

Gillian Welch

"Dry Your Eyes Becks"

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One single moment you whole life can turn around
In the distance I see Wayne Rooney falling to the
ground
Looks like he's gonna give, then looks like he's not
But finally the referee is pointing to the spot
It's all come down to this then, It's like everybody says
As I stare into the eyes of Fabien Barthez
Will I go left?, Will I go right? Haven't decided yet
Sod it! I'll just stick the thing in the back of the bloody
net
I let go with my right boot, my whole world begins to
freeze
I'm begging the silver ball, please go in please
I see a union jack in the air as somebody waves it
But my whole world is in despair cos Barthez saves it

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Chorus
Dry your eyes Becks
I know it's hard to take but as I said before like
There's plenty more games in group B
Dry your eyes Becks
You'll have a chance to prove yourself against the
swiss on Thursday
Or at the end of the day like,
It's over

-

So then the lads start looking at me as if I've committed
a crime
But we're still 1-0 up going into injury time
The ref checks his watch and we all look at the clocks
Then Heskey commits a foul on the edge of our box
We all regroup and make a wall, stand there hand in
hand
There's no sign of Posh at all, anywhere in the stand#
We all know what they're gonna do, it can only be one
man
They all call him Zizou, his name is Zinedine Zidane

I wonder if he remembers how in the tunnel I gave him
a kiss
I wonder if it'll please, please make him miss!
But now he sticks in the net which means now we're all
level
And all I've got left are the tears of Gary Neville

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We're all over the shop, when will the ref blow the
whistle?
We're not playing like England no more, more like
Partick Thistle
We need a pep talk, a speech, a sermon
Cos we're not getting anything from this ref, who just
happens to be German
There he goes again, giving out a yellow card
When suddenly the ball breaks to Steven Gerrard
I see the hopes of a nation, all gone up in flames
With a lunge of desperation from our keeper David
James
The referee points to the spot,
God I'd give you a million quid
If you please please make Zidane do what I did.
But he sticks it in the net, how could I think he would
miss
Cos I'm starting to regret giving Zidane that kiss

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