

Great Big Sea, Helmethead

I was just seventeen, when I made the AHL
I couldn't skate in junior, but my fist rang like a bell.
I'll never win a title, and I'll never win the cup,
But when it comes to ladies, I've had the best of luck.

My first girl was a sly one, hanging round the rink,
But they sent me off to Cornwall, as fast as you could blink,
In Moose Jaw I was right in love, the daughter of the coach
He traded me for nothing, didn't take to my approach.

So good-bye, fare thee well,
There's no time for delay,
You'll see me at the face-off, or catch the play-by-play
So good-bye, fare thee well,
I'm glad you shared my bed,
But never trust a fellow with a helmet on his head.

Chantal was from Moncton, elle a jou avec moi.
A tongue as sharp as razors, but she had a fancy car.
Her husband was a bruiser, played senior in Quebec,
If he'd had the rights of it, it would have been my neck.

Nancy couldn't watch me fight, she'd always be in tears,
Waving from the bleachers, and screaming in my ears,
Dee I should have married, and we had a dandy fling,
But I had a one way contract, blew the money for the ring.

I should have sent a letter, and it would have been polite,
But I'm cleaning out my locker, and time is getting tight.
I'm calling from the station, perhaps another day,
Cause they're calling up a rookie, and they're trading me away.