

# Tournament Of Hearts

The Weakerthans

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  
And I know you're out there 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,