

# Curl

Jonathan Coulton

Somewhere in the darkness  
There's a man they call The Skipper fast asleep  
And dreaming of gold  
He wakes before the sun does  
Even though he'd rather stay in bed  
He curses the cold in Minnesota  
Why's it always so damn cold  
But he's got a job to do  
He does it for me and you  
And the red and the white and the blue  
Because he knows he's got to curl (curl)  
C'mon baby put the rock in the house  
Because he knows he's got to curl (curl)  
C'mon baby put the rock in the house

His team is there and ready  
Though the coffee's warm, their breath hangs in the air  
They hit the ice  
No one's there to see it  
There's no press or paparazzi and that's OK  
But it'd be nice if someone noticed  
That they've all been working hard  
Pushing these rocks around  
Trying to gain some ground  
Got to keep the Canadians down  
And all they got to do is curl (curl)  
C'mon baby put the rock in the house  
Oh yeah they know they got to curl (curl)  
C'mon baby put the rock in the house

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Their lives outside are waiting  
But they give until they've given all they have  
They're dead on their feet  
The Skipper isn't certain  
But he thinks that maybe this could be the year  
When they defeat the world forever  
And they bring that medal home  
But now it seems years away  
He's taking it day by day  
When it comes he'll be ready to play  
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