

Paul Curtis

Football NOT Soccer

Poetry About The Beautiful Game



BookRix-Edition

Sports

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Football

THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

I'd like to speak of a hate of mine
The football men of the Argentine
Players blessed with skill and flair
And pace to make you stand and stare
So when endowed with grace and style
Resort to such unsporting guile
They push and pull and kick and dive
As to win at any cost they strive
And when they're court the offending players
Will offer up their hands in prayers
The slightest touch on any spot
And they go down like they've been shot
They lead with arms and tackle late
And hope their foe retaliate
Victories are always tinged with shame
When they could light up the beautiful game

McPELE

Brazil Brazil is the Celtic chant
From the clan McCarlos and McCafu
Scotland's allies in the yellow and blue
Must defeat the Englishmen for you

I feel more pity than I feel contempt
Though not enough to shed a tear
What a truly sad existence you endure
No talented team of Scots to cheer

How sad and bitter you poor Celts are
Lacking a worthy team home grown
You must bathe in the reflected glory
Of greater nations than your own

CAN'T PLAY AWAY

The eternal problems for all football teams
Was keeping players fit to fulfill their dreams
As with unfit players they were bound to fail
But today the problem is keeping them out of jail

TIMES UP

To my chest my
Hands I clasp
I deeply breathe
I wheeze and gasp
My temples throb
My mouth is dry
My heart beats fast
I'm going to die
My voice has gone
My throat is sore
My hands both shake
I can take no more
I lay my head
Upon my knee
Now blow the whistle
Referee

WHO DOES HE SUPPORT?

"England are out what did you think?
What a free kick" he gave me a wink
"Those Brazilian's are good though
Best team won don't you think so?"
Now he wasn't English that for certain
And he surely didn't look Brazilian
Now there a clue a sardonic grin
He really must be of Celtic origin

STRIKER

A new striker was signed for united
And to make his debut he was invited
The manager spoke to the debutante
Uttering words of encouragement
"If your performance is not sublime
I'll have to pull you off at half time"
The striker attempting to be witty
Said "we only got a cup of tea at city"

MATCH OF THE DAY

I took the boys to the match
Down the road on Saturday

I take them to the home games
But we never ever go away

They're only a conference side
About mid table if we're lucky
If we manage a decent cup run
The pundits call us plucky

Almost numb with boredom
We suffered a dull first half
The ref fell over on his arse
So at least we had a laugh

To cheer the boys up a bit
I took them to a burger bar
I didn't know how long we'd be
The line didn't seem that far

The true concept of "fast food"
Seems to have passed them by
As we spent half time queuing
For two hot dogs and a pie

I sent the boys to the stands
Coming over all paternal
I queued on my own and missed
Two goals after the interval

Back in the stand with the boys
I realized I'd got nothing for me
And when I tied Josh's shoelace
I missed goal number three

I saw the last five minutes
Until the final whistle blew
Still at least we won the match
The last time we only drew

Match days are meant to be fun
I must be totally off my brain
Halfway home without a coat
It starts to pour with rain

Forty quid to see the match
Plus fast food and a program

Still at least I spent the day
With my boys Ben Josh and Sam

SHOT IN THE BACK - SIDE

It was in the buttock apparently
That a footballer has been shot
Although from the papers you may
Believe it or believe it not
As this was the way of reporting
The event that they preferred
“Adjacent to the player’s tunnel
An explosive incident occurred”

WHEN SATURDAY COMES

I support them as they’re from my hometown
I’ve supported them for years it would seem
Before the start of every single game at home
They announce the crowd changes to the team

Come next year the team may well be in Europe
But that would only happen if there is a war I fear
If you ask them “what time does the match start?”
They just reply “well what time can you get here”

The team does a lap of honor if they win the toss
This does at least get the meager crowd humming
To take the pressure off and to help our keeper
We put a Bell in the ball so he can hear it coming

We have the strongest team in the football league
From the bottom we have to hold the rest up
We're always the bookie's favorite for the drop
For we’ve never won a title a trophy or a cup

