Big League

Tom Cochrane

When he was a kid, he'd be up at five
Take shots till eight, make the thing drive
Out after school, back on ice
That was his life, he was gonna play in the big league
The big leagueNot many ways out of this cold northern town
You work in the mill and get laid in the ground
If you're gonna jump it will be with the game
Real fast and tough is the only clear lane to the big leagueMy boy's gonna play in the big league
My boy's gonna turn some heads
My boy's gonna play in the big league
My boy's gonna knock 'em dead
The big leagueAll the right moves when he turned eighteen
Scholarship and school on a big u.s. team
Out with his girl near Lake Mcclean
Hit a truck doing seventy in the wrong lane
To the big leagueMy boy's gonna play in the big league
My boy's gonna turn some heads
My boy's gonna play in the big league
My boy's gonna knock 'em deadNever can tell what might come down
Never can tell how much you get
Just don't know, no you never can tellSometimes at night I can hear the ice crack
It sounds like thunder and it rips through my back
Sometimes in the morning I still hear the sound
Ice meets metal...
"can't you drive me down to the big league?"My boy's gonna play in the big league
My boy's gonna turn some heads
My boy's gonna play in the big league
My boy's gonna knock 'em deadNever can tell what might come down
Never can tell when you might check out
Just don't know, no you never can tell
So do right to others like you do to yourself
In the big league

Songwriters
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