



Match day Saturday

Match day Saturday big day
Big boy breakfast then set for play
Get the papers do a chore
Get set for anything head for the door

Play with the kids kiss the wife
Check work on email part of life
Check my wallet grab a scarf
Wear my colours? You're having a laugh

Out by twelve or high noon
Meet the lads won't be too soon
Jump a bus catch the tube
Meet in a pub a beer for lube'

If away an early start of day
Wear colours but cover with grey
Sit in the car or mini van
Puffed & proud to be an away fan

Fight a way through a crowd all alike
Buy a round a wary of a spike
Watch the crazies drunk off their face
Wonder why they can't just keep the pace

Bark at the enemy a grin in place
Bristle at the riposte to keep face
Jostle and jangle shoulder to shoulder
Protect the young ones from the drunken older

Join the crowd follow the throng
In good natured banter but fascist song
Shout at policemen give them stick
Don't be too visible or end in the nick

Walk the talk ground at hand
Singing together a united band
Optimism reigns opposition humane
All things are equal before the game

Turnstile clicks bladder calls
Ascend the steps careful for falls



Find a seat stand on toes
Push past strangers nose to nose

Gain a seat but stand and cheer
Buffet and embrace those who are near
Watch and wait the start of action
Then lose oneself in the star attraction

When away its different story
We talk little and hope for glory
Adopt a low profile to keep the peace
Blend in quietly to avoid deace

When away it's hard to take
To score a goal and be a fake
A goal releases our unrepentant shout
We suffer the vitriol that want us out

After the game we make our way
Jubilant sad distraught who can say
Some dash off others meander
The best debate with startling candour

The worst hover with thoughts off murder
Their eyes on colours that don't match their order
But for most the action is done
And will only be happy if their team won