

Hit Somebody! (The Hockey Song) Warren Zevon (2001)

Intro: D G D G D A
 ///// ///// ///// ///// ///// ///// ///// // //

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

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

 D Bm D Bm
There were Swedes to the left of him, Russians to the right
 D Bm G A
A Czech at the blue line looking for a fight
 G D Bm Em
Brains over brawn—that might work for you
 G D A Bm
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (Hit Somebody!)
 G D A Bm
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (Hit Somebody!)
 G D A Bm
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (Hit Somebody!)
 G D A G D A
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? ///// ///// // //

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

D
Protection is what you're here for
G
Protection, it's the stars that score
D
Protection, kick somebody's ass
G
Protection, don't put the biscuit in the basket...

D Bm
Just hit some, Buddy! it rang in his ears
G D A
Blood on the ice ran down through the years
D G
The king of the goons with a box for a throne
D A D
A thousand stitches and broken bones
G Bm
He never lost a fight on his icy patrol
D A Bm
But deep inside, Buddy only dreamed of a goal
G A
He just wanted one damn goal.

D Bm D Bm
There were Swedes at the blue line, Finns at the red
D Bm G A
A Russian with a stick heading straight for his head
G D Bm Em
Brains over brawn that might work for you
G D A Bm
What's a Canadian farm boy to do? (Hit Somebody!)
G D A Bm
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (Hit Somebody!)
G D A Bm
What's a Canadian farm boy to do? (Hit Somebody!)
G D A G
What else can a farm boy from Canada do?

D A
In his final season, on his final night
G D A
Buddy and a Finn goon were pegged for a fight
G Em F#m Bm
Thirty seconds left, the puck took a roll
G D A Bm*
And suddenly Buddy had a shot on goal.

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

 D Bm D Bm
There were Swedes to the left of him, Russians to the right
D Bm G A
A Czech at the blue line looking for a fight
G D Bm Em
Take care of your teeth that might work for you
G D A Bm
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (Hit Somebody!)
G D A Bm
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (Hit Somebody!)
G D A Bm
What's a Canadian farm boy to do? (Hit Somebody!)
G D A Bm
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (Hit Somebody!)
G D A D
What else can a farm boy from Canada do?