

The Weakerthans

"Elegy From Gump Worsley"

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He looked more like our fathers
Not a goalie, player, athlete period
Smoke, half-ash
Stuck in that permanent smirk

Tugging jersey around the beer gut
'I'm strictly a whiskey man'
Was one of the sticks he taped up
And gave to a nation of pudgy boys
[Incomprehensible]

Favorites from Plympton's list
Of objects thrown by Rangers fans
Soup cans, persimmon, eggs
A folding chair and a dead rabbit

The nervous breakdown of '68-'69
After Pan Crap flights from L.A., the expansion
A shrink told me to change occupations
I had to forget it

He swore he was never afraid of the puck
We believe him
If anyone asks, the inscription should read
'My face was my mask'

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