

## Gillian Welch

### "Dry Your Eyes Becks"

Visit "[Dry Your Eyes Becks](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

-

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

-

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

-

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

-

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

Visit [Gillian Welch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.