



Gutted - an England fan's lament

A rock in the pit of my stomach,
A shattering kick in the teeth,
A gut-wrenching punch in the midriff,
The miserable smell of defeat.

I'd dyed my hair for the occasion,
Dressed up like a number one loon.
Have come down to earth pretty quickly,
When hoped I'd be over the moon.

An evening lost laboured in torment,
The papers will say, 'We was robbed'.
I've chucked my reliable mascot
And buried my head and I sobbed.

Predictable always the outcome:
The smashing of treasured belief.
Dissecting of all that went pear-shaped
Essentially brings no relief.

With injury time cataclysmic,
The referee blind as a bat,
We'd no chance of turning our fortunes;
Our manager should get the sack.