

Minor Hockey – The Untold Story

For several years through winters snow
A hockey dad with kid in tow
Icy highways, we all did travel
To face another hockey rival

All those miles in family cars
We transport all our hockey stars
To face another weekends foe
But first we battle winters snow

Distant towns and old arenas
Concrete floors and wooden bleachers
Do it all for fun and glory
Yet there's still an untold story

To all those souls that came before us
Lift your voice and sing your chorus
Memories that time erases
Does anyone recall their faces?

*Have you seen those highway markers?
Hockey sticks for makeshift crosses
They testify to nameless faces
Gave their lives in all these places
The melting snow reveals the cost
Those sons of hockey we have lost
Till next seasons snow begin
And then we'll do it all again*

Instrumental

I drove these roads a hundred times
And faced the wrath of northern climes
To watch my son with growing pride
So every trip was worth the ride

In blowing snow a town appears
Goals are scored and parents cheer
Referees control the game
And everything still seems the same

Fathers still tie hockey laces
Kids on skates still take their places
Till the game is lost or won
Yet minor hockey carries on

Winter roads and Northern ditches
Broken dreams and shattered wishes
Sticks stand tall like skeletal trees
Those crosses mark their memories

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