

## Flyover Halftime

## The Hold Steady

He copped the tickets from a scalper  
We paid a little premium but we figured it was justified  
We got up to the parking lot a couple hours early  
To check up on the enemy and make sure we were fortified  
Everybody's talking about the matchup in the trenches  
The clash of the defenses. Someone's got to make a stop.  
We were drinking from a cooler in the hatchback of a Honda  
He had borrowed from his brother cause his truck was in the shop

By the time we stumbled up to our seats  
Half of us barely could see  
I was foaming at the mouth and fading in and out  
For the national anthem

Cause you're gonna go rabid  
If you keep getting bit by the rat race

You'll be fighting and sniping  
At the factions within the same fanbase

We all overdo the salute  
When the hornets hit the flyover halftime

But his eyes get so wild and I could tell by his smile  
He was plotting a stunt for the timeline

He's never been so good at modern mathematics  
But subtraction just comes really naturally  
Because most of his life they've been taking things away from him  
And saying they'll come back to us eventually

But now it feels like this town's  
Near the end of the whole sordid affair

And it's hard to explain  
With no emoji indicating despair

Just before half with like ten seconds left  
The ref made a terrible call

My man flew down the stairs and jumped over the rail  
Shook off the security and picked up the ball

And now he's running  
We've got a fan on the field  
We're gonna cut to commercial  
We've got a fan on the field  
Don't want to give him attention  
Let's not make him a legend

For eluding defenders  
And high stepping  
Right towards the end zone

So we held up our phones and  
Tried to capture the moment  
Felt like we finally won one at home

Then a hush from the crowd  
As the clubs took him down  
Just as the was crossing the goal line

So we conceded defeat and  
Started ripping up the seats  
And flipping off the flyover halftime