

Match of the Day

Genesis

There's the Reds and there's the Greens
Super slicks and has beens,
They're accompanied by three men dressed in black,
One's a whistle, two are flags, and quite often they're the drags
Kick the ball into the goal, they put it back.

Yes Match of the Day's
The only way, to spend your Saturday

Each side's eleven men, with numbers on their backs
But at a distance they all tend to look the same
But some own their boutiques, well they clean up every week
Inciting riots, causing chaos, such a shame!

But Match of the Day's
The only way
We spend our Saturday

And that's not all, our mates the keepers
Slippin' and sliding in the mud
Arms as long as creepers

Send him off Ref'
Where are your specs Ref'
Kick you to death Ref'
Oi! Are you deaf Ref'

There's a few things before we go
That I think you ought to know
Obstruction, Body Checking, heavy tackles
So put on your hat and scarf
Have a drink, have a larf'
From the terrace you can see your men do battle

Yes Match of the Day's
The only way
You can spend your Saturday

Don't forget, the trainers with their sponges
Managers with open cheques, liquid business lunches

Send 'im off Ref'
Where are your specs Ref'
Kick you to death Ref'
Oi! Are you deaf Ref'

...Phfff! Good game 'ey, Ron?...
...D'you see that goal in the Second Half? oh!...
...Bit of a dirty tackle that, mate!...
...I reckon I should've had a bet on it myself!...
...We paid 400, 000 pound for him, you realise that?...
...Oh - look out, here comes a bottle ...
...Yes, fancy a pint then? My round...