

Rogers Stan "Flying"

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[Hockey invades every household in Canada on some level. It is our National sport. Real aficionados play all year long. This is probably why first time visitors to this country show up with their skates in July! Competition is severe in the Junior leagues. Once every several years we get one like Gretzky. Flying is an allegory - it is also the very real story of a third round hopeful who once coached Gretsky and now coaches little leaguers and sells saunas.]

It was just like strapping 'em on and starting again,
Coaching these kids to the top, and calling them men.
I was a third round pick in the NHL
And that's three years of living in hell,
And going up flying, and going home dying.
My life was over the boards and playing the game,
And every day checking the papers and finding my name.
My dad would go crazy when the scouts would call;
He'd tell me that I'd have it all
Ninety nine of us trying, only one of us flying.
And every kid over the boards listens for the sound;
The roar of the crowd is their ticket for finally leaving this town
To be just one more hopeful in the Junior A,
Dreaming of that miracle play,
And going up flying, going home dying.
I tell them to think of the play and not of the fame.
If they've got any future at all, it's not in the game.
'Cause they'll be crippled and starting all over again
Selling on commissions and remembering
When they were flying, remembering dying.
And every kid over the boards listens for the sound;
The roar of the crowd is their ticket for finally leaving this town
To be just one more hopeful in the Junior A,
Dreaming of that miracle play,
And going up flying, going home dying.

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