

MARTY COULDA MADE'R

STEPHEN SCRIVER

Marty coulda made'r they always say
he was the best there ever was in this rink
that's sent three other guys to the bigs

but Marty liked the good times too much
after he'd made'r to the Pacific Coast League
he'd come back here every spring
an really cut a swath

there was no end to his appetite
for food an beer an the girls
so by fall he'd be thirty, forty pounds overweight
lookin at trainin camp three weeks down the road

so he'd go around town
tellin us if we saw him on the road
beggin for a ride he'd kill us
if we ever picked him up

many's the Sunday me and the old lady'd
have the kids out for a tour
an we'd come across Marty miles outa town
with about ten sweaters an five pairs of pants on
crawlin along the road

he'd see us an start wavin us down
but we'd just drive on by
so the next time Marty'd see me
he'd say thanks

that went on for three years
till his knees finally gave out
but you ask anyone around here
if it isn't a damn shame

only pucks he touches now
are the ones he gathers up after practice
just before he scrapes the ice

SCRIVER

*Marty Coulda
Made'r*