Beautiful Game

Squeeze

We watched the game like we always did
We seemed to lose more than we'd win
The ref would sweat as we'd blame him
And then the fights would start
Out where the buses park
I dodged a few black eyes
Believe me
It was good to be alive
The tribal path led to the pub
Where we debated how we'd won
And I'm outside the wayward son
And then a glass is smashed
Some fella's on his back
And it all kicks off again
As ever
There's no one to take the blame
As time goes by I search with vigour
The days we had seemed so much bigger
And everyone would point the finger
So we would do the same
To be mesmerised by the beautiful game
My old man passed on the flame of loss
The team we loved just gathered moss
On a rolling stone you wouldn't toss
But if we win or lose
We're in each other's shoes
With blood upon our shirts
Believe me
You know how that hurts

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