

# The Lonely End Of The Rink

The Tragically Hip

I looked up and you were there  
Just sitting there all alone  
Holding your fist in the air  
Like if you need me you're on your own

You drove me home through a snowy tomb  
And I fell asleep in my seat  
I had the dream of having no room  
You were there just staring at me

At the lonely end of the rink, you and me  
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me

Oh to join the rush  
As the season builds

I hear your voice cross a frozen lake  
A voice from the end of a leaf  
Saying, "You won't die of a thousand fakes  
Or be beaten by the sweetest of dekes"

At the lonely end of the rink, you and me  
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me  
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me  
At the lonely end of the rink, the lonely end of the rink

Oh to join the rush  
As the season builds  
Jump into the rush  
As the season builds

You drove me home through a snowy gloom  
And I fell asleep in my seat  
Then I had the dream of having no room  
You were there just staring at me

At the lonely end of the rink, you and me  
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me  
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me  
At the lonely end of the rink, the lonely end of the rink