

# Big League

## The Chandliers

When he was a kid, he'd be up at five  
Take shots till eight and make the thing drive  
Out after school and back on ice  
That was his life, he was gonna play in the Big League  
Oh, 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 LeagueAh, 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 dead  
Ah, 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 LeagueAh, 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 deadAh, never can tell what might come down  
Never can tell how much you got  
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?Ah, 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 deadAh, never 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 LeagueAh, the Big League  
Ah, the Big League