

Sometimes it feels like heaven and sometimes it feels like hell
But you keep on going until it gets hard to tell
And your body moves with the grace of an archangel
Like a stroke of genius from Raphael

You lie down
On the backseat under covers
And every part of you is aching but your face is radiant
Because you went right through the pain
You wrestled with an angel
You waited in the rain
St. George and the dragon
On a pressed and painted plain

The sweat upon your forehead
It did not fall not vain
It didn't fall in vain

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The crowd was still
Like a fresco in a chapel
9-7 in the fifth, O St. Sebastian must have been beside you all
the way
The greatest match in history
You put them all to shame
4 hours and a Rolex
Could not put you away

You did it for yourself
And now the people sing your name
The people sing your name

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