

# Pitch Invasion

Dan Bull

See me?  
I stepped straight off the rugby pitch  
Pierced my cauliflower ears  
With the ugly stick  
Fed up of scrummages  
Where funny kids would hug me quick  
I thought "I need a new sport"  
Then it suddenly clicked

I'd jump ship  
As soon as I could find a good port  
Head to the States  
And get a taste of college football  
I'm standin' out  
I make a talent scout say  
"Hang about!  
This is the man  
That we've been tryin' to hatch a plan without?"

A British rucker lover  
Over on shore leave  
The kid's a lucky bugger  
My clover's four-leafed  
So don't ignore me  
I'm on the road to glory  
Rollin' over rows of foes  
Like a coach and horsies

If only I was coachin' your team  
Raw meat, I throw the ball deep  
Into enemy territory  
Takin' on all teams  
The very best from each college  
I'll tackle them so hard  
They'll never eat solids

Demolish your defence  
Leave them in the deep end  
It's D-Day  
The invasion of D-A-N  
Check those credentials  
Pro potential  
My flow's torrential  
So whatever you throw in my direction

Is inconsequential  
Techniques are confidential  
You wanna step to me?  
Please, come on, be sensible  
Petty fools  
Try to knock me off my pedestal  
Like the heavy fall  
You're inevitably headed for

Reignin' forever  
So you better head indoors  
My whole rhyme's a goldmine

Fetch the Seven Dwarves  
"Good heavens, Lord  
What else do you have in store?"  
I got it locked  
Knock knockin' up on heaven's door

This is the situation  
A British pitch invasion  
Bringin' everythin' except the kitchen sink  
Sorry, "kitchen basin"  
And this is just the initiation  
Of the Brit invasion  
A bit of vindication

For the fact I never had an invitation  
Still reignin' forever  
Precipitation  
A little bit of titillation