

Sing ^{with} **Strings**

PERFECT PITCH

Words by Nick Toczek. Music by Malcolm J. Singer

Lyrics Book

A FOOTBALL IS THE BALL FOR ME

I don't want a bowling ball built like a brick
And a volleyball is horri-ball, it gets on my wick.
I want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball you can kick.

I wouldn't want to hit it with a wooden hockey stick
And your cricket bat and wicket just make me sick.
I want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball you can kick.

My super ball'll bounce off a wall dead quick
But a ball so small is really pathetic.
I want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball you can kick.

Though netball's cool and baseball's slick,
There's only one ball game they just can't lick.
I want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball you can kick.

One ball I need. One ball I'd pick.
I don't want six for a juggling trick.
I want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball you can kick.

There's just one game (one game) with which I click (I click).
Football through thin (through thin), and football through thick (through thick). Football wins my voting tick.

I want a ball, (a real ball,)
 want a ball, (a proper ball,)
Want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball, (want a ball,)
Want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball, (want a ball,) want a ball you can kick.

THE WORLD'S FIRST FOOTBALL

Where did the very first football fall?
Did it land in the land of the Neanderthal?
Was it sold in a Stone Age shopping mall?
Or an ancient Athenian market stall?
Or in any other early urban sprawl?

Where did the very first football fall?
Did Jesus of Nazareth kick it to Paul?
Did Confucius bounce it off the Chinese Wall?
Was it all-weather leather?
Was it large or small?
Was it in a proper game or free-for-all?

Where did the very first football fall?
Does any old historian recall at all?
Can you find it on a pyramid in hieroglyphic scrawl?
Did the Romans kick it around in Gaul?
Or a Viking crew in an ancestral hall?

Where did the very first football fall?
Did someone boot a ball of rice around Nepal?
Did they knock a cabbage through a field in County Donegal?
Or did they kick a coconut in sunny Senegal?
Or head a rubber ball in Bangkok or Bengal?
So, where did the very first football fall?
Does anyone have any idea at all?

FAN

I'm a football fan but I must admit
That I sometimes act like a thoughtless nit,
Or a lairy lout or a loud halfwit
Or a properly proud patriotic Brit.

I'm passionate. I get mad a bit,
Find a string of angry words to spit,
But I'm genuine, not counterfeit.
I'm a football fan and I'm proud of it.

We wear the legitimate scarf and kit.
It's a bright outfit, so it's no secret.
We are football fans, for definite.
We're a rowdy crowd but we are proud of it.

It's a game of guile and grace and grit,
A spirited sport for the physically fit.
With my season ticket in my mitt,
I'm a football fan and I'm proud of it.

With literally little that's not been writ,
I can only add that I'll never quit.
I'm a football fan, not a hypocrite,
A football fan, a football fan and proud of it.

JEFF THE REF/STEPH THE REF

Oh, Jeff the ref pretends he's deaf.
So, Jeff the ref
Says he's deaf, deaf, deaf
To the cries, cries, cries
That arise, rise, rise
Oh so loud, loud, loud
From the crowd, crowd, crowd.

They go "Foul! Foul! Foul!"
How they howl, howl, howl
And they growl, growl, growl
And they scowl, scowl, scowl,
But the nerd, nerd, nerd
Hasn't heard, heard, heard
Not a word, word, word,
Not a dicky bird.

Then Steph the ref claims to be deaf.
When Steph is ref
She acts deaf, deaf, deaf
To the cries, cries, cries
That arise, rise, rise
Oh so loud, loud, loud
From the crowd, crowd, crowd.

They go "Boo! Boo! Boo!"
Yes, they do, do, do,
'Cos it's true, true, true
That a new, new, new
Referee, ree, ree
They agree, gree, gree
Has to be, be, be
What they need to see.

'Cos with Steph or Jeff as ref It
just seems as if they're deaf
To the cries, cries, cries
That arise, rise, rise
Oh so loud, loud, loud
From the crowd, crowd, crowd.

Sing along, long, long
With our song, song, song,
Sing it strong, strong, strong:
"Ref is wrong, wrong, wrong!"
We yell "Out! Out! Out!"
We've no doubt, doubt, doubt,
We all shout, shout, shout:
"Better off without."

But they pretend, both Jeff and
Steph To be deaf, deaf, deaf
To the cries, cries, cries
That arise, rise, rise
Oh so loud, loud, loud
From the crowd, crowd, crowd.

SPECTATORS

They bark instructions, brief and blunt: "
Move!" "Take her on!" "Get in front!"
"Left, Lauren!" "Well played, Ellie!"
"Get on!" "Head up!" "Kick it, Kelly!"

"Get it! Get it! Get it!" **"Shoot!"**
"In there, Lucy!" "Use your boot!"
"Woooooo!" "Unlucky!" "Corner, ref!"
"Keep it up now!" "Come on, Steph!"

"On your feet!" "Don't hang about!"
"Get it out, girl!" "Get it out!"
"Offside!" "Hoof the ball!" "Great pass!"
"Tackle her, lass, onto the grass!"

"Off! Off! Off! Off!" "Pass again!"
"Give her some support, Lorraine!"
"Yeahhh!" "Go on!" "Bad luck, Lizzie!"
"Free kick!" "Take it!" "Keep 'em busy!"

