

Jane Siberry "Hockey"

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Winter time and the frozen river
Sunday afternoon
They're playing hockey on the frozen river
Rosie...!
You skate as fast as you can 'til you hit the snowbank
(that's how you stop)
And you buy your sweater through the catalogue
Sailing on
Rosie...!
You'll have that scar on your chin forever you know
Looks bad now, but someday your girlfriend will say
"Hey, what...?"
You might look out the window... Or not

Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Get away get away get away get away
Break away break away break away break away

This stick was signed by Jean Belliveau
So don't fuckin' tell me where to fuckin' go...
Fuck fuck fuck fuck!
Sunday afternoon
Hey, your dog just stole the puck- ahh... not my dog
You get it - your turn

They rioted in the streets of Montreal when they
benched Rocket Richard,
And that is true bona fide Canadian history, that's what
really counts
That's what we're all about

Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Get away get away get away get away
Break away break away break away break away

You use your rubber boots for goal-posts
And you're so proud of that, cause they're your boots
that they're usin'
That...
Oh... walkin' home
There's some people fishin' in those fishin' huts down
the river

Smoking big cigars and telling stories of long ago
Rosie...!

The sun is setting on the frozen river
And the willow trees with their long fingers
Hanging over the banks
And somewhere far away in a distant memory is a little
boy sittin' on a log
With bare feet, bruised knees
Fishin' fishin'
Dreamin' of one day... one day

They're playin' hockey on the frozen river
The wind is dying down
Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Don't let those Sunday afternoons
Get away

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