Jonathan Coulton "Curl"

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Somewhere in the darkness, There's a man they call The Skipper, fast asleep Dreaming of gold.

Wakes before the sun does, Even though he'd rather stay in bed.

Curses the cold in Minnesota,

Why's it always so damn cold?

He's got a job to do.

Does it for me and you,

And the red and the white and the blue,

Because he knows he's got to curl.

(Curl, come on baby, put the rock in the house.)

Because he knows he's got to curl.

(Curl, come on baby, put the rock in the house.)

His team is there and ready.

Though the coffee's warm, their breath hangs in the air.

They hit the ice.

No one's there to see it.

There's no press or paparazzi and that's okay,

But it'd be nice if someone noticed

That they've all been working hard,

Pushing these rocks around,

Trying to gain some ground.

Got the keep the Canadians down

And all they gotta do is curl.

(Curl, come on baby, put the rock in the house.)

Oh yeah, I know they've got to curl.

(Curl, come on baby, put the rock in the house.)

Come on baby, put the rock in the house.

Come on baby, put the rock in the house.

Come on baby, put the rock in the house.

Their lives outside are waiting,

But they give until they've given all they have.

They're dead on their feet.

The Skipper isn't certain,

But he thinks that maybe this could be the year

When they defeat the world forever

And they bring that medal home.

Now it seems years away,

He's taking it day by day.

When it comes he'll be ready to play,

Because he knows he's got to curl.

(Curl, come on baby, put the rock in the house.)

Because he knows he's got to curl.

(Curl, come on baby, put the rock in the house.)

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