

# When the Whistle Blows

## The Mitchell Brothers

Oi ref, you blatantly saw his left leg  
Clipping Ryan in the box, that's a red  
He was one on one with the keeper  
Have a word with the linesman flagging on your left I mean they should be playing with 10 men  
He was well past the line, past defense  
What the fuck are they saying?  
Come on, what's the delay? Send him off to the, the bench  
What do you mean he was fucking offside?  
Ain't you flippin' opened your eyes?  
He was through on the ball And his right foot to score in the top corner to equalize  
Ref, he should be taking the spot kick  
Are you a fucking alcoholic?  
You was meters away, mate, give us a break We don't take it out of your pocket  
That's fucking out of order, ref, how come?  
You were quick to book him, what has he done?  
What do you mean for dissent and recent comments  
When I was just having some fun? He just shakes his head and fucking walks away  
There's 10 minutes left, it's always his way  
Every time we've met, he's fucked up the day  
Without the referee, it'd be a fairer game It's common sense lads, fucking common sense  
All the fucking balls stay on offense  
Defense, defend, we've only got 20 to go till the end  
What is the keeper playing at?  
Stay on your fucking line, Matt stay on his back Fucking tackle, what do you mean your ankle?  
Ref's pulling your leg, I can see from this angle  
That's not a fucking card, fuck off, never  
He's not fucking hurt, he's trying to be fucking clever  
Hold your tongue, Paul, son, keep it together Or that could be you in the fucking black book  
And that's far from a fucking happy look  
We dropped down the drain, fancy getting some hooks  
Fuck's sake, is he off? Or is he off the hook?  
Only a fucking caution, nearly had me shook But a free kick in our direction  
Right at the edge of the box we'll need protection  
Oh shit, El Guerro takes it in discretion  
Come on boys, sort out your fucking selection He places the ball, then goes takes six steps back  
There's a hole in the wall, someone please fill the gap  
If he fucking scores, I'll be facing the sack  
Not to mention my head in the sun getting axed Fucking hell keeper, keep on your toes  
He's gonna swing it up in the corner, here he goes

On your right son, shit, I can read his flow  
It's curling, it's curling, don't let it go Oh fuck no, I fucking knew it  
I fucking knew it, we've gone and blew it  
At 5 on the clock we had the game in the bag  
Was winning the nag, now we're heading out  
Must have had the right idea  
We're scratching our heads in doubt I've gone down the drain and another round  
When me and the lads all meet down the Flushing Dam  
2 minutes left, might as well check the oven now  
Who? Us? When? How? I mean who got fouled? A fucking penalty, now we're in with a shout  
I can't believe it, come on, Jase, do us proud  
Come on mate, come on mate, to your left  
To your left mate, come on, you can do it  
What the f, what the, what the fuck's wrong with this TV?

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