My father exposed me to this when I was a boy
Since, Saturday afternoons are spent in torture
I now expose my children to sad match days
And their children will also suffer in the future

FORFAR 5 EAST FIFE 4

My boy has just got into football
Which is a very good thing after all
His choice of team worries me though

As he's chosen Charlton Athletic
I don't want to put him off football
But it's not Charlton Athletic at all
He may find the truth a bitter pill
As it's really Charlton Athletic nil

ENGLAND COACH

Steve McLaren has said recently
He is looking forward apparently
To taking the England football team
To the next world cup, it would seem
This is only likely to happen in reality
If he's the coach driver quite frankly

IT'S A FUNNY OLD GAME

Every Saturday it's the same old story
With are mates we bathe in the reflected glory
As our heroes play the beautiful game
We sing and cheer and chant their names
They get at them early doors in attack
A Drag back and he's skinned the fullback
What skill he's left the fullback for dead
The strikers there and wants it on his head
He heads the ball but no it's hit the frame
The crowd all chant the strikers name
Another attack, Pass & move Give & go
The home teams putting on a great show
The ball comes to the striker as planned
But what a save it's in the keeper's hands
Again the ball comes to Johnny on the spot
He shoots did it go in? Was it a goal or not?
No goals and the last minute, one more chance
The fullback is passed like he's in a trance
The balls in the middle and shot against the bar
The striker has an open goal he misses by far
We boo and jeer and chant their names
The striker is pants and it's a funny old game

CHELSKI

Chelsea have won another match
They beat city two goals to one
They were a goal down though
Before they got the job done
Joe Cole scored the equaliser
Shot form twenty yards or more

It took one or two deflections
On the way, well actually it was four

Then Frank Lampard struck
From well outside the box
Wrong footing the keeper
After hitting the full backs buttocks
The ball deflected past the keeper
It hit both posts and the bar
Would it go in no one could see
until it hit the head of the referee

TO DRY GREENHOFF'S TEAR'S

1976, in May
Doc's red army
Witnessed the young guns
Fail at Wembley
To that iffy goal
Scored by bobby stokes
When Coppell hill and co
Failed to beat McMenemy's men
A motley crew
Of has-beens and nobody's
The sick, the lame and the lazy
Won the day
2005, in May
The red army
Witnessed fergies men
At St Mary's
By two goal's to one
Relegate them
To the championship
The old division two
Almost thirty years
The saints were a thorn in United's flesh
Finally the ghost of 76
Has been well and truly laid

BEST OF A DECADE

The soundtrack of the sixties
Was by Lennon and McCartney
But it was little Georgie Best
Who did the choreography

BOTLEY BILLY

Billy Casey is the Botley United F.C. team captain
He's just bettered his club scoring record again
In ninety matches he's now scored twenty-three
He's second highest scorer now just behind o.g

QUIET PLEASE

If you are a City fan
Keep silent if you can
As you stand at Old Trafford
As silence falls in accord
Please don't speak out
Please don't scream or shout
Acknowledge the silence
For those who lived once
Don't think about the "Babes"
Cold and dead in the carnage
If hatred in your heart and head
Stops you honouring United's dead
Give your silence as a gift
In remembrance of Frank Swift

GOOD BYE TOMMY

Good bye Tommy
Celtics gentleman
Respected by professionals
Respected by the fans

Good bye Tommy
Celtic servant and friend
A rock and pillar
Until your early end

Good bye Tommy
High in our esteem
The Celtic angels now
Have a new man on the team

Tommy Burns Died May 15th 2008

WHO PUT THE GER IN ANGER

Waves of Rangers blue
Relentlessly Attack
Wave upon wave
Push their opponents back

But this valiant effort
This Rangers blue tide
That moved with precision
Pushing opponents aside

Did not happen in the stadium
Nor was a ball at their feet
This game took place
On Manchesters city streets

