

Two Halves

Richard Dawson

Bellowing instructions from the touchline, that's my dad
Purple in the face, getting really mad

Man on! Man on!
An empty stadium yells "man on"
Come on! Come on!
The cross goes sailing wildly over the heads of everyone

"Stop fannyng around! Keep it nice and simple!"
"You're not Lionel Messi, just pass the bloody ball!"

Man on! Man on!
An empty stadium yells "man on"
Come on! Come on!
The cross goes sailing wildly over the heads of everyone

Perhaps we were expecting this to be a walk in the park
But these bastards from King's Priory are kicking lumps out of us

Man on! Man on!
An empty stadium yells "man on"
Come on! Come on!
The cross goes sailing wildly over the heads

Their left back slips taking a free kick

It trickles over the mud straight to me
In desperation he scrambles and slides
I leap his flailing leg and dink it
Over the sprawled body of the goalie
The net is gaping
The ball takes a bobble and I slice wide of the mark
Everything goes quiet
Staring into the red dark of my palms
They launch a long ball into our box
Suddenly we find ourselves with a corner to defend
I am on the near-post
Somehow it gets bundled underneath my feet
At the final whistle I am inconsolable

Man on! Man on!
I reckon dad is really disappointed with me
Come on! Come on!
He tries his best to not show how he really feels

In the car home, he says "dust yourself down
Move on to next week's game
Shall we pick up a Chinese or would you rather fish and chips?"