

# Stan Rogers, Flying

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.

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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