The Waves of Rangers blue
With alcohol fuelled Fight
Brought to bear upon the police
Their vengeance and their spite

But if during the match
Such passion had been on show
Then the UEFA cup
Might have gone to Glasgow

May 14th 2008
The events following the UEFA Cup final at the City of Manchester Stadium

WOKINGS WOES

After a dismal start to the season
Woking are slowest out the blocks
With two points from seven games
The crowd are angry to their socks
They have singled out a scapegoat
A target for their jeers and mocks
and they call the new striker "jigsaw"
Because he goes to pieces in the box

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Was it the organisation?
That was to blame
Or profiteering retailers

Perhaps too greedy
Pubs and clubs to liberal?
Uninterested in consequences
A faulty screen was a factor
In the ensuing conflict
But all of the above played a part
So technology caused the spark
And Alcohol fuelled the flames
What began with scuffle and skirmish
Erupted in a volcano of hate
And then the battle commenced
As the angry and the drunk
Rampaged through the city
The police were mobilized
To quell hostilities
But hopelessly out numbered
They had to withdraw
They fell back to regroup
Pursued by packs
Of blue clad animals
In the mêlée
A lone officer, a tail ender
Already wounded by a bottle
Stumbled and fell before his pursuers
They quickly surrounded him
And kicks rained in on him
But amidst this madness, this carnage
A rangers fan, an army man
Hauled the stricken officer to his feet
And dragged him away from the fight
At first stunned the thugs looked on bemused
Then they charged on
Urged on by the soldier
The officer ran muscles burning
But for the soldier propelling him along
The officer would have fallen
Then sanctuary was in sight
A police van sat invitingly
But they must run on
The soldier yelled encouragement
The officer responded
As they reached the police van
The officer was pushed into the back
And a line of yellow coated police
Swarmed onto the attacking rangers phalanx
And in that instant the soldier was gone
Where did he go, the Good Samaritan

Who was he? This savior
The soldier whose humanity
Surpassed his baser instincts
Will we ever know who he was?
Or where he came from
Should we try to find him?
To heap glory on him
Or should we just thank God for him

May 14th 2008

The events following the UEFA Cup final at the City of Manchester Stadium

SUMMER SEASON

The summer started oh so well
With a Euro football banquet
Though sadly the home nations
Were unable to attend it
But the Euros inevitably led
To the curse of footie nations
The summer transfer market
And the incessant speculation
After the Euros came Wimbledon
And I cheered on the plucky brit
Then suffered our inclement climate
While being bored by the Cricket
I watched the windblown whingers
Hacking round at the British open
Then courtesy of the highlights
I sat and watched it all again
Then more newspaper talk
Of who will stay and who will go
Who is in and who is out
And more stories about Ronaldo
Two weeks away on the costas
Helped to numb the pain
Then home to more paper talk
And of course more summer rain
Even the upcoming Olympics
Fail to give me inspiration
Thinking of all that track and field
Merely deepens my depression
The only thing to break my torpor
And to rejuvenated my heart
Is to hear that shrill whistle blow
And have the football season start

THE NATURAL

As a footballer I must confess
My skills locker is somewhat bereft
I am a naturally two footed player
But unfortunately both of them are left

ENGLAND COACH - CAPELLO

The new England supremo
Mr Fabio Capello
Plans to take the England team
And fulfill our football dream
To raise English spirits up
And win the next world cup
But it would seem
This is just a silly dream
As the only way Mr Capello
The poor deluded fellow
Will take a team as far
As the finals in South Africa
The only way he can deliver
Is as the German team coach driver

WHO'S THE WANKER IN THE BLACK?

