

Kinky Friedman, Skatin' On Thin Ice

(kinky friedman)

They say that even jesus hates a loser
And when you die you go to hockey hell
And when your soul gets sent down,
There'll be the devil skatin' round
And an interview with howard cosell.

Well, some call him a jet-set gladiator,
Some say he's a soldier in a bloody silver war.
But he's one hell of a warrior
He's got a good lawyer
And every time he crosses that line you can hear that garden roar.

And he keeps on skatin' on thin ice
Just six inches from paradise
Livin' on the ice, lovin' on the run.
He keeps on skatin' on thin ice
Just six inches from paradise,
Written in the stars, meltin' in the sun.

Well, he scored again last night out in vancouver,
You might say that it was on a power play.
He come in close, he shut the light,
Before his teeth came out that night,
In the morning it was hell to break away.

Through northern lights and southern nights there's someone
Who warms your heart as you shiver from the cold.
But every gypsy, every lover, every dreamer must discover
What you win out on the ice, you're gonna lose out out on the road.

And he keeps on skatin' on thin ice
Just six inches from paradise
Livin' on the ice, lovin' on the run.
He keeps skatin' on thin ice
Just six inches from paradise
Written in the stars, boy, meltin' in the sun.
Written in the stars, boy, meltin' in the sun.