boots for goal-posts
and you're so proud of that, cause they're your boots that they're usin'
that...
Oh... walkin' home
There's some people fishin' in those fishin' huts down the river
Smoking big cigars and telling stories of long ago
Rosie...! The sun is setting on the frozen river
And the willow trees with their long fingers
hanging over the banks
and somewhere far away in a distant memory is a little boy sittin' on a log
with bare feet, bruised knees
fishin' fishin'
dreamin' of one day... one day They're playin' hockey on the frozen river
The wind is dying down
Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Don't let those Sunday afternoons

Get away

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