

Final Score

Squeeze

He was ten years old with a head of steam
Spotted by a scout
Asked to join the team
A step up that couldn't come too soon
As he walked inside
To the changing room

On a frosty pitch it was not a test
He could read the ball
And out run the rest
With a natural skill he could weave his way
To the six yard line
Again and again

When the coach came in he was towelling off
With his hair still wet
And his hands aloft
There was joy and pride on his pretty face
Having scored the goal
That won the game

The coach sat him down in the corner
Said that one day you could play
For Manchester United or Arsenal
But you've got to do what I say

He was thirty one when he faced his fears
Secret childhood days
Hurt him down the years
So he told his wife and she held him close
She said call someone
He picked up the phone

Now he's on the bench for a little town
And it's common knowledge
Around the ground
There is some support for what he went through
He was brave to say
That he'd been abused

Behind lock and key on a special wing
The coach tries to sleep
But they come for him
Voices in his head speaking louder now
As he thinks of the boys
In the shower

The coach sat him down in the corner
Said that one day you could play
For Manchester United or Arsenal
But you've got to do what I say