

Touchline

Rod Stewart

There he'd stand
Every Saturday afternoon
Rain pouring down that well worn face
With a cigarette in his mouth
Part of a tiny noisy crowd
He'd watch his sons play the game he loved
He would tell us lots of stories
Of heroes and glories
And the pride of the Wembley Wizards and Busby Babes
His enthusiasm was infectious
He bought us football boots for Christmas
Our dad was a Scotsman and a plumber by trade
I remember one time being three down at halftime
So, we looked at dad for a plan to turn the tide
He said, "Son we're not here to have fun"
That winger's trying to welch me a muck
Tackle him hard, and leave him face down in the mud

On the touchline
On the touchline, our dad

A sturdy man of Caledonia and principles
But of course, we all believed him to be invincible
A father with a heart of a lion
But as time went by those old legs grew tired
So we braced ourselves for the inevitable
One sunny afternoon, the final whistle blew
My two brothers and I took him to his grave
As a lone piper played that beautiful amazing grace
Our touchline dad had died

Now the funeral was a sad, but a humorous affair
Our dear old mom, God bless her
Suffered memory loss
She said to my sister, "Where on Earth is your father?"
Sister Mary said, "Mom, he's at the front there in that box"

On the touchline, our dad
On the touchline, our dad

Now it's my time to stand on the side in the rain
And watch my boys play the beautiful game
And sometimes, sometimes
I look up to the clouds and I say
"Dad I hope you're looking down"
'Cause if it wasn't for you
All this might not have been

On the touchline, our dad
On the touchline, our dad