

Hockey

Jane Siberry

Winter time and the frozen river
Sunday afternoon
They're playing hockey on the river
Rosy
He'll have that scar on his chin forever someday his girlfriend
will say hey
Where
He might look out the window or not
You skate as fast as you can 'til you hit the snowbank that's how you stop
And you get your sweater from the catalogue
You use your rubber boots for goal posts
Ah walkin' home
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 Beliveau so don't fucking tell me where
To fucking go
On Sunday afternoon
Someone's dog just took the puck-
he buried it it's in the snowbank your turn
They rioted in the streets of Montreal when they benched Rocket
Richard it's
True
Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Get away get away get away get away
Break away break away break away break away
The sun is fading on the frozen river
The wind is dying down
Someone else just got called for dinner
Rosy
Hmm Sunday afternoon