

Adam Sandler "The Lonesome Kicker"

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Me, I'm the Lonesome Kicker
Extra points, field goals at your service
One might think it comes with glory
You might think different after you listen to my story

My helmet is equipped with a tiny face mask
What it possibly could protect, I do not know
The other guys on the team
Like to make fun of my little shoulder pads
And also like to hide the special shoe
I need to kick in the snow

People think it's so easy
To kick a field goal from the 30 yard line
They forget to add seven yards for the snap
And 10 more 'cause the goal posts are pushed way
back

In 1974, the uprights were right on the goal line
But some of the players were running into them
And getting hurt
So screw the kicker
Who cares about the kicker?

But I kick that ball
And I pray it goes straight
If it does
The coach says "Good job, number 8"
He doesn't even know my name is
Andre Kristacovitchlalinski, Jr.
But that's the life I live
The Lonesome Kicker

Kickoffs can be so very scary
Especially, if the returner breaks on through
And I'm the only guy on the playing field left to tackle
him
I don't want to get hurt
So I pretend to tie my shoe

Once again, I'm ignored by my teammates and all my
coaches

"Go back where you came from!"
Scream 70,000 fans
Well, I know I could win their love back
By catching a winning touch-down

But, unfortunately, I was born with these very small
hands

And I hope that the cameras don't come in too close
'Cause they might see the tears in my eyes
As I sit on this bench made of cold-hearted wood
And the splinters go deep in my thighs
And the towel boy snickers as he walks by
The Lonesome Kicker

Another blocked kick
And everybody blames me
But it was the Left Guard
Who didn't pick up his man
Oh, why can't they see...

In my home country
I could have been a minor league soccer player
But I came to America
Seeking fortune and seeking fame
I didn't realize that if I shanked one
And blew the point spread
Some drunk guys would push me into their hibachi
After the game

So I go home at night
'Cause I never get invited
To go drinking with the other guys
And I sit in my chair, and I soak my foot
As I eat a plate of cold french fries
And my wife's out with her quote-unquote friend
And my son can't look me in the eyes
But that's the life I live
The Lonesome Kicker

Kicking for you
They took my snow shoe
They're going for two

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