

## Hit Somebody! (The Hockey Song)

Warren Zevon

He was born in Big Beaver by the borderline  
He started playing hockey by the time he was nine  
His dad took the hose and froze the back yard  
And Little Buddy dreamed he was Rocket Richard  
He grew up big and he grew up tough  
He saw himself scoring for the Wings or Canucks  
But he wasn't that good with a puck

Buddy's real talent was beating people up  
His heart wasn't in it but the crowd ate it up  
Through pee-wee's and juniors, midgets and mites  
He must have racked up more than six hundred fights  
A scout from the flames came down from Saskatoon  
Said, "There's always room on our team for a goon  
Son, we've always got room for a goon"

There were Swedes to the left of him  
Russians to the right  
A Czech at the blue line looking for a fight  
Brains over brawn-that might work for you  
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do  
What else can a farm boy from Canada to do  
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do  
What else can a farm boy from Canada to do

Hit somebody! was what the crowd roared  
When Buddy the goon came over the boards  
"Coach," he'd say, "I wanna score goals"  
The coach said, "Buddy, remember your role  
The fast guys get paid, they shoot, they score  
Protect them, Buddy, that's what you're here for

Protection is what you're here for  
Protection-it's the stars that score  
Protection-kick somebody's ass  
Protection-don't put the biscuit in the basket just  
Hit some, Buddy! it rang in his ears  
Blood on the ice ran down through the years  
The king of the goons with a box for a throne  
A thousand stitches and broken bones  
He never lost a fight on his icy patrol  
But deep inside, Buddy only dreamed of a goal  
He just wanted one damn goal

There were Swedes at the the blue line  
Finns at the red  
A Russian with a stick heading straight for his head  
Brains over brawn-that might work for you  
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do  
What else can a farm boy from Canada to do  
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do  
What else can a farm boy from Canada to do

In his final season, on his final night  
Buddy and a Finn goon were pegged for a fight  
Thirty seconds left, the puck took a roll  
And suddenly Buddy had a shot on goal

The goalie committed, Buddy picked his spot  
Twenty years of waiting went into that shot  
The fans jumped up, the Finn jumped too  
And coldcocked Buddy on his follow through  
The big man crumbled but he felt all right  
'Cause the last thing he saw  
was the flashing red light  
He saw that heavenly light

There were Swedes to the left of him  
Russians to the right  
A Czech at the blue line looking for a fight  
Take care of your teeth-that might work for you  
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do  
What else can a farm boy from Canada to do  
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do  
What else can a farm boy from Canada to do