"Make some chances!" **"Hey, offside!"**
"Run her, Rachel!" "Ohhhh, well tried!"
"Good header!" "In there!" "Play!"
"Get across her!" "That's the way!"

"Got it!" "Squeeze!" "Now, put it in!"
"Get there, Chloe!" **"Gooooooal...!"**
"We win!"

THE FOOTBALL FAMILY MAN

ALL
I'm the finest fan
That football's had.
I've a football gran
With a football fad.
I've a football mother
And a football dad.
And my football brother
Has football bad.

BOYS
With my football wife
In our football pad,
To our football life
We football add
Two football daughters
And a football lad,
All football supporters,
All football mad.

GIRLS
We've football dogs,
They're football clad
In football togs
Like a football ad.
For our football ways,
We're football glad.
Without football days
We'd be football sad.

BOYS
I'm a football man
Who's football mad.
I'm the finest fan
That football's had.
I'm the football family man

FOOTBALL RESULTS

The results one looks forward to reading in one's local late edition tonight are one thing one can ill afford to miss.

And if I've had the luck to have won the pools, the reason for it will be all too obvious.

"It's an ill wind..." I've often heard them say before about somebody's heaven-sent wonderfully fortunate win,
when everyone else hasn't won.

SATURDAY EVENING

From Dundee to Dover
The games are all over.

And those who have lost
Will be counting the cost...

'Cos nobody likes to lose.
(Nobody likes to lose.)
They stand there and stare at their shoes.
(Stand there and stare at their shoes.)
They're gobsmacked and gutted
Like they've been headbutted.
Life's not worth a carrot.
They're sick as a parrot
And struggle to cope with the news.

At Manchester City
They're full of self-pity,
And Partick and Chelsea
Grow sick and unhealthy,
While at Aston Villa
They're very much iller,
And it's gone past a joke
For Doncaster and Stoke.

Both Bradford and Burnley
Just sulk taciturnly.
At Preston North End
Now they're nobody's friend.
And down Crystal Palace
They bristle with malice,
While they're less delighted
At West Ham United

Cos nobody likes to lose.
(Nobody likes to lose.)

They stand there and stare at their shoes.
(Stand there and stare at their shoes.)
They're gobsmacked and gutted
Like they've been headbutted.
Life's not worth a carrot.
They're sick as a parrot
And struggle to cope with the news.

At Arsenal and Tottenham
Grim game gloom has gotten 'em.
There's nothing can lighten
The misery in Brighton.
Wolves, Watford and Man U
Have no clue what to do.

And Everton and Leicester Have never
been depresseder.

'Cos nobody likes to lose.
(Nobody likes to lose.)
They stand there and stare at their shoes.
(Stand there and stare at their shoes.)
They're gobsmacked and gutted
Like they've been headbutted.
Life's not worth a carrot.
They're sick as a parrot
And struggle to cope with the news.
Yes, struggle to cope with the news.
They're still struggling to cope with the news.

UP AND DOWN

So, there you are,
A football star,
With fat cigar
And flash new car,
A Jaguar.

Oh, you'll go far,
My football star,
Grow popular,
Hooray! Hoorah!

Hit club, hit bar,
Play baccarat,
Eat caviar,
Drink advocaat,
Be la-di-da,
And OK, yar.

And tra-la-la,
My football star,
All's wunderbar
Till life's bizarre
Soap opera
Turns bad, a-ha!

You're under par,
My fading star.
Claim it's catarrh
Or your asthma,
You 'oh!' and 'ah!'
Blame some old scar,
Say it's muscular,
Slipped vertebra
Or similar.
You can't run far.
Are you selected? Nah.

So, there you are,
A former star
Turned bête noire.
The door's ajar,
Ex-football star.
There's your small car.
Adieu, not au revoir.
Adieu, adieu.
Goodbye. Ta-tah!

WAITING FOR THE FINAL WHISTLE

When will the final whistle blow?
There can't be many more minutes to go.
It'd better happen soon or there'll be aggro.
If the other side scores—what a fiasco!
Oh, how come time ticks by so slow?

When will the final whistle blow?
We're one goal up, but in limbo,
While the ref stands still like an old scarecrow
Or a waxwork doll by Madame Tussaud
Or the Great Pyramid outside Cairo.

When will the final whistle blow?
We hold our breath 'cos we just don't know.
And they go for our goal like a tornado.
And they're ten yards off when—hey presto!
Referee's whistle gives a long slow blow...
And...

Ee aye! Ee aye! Addi-addi-addio!
Ee aye! Ee aye! Addi-addi-addio!
Ee aye! Ee aye! Addi-addi-addio!
Ee aye! Ee aye! Addi-addi-addio!

We're champions,
we're champions from head to toe.
We're magical, we're magical. We fly. We
glow.
We're art like Michelangelo.
We waltz while the rest dance daft disco.
We're a pure Shakespeare play,
they're mere panto.

We're champions, we're champions.
We overthrow. We're hotter, so much
hotter than an inferno,
A vindaloo, a volcano,
A strong chilli sauce from Mexico.
Our opponents melt away like late
spring snow.

We are the champions, fortissimo.
We are the tops. The rest are way
below.
We're number one, we're number
one to their zero.
We're numero uno, and we know
Our team is really so magnifico.
Each player's a galactico!
As champions now here we go!

Here we go! Here we go!
Here we go! Here we go!
Here we go! Here we go!
Here we go! Here we go!
As champions, here we go!