

ONE OF AN ARMY

There's a dreadful smell of onions from the hotdog van,
And police horse manure in the road.
It can only be a winter Saturday by the football ground.
Like a dinosaur writhing in agony,
You can hear the groans and the roars.
As forty thousand people sigh and catch their breath,
And they shout as the home teams scores.
And inside in the crush of the people, straining to see and to breathe, you're one
of an army with a strength you cannot believe

When you work all week in search of a job
And it never seems to get you very far -
Your only escape is to convince yourself
That you could have been a soccer superstar.
So we stand and dream and we shout and scream
But you know your fate is sealed –
For you're one of an army and your fortune is decided on the field

 When your side is losing the dream begins to crack,
 The boys at your end are silent and it's such a long way back.
 And when you're always winning you rule for miles around,
 Go out every Saturday night, taking every town.

And you hitch-hike to every away game,
Because you'd never find the money for the fare,
And you're one of an army and you know you've got to be there.

When the tread of the crowd has faded,
And there's just paper and bottles on the ground –
A kid in a coloured scarf kicks a coke can around in the gloom

They've lost again but just a week more of school,
Boredom and French and being pushed round.
Then he's one of an army and he'll never be put down

*Reflecting the feeling of match-days when, as a student, I lived round the corner
from a top football ground.*