

Football Hero

Al Stewart

In the center of the field
stands the favorite player
The ball comes floating in
They say a silent prayer for him
Fifty yards away
A minute left to go
The reflex at his watch
Oh, oh-oh-ohh
He cuts into the right
Gets past a defender
A blur of blue and white
The moment has suspended in time
One man left to beat
He can see the goalkeeper's eyes
There's magic in his feet
Oh, oh-oh-ohh
And a single ray, of sunlight
Reaches down to touch, the golden boy
Seems to light his way, towards the net
In his mind, he sees the headlines

In the morning newspaper.
This'll be a day, they won't forget
Now he's on his own
Completely in control of it all
The shot comes flying in
Headed for the corner of the goal
Bounces off the post
He watches as it falls, oh-ohh
Everyone will say
"He should have passed the ball"
Now the crowd has gone
The stadium is empty
Several hundred times
He will watch the replay on TV
Many years from now
When his name's recalled
Everyone will say
"He should have passed the ball"

He should have passed the ball

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