

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' homeDon't let those sunday afternoons

 Get away get away get away get away

Break away break away break away break awayThis stick was signed by jean belliveau 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

 TrueDon't let those sunday afternoons

 Get away get away get away get away

 Break away break away break away break away

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