

J.o.s. Days

Nits

The war monument is still standing
Between two football fields
With the name of the men killed on the battle fields
They were center forwards, keepers and backs
They thought they would win
It's a family tradition
To play in football team
I have nephews, dumb but tall
Who, still foetus, kicked the ball
I've got flat feet and my knees are weak
They all thought it was time to start my J.O.S. days
J.O.S. days
The last war in this country
The fighting lasted four days
I see one name again
He had my age and my first name
He thought he would win like in his J.O.S days
J.O.S. days
They had too many boys
Who wanted to be in a team
So in one day, in one match
You had to prove your ability
I was knocked out, a real disgrace
A break with the family tradition of the J.O.S. days
J.O.S. days
I can live without a finger
I can live without a toe
But the head is necessary