The song of the supporters pack
"Who's the wanker in the black?"
That was the chant
But no longer, for you cant
Disrespect the referee
For a man such as he
Is to be protected
And respected
And no one must speak ill
Even if forced to swallow the bitter pill
Of un-just officialdom
Which is NOT seldom
No manager may mutter
Query or utter
Discontent in the refs direction
For to commit such an indiscretion
Will see them had up before the FA
Where a fine must be paid
And be sentenced to a touchline ban

For insulting the black clad man
But why should they be protected
And forcibly respected
They are a professional group
And well salaried to boot
They no longer officiate
In their amateur state
Low-tech refereeing
A hobby to be fitted in
Attending the scene of their crime
In their spare time
With no remuneration
For their dedication
No "bread and honey"
Just enough for petrol money
If lucky luncheon vouchers maybe
For a cup of tea
And a pie to warm the soul
Before disallowing a perfectly good goal
It was much better then
With those amateur men
And be able to say to their faces
That they were bloody disgraces
I don't think we have progressed
Now we have professional refs
They now think themselves important
And no longer want to hear the chant
But I still want to sing with the pack
"Who's the wanker in the black?"

NICE ONE HENRY # 2

FIFA are on a mission
Disrespect for refs they want to defeat
An admirable ambition indeed
But first they need to stamp out cheats
Its spread from normal quarters
To Thierry Henry who to his ignominy
handled the ball to keep it in play
A offence done quite deliberately
Which was compounded by his lie,
That it happened accidentally

BETTER TO BE DEAD THAN RED

The Liverpool supporters

Singing from the cop
Urge me to join them
On and on they never stop

“You’ll never walk alone”
Is the anthem they sing
It’s gone on for years now
With that tinny scouser ring

Well I’m from Blackpool
And of more sober tone
Which is why I say to the cop
That I’d rather walk alone

IT’S NOT OVER

We left the stadium after awhile
Exiting though the open turnstiles
To find inappropriately clad in licra
And standing on top of a Micra
A very fat woman singing opera
From on top of that poor little car
When I heard a laugh from my lad
Who then said “It’s all over then Dad”

BLATTER’S FOLLY

Everyone wants a video ref in the game
There are no dissenting voices I can name
Fans shout their support and managers want it
Players are in favour and even the refs want it
Because it is a change that really matters
Everybody want its except Mr Blatter

ALL IN THE GAME

Shaven headed barbarians
And tattooed savages
Strut with preening peacocks
In performing their pantomime
While their vengeful tribes
With banners held high
Chant their rhythmic cacophony
Faces distorted with hate

On the field of honour
They grapple and kick
They push and pull
They dive and roll
Assault and assail
Connive and cheat

In unforgiving onslaughts
They perform for baying hordes
A vile and brutal spectacle
Always referred to
As the beautiful game

MUMMY'S BOYS

I long since came to terms
Since John Barnes set the trend
With footballers wearing gloves
To keep their little pandies warm
I am less understanding
Of players taking to the field
With tights beneath their shorts
But it seems I must accept it
But the line has to be drawn somewhere
And that line was crossed
This very weekend
I was shocked beyond belief
To see a player take to the field of play
Wearing a muffler about his neck

FOOTBALL

There are many differences
Between Rugby and football
Rules, number of players, ball shape
Goal posts, pitch markings, duration
And so on and so forth
It was once said that football
Is a gentleman's game played by ruffians
And Rugby a ruffians game played by gentleman
Not quite as true as it used to be
But still not far off the mark
I've even heard it said
That Football is played by children
And Rugby by grownups
But for me the difference

Can best be defined in this way
A Footballer spends 90 minutes
Pretending to be injured
While a Rugby player spends 80 minutes
Pretending that he is not

UEFA CHAMPIONS GREED

I hate the Champion's League
On so many levels
I hate it because it's a competition
Devised by money grubbing devils

I hate it because you have to enter it
Because that is where the money is found
Money to lure the pampered prima donnas
To your particular ground

I hate it because it is ceded
So the best teams are always on view
So that UEFA can optimise
Their television revenue

I hate it because it doesn't seem to know
What it really wants to be
Is it a knock out competition?
Or the beginnings of the super league

But I hate it most of all
Above all other considerations
Because the European Champions League
Has so few actual champions

Post Script

Well all the above is true
But I regret the overriding reason
That I hate it so passionately is that
We have been knocked out this season

