

Tournament Of Hearts (live)

The Weakerthans

Now the lounge is full of farmers
For the 7:30 draw
Teammates all left
Before they had to buy a round When they pull the 50/50
And I've lost again, I'll go
Maybe have one more brown one
For the snowy road All the championship banners
Going yellow on the wall
And my name when it gets closer
To last call So Elvira brings my bottle
Hold it up and let it bend
Figures of two rinks battling
An extra end And I'm peeling off the label
As they peel a corner guard
Dance down the sheet to the tune of
"Hurry, hurry hard" And my popcorn squeaks with the question
Wonders why I'm not at home
Where you waiting beside a silent telephone
Doodle circles within circles all alone Have to stop myself from climbing
On the table full of empties to yell "Why, why can't I draw right up to what I wanna say?"
"Why can't I ever stop where I wanna stay?"
I slide right through the days
I'm always throwing hack weight Right off, no never, never ever, ever
Right off, no never, never ever never
Right off, no never, never, never ever
Right off, no never ever, never ever Right off, no never, never ever, ever
Right off, no never, never ever never
Right off, no never, never, never ever
Right off, no never ever, never ever Now the senior bonspiel winners
Circa 1963
Are all staring, glaring disapprovingly
From their frame in that old photograph at me And I know you're out their waiting
For an answer I can't give you
So tell me Why, why can't I draw right up to what I wanna say?
Why can't I ever stop when I wanna stay?
We roll right through our years
We drip right through our months
I slide through our days
I'm always throwing hack weight Right off, no never, never ever, ever

Right off, no never, never ever never

Right off, no never ever, never ever

Right off

Songwriters

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