

# Rheostatics, Ballad Of Wendel Clark, Pts. 1 - 2

Part I by Martin Tielli

Part II by Dave Clark and Dave Bidini

## Part I

Got a friend in B.C., know some winders kissing New York.  
And I wanna buy a motorcycle and cut up to some farm...

Somewhere in this cowshit county, where the hills are round and green...

Late nights make me really tired, all this jamming gives me a headache,  
Like listening to earthquakes all wired up for rock and roll.

Mama only listens to the radio.

Papa only watches hockey games.

This suburb rocks with the Eddie Van Wailers.

God save the Queen--she made you a moron!

## Part II

Well I heard Wendel talking to Dave Hodge last night--

And he said that he was confident and keen.

And he said that Jacques Plante didn't die

So all of us could glide,

He said that hard work is the ethic of the free.

Wendel was a man with a stick in his hands

Who learned how to play in Kelvington, S-A-S-K.

You'll wish that you had died,

When Wendel has your hide,

'Cause he does it the Canadian way.

So now we sit around on the couch and watch TV

And we see Wendel leading the team.

Well, if God made Clark on the seventh day,

He knew what He was doing if He did.

(If He did!)

Like this: Bam, Bam--digga digga damm!

Clear the trap, 'cause here comes Wendel.

Number seventeen, I mean it!