BRITISH BULLDOG

Diego Maradona
He of the infamous
Hand of God

Has been savaged
By his new pet
The hound of God

GO FOURTH

Who will finish fourth?
Will it be Liverpool?
Who stake their claim?
Or will Aston Villa rule
Who will stand tall?
Will it be Man City?
That win the prize
Or will Spurs be sitting pretty
Who will go forth?
Into the Champions League
To dine at the top table
Who of these wannabes
Liverpool were last the champions
More than 20 years ago
Aston villa weren't crowned
For 30 years or so
Its more than 40 years
Since Man City won
And Spurs were last the winners
In 1961

But the Champion's League beckons
For these wannabes
These trophy less also ran's
How can that be?

THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB # 1

Rafa is staying at Anfield
So no new regime is brewing
There is no new job
That he is actively pursuing
And it's a great relief
That no new club is wooing
The last thing Manchester wants
Is the prospect of Liverpool renewing
By employing a manager
Who actually knows what he's doing

THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB # 2

Rafa is leaving Anfield
So a new regime is brewing
There is a new job
That he is actively pursuing
And it's a great shame
That a new club is wooing
The last thing Manchester wants
Is the prospect of Liverpool renewing
By employing a manager
Who actually knows what he's doing

THE DOMESTIC GAME

The beautiful game
Is one of different hues
It can redden your face
And cause marital blues
Especially when you add
An excess of cheap booze
When victory is achieved
Sex often ensues
But it's a different story
If he watches them lose
He'll wear a football shirt
And she'll wear a bruise
The bigger the match
The shorter his fuse
As he rants and raves
She shakes in her shoes
At the final whistle
Full of anger and booze
He wears red and white
She wears black and blue

DRESSING UP

They are the supporters
Watching their team play
On terraces far and wide
Home and away

When flags are waved
They dress with pride
With painted faces

And deep joy inside

But when the whistle blows
And the dream is at an end
Tears stain the cheeks
As friend hugs friend

They dressed with a joy
That they wanted to express
But there is nothing sadder
Than sad fancy dress

ALADIN'S WISH

Aladin rubbed his lamp
And a Genie did appear
You can have one wish
But only one he made clear

"I want to live forever"
Aladin told the genie.
"I'm sorry" Came the reply
"You can't wish for immortality"

"Living forever
Is against the regulations
You must think again
And revise your expectation"

"Do you have your wish?"
Aladin answered "Yup"
"I want to live to see
England win the world cup"

VIMTO TANGO

Placebo, Subuteo, and Scenario
Portfolio, Pinocchio or Fellatio
Are these words from everyday?
Or footballer's from Brazilia way

IT'S A FUNNY OLD GAME SAINT

The crowd at Woking's ground
Loudly jeers and mocks

They call the striker jigsaw
As he goes to pieces in the box

EURO TRASH

After another dismal round of European qualifiers
I think its time for a change
There are too may countries now
So I propose something radical
Norway and Sweden should merge
To become Swedway or Norden
Spain and Portugal could become
Sportugal, Porpain or Spugal
Denmark and Finland would be Finmark
Belgium and Holland would become Belland
Germany and Austria would either be
Gerstria or the fourth reich
The Balkan states could reform as Yugoslavia
Greece and Turkey could be Treece or Gurkey
The USSR could regroup, for sporting reasons only of course
And the home nations could combine to become England

World Cup 1966

1966

Crossed from the wing
By Alan Ball
He picks out Hurst
Who's standing tall
He takes control
A turn and shot
Its hit the bar
Was it in or not?
It crashes down
Onto the line
Has it crossed?
It must this time
It's not a goal
The Germans say
Where's the ref
He's gone away
He even asks
The linesman too

He nods his head
England three - two
I have regrets
About that day
We did not win fare
The Germans say
Nearly forty
Years of doubt
Was the ball in?
Or was the ball out
But if Hunt had only
Knocked it in
We would not have
All the arguing

