

The Lonely End Of The Rink

The Tragically Hip

I looked up and you were there
Just sitting there all alone
Holding your fist in the air
Like if you need me you're on your own

You drove me home through a snowy tomb
And I fell asleep in my seat
I had the dream of having no room
You were there just staring at me

At the lonely end of the rink, you and me
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me

Oh to join the rush
As the season builds

I hear your voice cross a frozen lake
A voice from the end of a leaf
Saying, "You won't die of a thousand fakes
Or be beaten by the sweetest of dekes"

At the lonely end of the rink, you and me
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me
At the lonely end of the rink, the lonely end of the rink

Oh to join the rush
As the season builds
Jump into the rush
As the season builds

You drove me home through a snowy gloom
And I fell asleep in my seat
Then I had the dream of having no room
You were there just staring at me

At the lonely end of the rink, you and me
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me
At the lonely end of the rink, you and me
At the lonely end of the rink, the lonely end of the rink