

## Roy Harper

### "Three Hundred Words"

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I remember Pat Tetley and romping in grass  
That was tall at the back of the cricket field  
Trying to catch glimpses of knickers and ass  
While over the fence they yelled ooed and roared  
As Ramadhin, Weekes and Frank Worrell all scored  
I was just a bit young for my own wicked way  
And ended up autograph hunting a prey  
The like of which I'd never seen before  
A different world I suddenly saw and more  
They were big and so dark so alive and so fit  
Mysterious black men with sparkling smiles  
And white kit  
They inspired me a bit  
I remember John Lever stood down deep fine leg in my  
way  
Trying to see round him while trying to fathom  
What England were doing and then being fixed  
By the sight of his socks  
They were grey and quite holey and so were his boots  
What was this? I thought laughing they could have  
grown roots  
They'd look white on the box  
But there in the flesh they weren't even approx  
And there was his sweater as yellow as well  
It must have been inside the kennel a spell  
And with four plastic pints swimming blurring the sight  
It was then that I realised that even titanium dioxide  
Isn't quite white  
I remember young Foxy walk out to the crease  
With my heart in his mouth  
And wafting a piece  
Smackin' a few  
Punchin' holes in the sightscreen  
The Argonaut with the golden fleece  
With a blade of new willow outside the off stump  
When he was out I was and shared in the fate  
I was gutted or sated or just a bit late  
On the stroke: What was that? Of the clock?  
Ah yes all those memories  
Summer and all those great knocks  
And Pat Tetley still sending those messages

All of these years  
From my brain to my box

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