

Weakerthans "Tournament Of Hearts"

Visit "Tournament Of Hearts" on MotoLyrics.com

Now the lounge is full of farmers for the 7:30 draw Teammates all left before they had to buy a round When they pull the 50/50 and I've lost again, I'll go Maybe have one more brown one for the snowy road All the championship banners going yellow on the wall And my name when it gets closer to last call

So Elvira brings my bottle, hold it up and let it bend Figures of two rinks battling an extra end And I'm peeling off the label as they peel a corner guard

Dance down the sheet to the tune of "Hurry, Hurry Hard"

And my popcorn squeaks with the question, wonders why I'm not at home

Where you wait beside a silent telephone, doodle circles within circles all alone

Have to stop myself from climbing on the table full of empties to yell:

"Why, why can't I draw right up to what I want to say?"
"Why can't I ever stop where I want to stay?"
I slide right through the day, I'm always throwing hack weight

Right off, no never never ever ever Right off, no never never ever never Right off, no never never never ever Right off, no never ever never ever Right off, no never never ever ever Right off, no never never ever never Right off, no never never never ever Right off, no never never never ever

Now the senior bonspiel winners circa 1963 Are all staring, glaring disapprovingly From their frame in that old photograph And I know you're out their waiting For an answer I can't give you so tell me,

"Why, Why can't I draw right up to what I want to say?"
"Why can't I ever stop when I want to stay?"

We roll right through our years
We rip right through our months
We slide through our days
I'm always throwing hack weight
Right off, no never never ever
Right off, no never never ever never
Right off, no never ever never ever
Right off

Visit <u>Weakerthans</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.