

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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