WINGLESS WONDERS

Wingless wonders they were named
As world cup winners they are famed
Gordon Banks, played in the goal
For Bobby Moore, the captains role
Cohen and Wilson at the back
The Charlton brothers, Bob and Jack
Martin Peters and Alan Ball
Nobby Stiles stood ten feet tall
Roger Hunt scores when he can
And Geoff Hurst the hat trick man
Sir Alf Ramsey teamed them up
And in 66 they won the cup

World Cup 1986

HAND OF GOD

It was in Mexico in nineteen eighty six
When English hearts sank to the floor
When England were to meet Argentina
In the world cup quarterfinal draw

On that infamous night it occurred
The event that made the spectators roar
Diego Maradona their great player
Had to use his hand to help them score

The English players protested in vain
That Maradona had used his hand
Amazingly the referee gave the goal
Something that I still don't understand

There was much discussion with the pundits
The video replay confirmed the cheating
Ironically his second goal was brilliant
And sealed the result of our defeating

Maradona used a hand to help him score
But Diego claimed it was the hand of god
Argentina believe he is a national hero
The English all know he's a cheating sod

MARADONNA

"A genius footballer" bloody cheek
He looks more like a circus freak
He's nothing more than a Latin cheat
Who's certainly had too much to eat

World Cup 2002

AU REVOIR - LA COUPE DE MONDE

They travel east
With Gaelic pride
No where to run
Nowhere to hide
Its said pride comes
Before a fall
They fell from high
Against Senegal
The next game a win
Or wonder why
A draw this time
With Uruguay
The final game
They have to win
Their cup defense
Must now begin
Will they play
Them off the park
They lose again
Against Denmark

So France crash out
And exit early
Perhaps they'll miss
The hurly burly
No broken hearts
They leave behind
Were glad they're gone
To be unkind
So what's the reason
France are out
We demand to know
The Frenchies shout
The answer is in
My firm belief
They should have eaten
British Beef

PRIDE IN THE EAST

Travelling east to play the game
Not thought to set the world aflame
Making friends while you're away
Impressing with your football play
Pleasing critics with what they see
Though they call you England B
Well done the noble men in green
With Holland, Dunn and Robbie Keane
You've really done your country proud
Let them proudly sing your names aloud

TOP DOGS

Korea have had a great world cup
They've beaten Italy with a golden goal
How will they celebrate the victory?
They'll be eating dog tonight in Seoul

THE PRIDE OF ENGLAND

Everyone full of national pride
The atmosphere was electrified
St George's cross's everywhere
As our Englishness we'd share
They didn't win the cup out east

While serving up a football feast
They won new friends out there
And hearts of people everywhere
Bringing new pride to the nation
And deserving of our admiration

FOUR YEARS TIME

They said we'd never make the trip
Along came Sven to steer the ship
Injury time deep we win a free kick
Golden balls scores with the final kick

The group of death they put us in
They said that not a game you'll win
Well we reached the quarterfinal
Losing to Brazilian's inspirational

We will be back in four years time
To great new heights we will climb
Our place at the top we will regain
And we will win the world cup again

HERR BECKENBAUR

Oliver Khan was the man of the hour
If you talk to Mr. Beckenbaur
But its different it would seem
When he's talking of the German team
Because if you put them in a sack
And gave the sack a mighty whack
Whoever it was received the blow
Would in no doubt deserve it so

World Cup 2006

JOBS FOR THE BOYS

Horacio Elizondo is ref for the final
His obvious Reward
For a flawless performance
Helping Portugal go forward

NICE ONE HENRY

FIFA are on a mission
Racism in the game they want to defeat
An admirable ambition indeed
But first they need to stamp out cheats
Its spread from normal quarters
To Thierry Henry who to his disgrace
After a shoulder to the chest
Went down holding his face

