

Great Big Sea

"Helmet head"

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(written by Hallett)

I was just seventeen, when I made the AHL
I couldn't skate in junior, but my fists rang like a bell.
I'll never win a title, and I'll never win the cup,
But when it comes to ladies, I've had the best of luck.

My first one was a sly one, hanging round the rink,
But they sent me off to Cornwall, as fast as you could
blink,
In Moose Jaw I was right in love, the daughter of the
coach -
He traded me for nothing, didn't take to my approach.

So good-bye, fare thee well,
There's no time for delay,
You'll see me at the face-off, or catch the play-by-play
So good-bye, fare thee well,
I'm glad you shared my bed,
But never trust a fellow with a helmet on his head.

Chantal was from Moncton, elle a jouer avec moi.
A tongue as sharp as razors, but she had a fancy car.
Her husband was a bruiser, played senior in Quebec,
If he'd had the rights of it, it would have been my neck.

Nancy couldn't watch me fight, she'd always be in
tears,
Waving from the bleachers, and screaming in my ears,
Dee I should have married, and we had a dandy fling,
But I had a one way contract, blew the money for the
ring.

I should have sent a letter, and it would have been
polite,
But I'm cleaning out my locker, and time is getting
tight.
I'm calling from the station, perhaps another day,
Cause they're calling up a rookie, and they're trading
me away.

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