

The Weakerthans, Tournament Of Hearts

Now the lounge is full of farmers for the 7:30 draw
Teammates all left before they had to buy a round
When they pull the 50/50 and I've lost again, I'll go
Maybe have one more brown one for the snowy road
All the championship banners going yellow on the wall
And my name when it gets closer to last call

So Elvira brings my bottle, hold it up and let it bend
Figures of two rinks battling an extra end
And I'm peeling off the label as they peel a corner guard
Dance down the sheet to the tune of "Hurry, Hurry Hard"
And my popcorn squeaks with the question, wonders why I'm not at home
Where you wait beside a silent telephone, doodle circles within circles all alone
Have to stop myself from climbing on the table full of empties to yell:

"Why, why can't I draw right up to what I want to say?"
"Why can't I ever stop where I want to stay?"
I slide right through the day, I'm always throwing hack weight
Right off, no never never ever ever
Right off, no never never ever never
Right off, no never never never ever
Right off, no never ever never ever
Right off, no never never ever ever
Right off, no never never ever never
Right off, no never never never ever
Right off, no never ever never ever

Now the senior bonspiel winners circa 1963
Are all staring, glaring disapprovingly
From their frame in that old photograph at me
And I know you're out their waiting
For an answer I can't give you
so tell me,

"Why, Why can't I draw right up to what I want to say?"
"Why can't I ever stop when I want to stay?"
We roll right through our years
We rip right through our months
We slide through our days
I'm always throwing hack weight
Right off, no never never ever ever
Right off, no never never ever never
Right off, no never ever never ever
Right off