ZZ TOP

Zidane in Germany in 2006
Was given the golden ball
Voted the tournaments best player
The most outstanding of them all
A great reward for his foul conduct
Viciously head butting a rival
And before a global audience
Sent off in the world cup final
Was this the act of a great player?
Or of a thug that the world abhors
Was his behavior out of character?
Or has he now shown his true colors

FOREIGN JOHNNY'S ON THE SPOT

When they show there skills they earn our respect
After scoring they celebrate and genuflect
They have great skill which we respect
But their cheating is what we've come to expect
World Cup 2010

FAIR PLAY DIAGO - SOUTH AFRICA 2010

At the world cup
Maradona has called for fair play
And he wants referees
To understand the meaning he says
He could perhaps give FIFA
An example of fair play
Like not punching the ball into the net
That would be one way

DON CAPELLO

Don Capello spoke of the "Big Mistake"
And a big performance is his wish
But sadly the outspoken John Terry
Will tonight be sleeping with the fish

SINGING THE BLUES

They sing the homesick blues
"We miss our families"
These pampered prima donnas
Living in 5 star luxury

In Afghanistan they are home sick
They miss their families
The soldiers living in tents
Under fire from the enemy

They sing the we're bored blues
"There's like nothing to do"
Like a bunch of seven year olds
Not men of over 22

We are so bored with these players
And their incessant whining
Waited on hand and foot
Living it up on 5 star dinning

They sing the we're tired blues
Like we have any sympathy
Only having to play once a week
Then after training they are free

We're tired waiting for our heroes
When eleven strangers appear
Where are the premiership stars?
Who play weekly without fear

We sing the England blues
As each tournament comes around
When each and every time
Our dreams lie tattered on the ground

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

I never expected us to win the cup
That was always inconceivable
But if we played to our potential
The Quarter finals were achievable

But when the first ball was kicked
They were more nightmare than dream
So I just wanted them to do their best
Clearly too much to ask of our team

POINTING THE FINGER

We were predictable, disorganized and poor
Our ineptitude was there for all to see
But as much as the players failed to turn up
And performed disappointingly
We were tactically bereft as well
Because Fabio Capello has no plan B

THEY'RE HAVING A LAUGH

Cole and King were seen
Laughing hysterically
Just a few hours
After defeat to Germany

I saw no humour
In the way England plays
In fact I haven't laughed
For the past two days

A SWIFT EXIT

England left for the airport
On the wrong bus, apparently
For emblazoned on its side was
"Playing with pride and glory"
England's bus was possibly stolen
You will recognise it quite easily
For emblazoned on its side is
"Playing with sloth and lethargy"

WELL MY LORD, SPAIN 1, PORTUGAL 0,

Did you think Lord Triesman mad, for saying?

That referees might me bribed by Spain
If so, did watching the sending off of Costa
Give you any doubt and make you think again

CAPDEVILA, SPAIN 1, PORTUGAL 0,

Capdevila has reached the pinnacle
Of herculean World Cup feats
He has joined the pantheon
Of notorious world cup cheats

INTRUDER ALERT

After security failures
In South Africa
Surrounding England
In particular
FIFA want to ascertain
How certain individuals
Could gain entry
Without credentials
To England's dressing room
The ones causing most worry
Were Emile Heskey
Glen Johnson and Gareth Barry

A DISAPPOINTING DRAW, ENGLAND 0, ALGERIA 0,

"We are disappointed with the draw
Against this piss poor team today"
"We consider it two points dropped"
Said a spokesman of the Algerian FA

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

We were rubbish in South Africa
But we should stop the whining
For no matter how black the cloud
There is always a silver lining

We were rubbish in South Africa
And we get no second chance
But at least we can safely say
That we were not as bad as France

INTERNATIONAL BAN

Goodluck Jonathon's response to the failure
Of the Nigeria team in South Africa
Is to ban them from internationals
For the next two year which is radical

The English FA considered doing the same
For the good of the English game
But decided not to at an FA meeting
As no one would notice England not competing

HOWARDS END

Well England made it to the final
Though alas only the refereeing chap
But like the England team before him
Howard Webb was really crap

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