

The Lonesome Kicker

Adam Sandler

What's your name? Me, I'm the lonesome kicker
Extra points, field goals at your service
One might think it comes with glory
You might think different after you listen to my story
My helmet is equipped with a tiny face mask
What it possibly could protect, I do not know
The other guys on the team
Like to make fun of my little shoulder pads
And also like to hide the special shoe
I need to kick in the snow
People think it's so easy
To kick a field goal from the 30 yard line
They forget to add seven yards for the snap
And 10 more 'cause the goal posts are pushed way back
In 1974, the uprights were right on the goal line
But some of the players were running into them and getting hurt
So screw the kicker
Who cares about the kicker? But I kick that ball and I pray it goes straight
If it does coach says, "Good job, number 8"
He doesn't even know my name is
Andre Kristacovitchlalinski, Jr
But that's the life I live the lonesome kicker
Kickoffs can be so very scary
Especially, if the returner breaks on through
And I'm the only guy on the playing field left to tackle him
I don't want to get hurt so I pretend to tie my shoe
Once again, I'm ignored by my teammates and all my coaches
"Go back where you came from!" scream 70,000 fans
Well, I know I could win their love back
By catching a winning touch-down
But, unfortunately, I was born with these very small hands
And I hope that the cameras don't come in too close
'Cause they might see the tears in my eyes
As I sit on this bench made of cold-hearted wood
And the splinters go deep in my thighs
And the towel boy snickers as he walks by, the lonesome kicker
Another blocked kick
And everybody blames me
But it was the left guard
Who didn't pick up his man
Oh, why can't they see
In my home country
I could have been a minor league soccer player
But I came to America seeking fortune and seeking fame
I didn't realize that if I shanked one and blew the point spread
Some drunk guys would push me into their hibachi after the game
So I go home at night 'cause I never get
invited

To go drinking with the other guys
And I sit in my chair, and I soak my foot
As I eat a plate of cold French fries
And my wife's out with her quote-unquote friend
And my son can't look me in the eyes
But that's the life I live, the lonesome kickerKicking for you
They took my snow shoe
They're going for two

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