

## **Mitchell Brothers**

### **"When the Whistle Blows"**

Visit "[When the Whistle Blows](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Oi ref! You blatantly saw his left leg,  
Clipping Ryan in the box, that's a red  
He was one on one with the keeper,  
Have a word with the linesman flagging on your left,  
I mean they should be playing with 10 men,  
He was well past the line, past defence,  
What the fuck are they saying?  
Come on what's the delay?  
Send him off to the, the bench!  
What do you mean he was fucking offside?  
Ain't you flippin opened your eyes?  
He was through on the ball,  
And his right foot to score in the top corner to equalise.  
Ref he should be taking the spot kick,  
Are you a fucking alcoholic?  
You was metres away, mate give us a break,  
We don't take it out of your pocket  
That's fucking out of order ref, how come?  
You were quick to book him, what has he done?  
What do you mean for dissent and recent comments  
when?  
I was just having some fun

He just shakes his head,  
And fucking walks away,  
There's 10 minutes left,  
It's always his way,  
Every time we've met,  
He's fucked up the day,  
Without the referee it'd be a fairer game!

It's common sense lads, fucking common sense,  
All the fucking balls stay on offence,  
Defence, defend, we've only got 20 to go till the end,  
What is the keeper playing at?  
Stay on your fucking line, Matt stay on his back!  
Fucking tackle! What do you mean your ankle?  
Ref's pulling your leg, I can see from this angle.  
That's not a fucking card. Fuck off, never!  
He's not fucking hurt, he's trying to be fucking clever,  
Hold your tongue Paul son, keep it together,

Or that could be you in the fucking black book.  
And that's far from a fucking happy look,  
We dropped down the drain, fancy getting some hooks  
Fuck's sake is he off, or is he off the hook?  
Only a fucking caution, nearly had me shook.  
But a free kick in our direction,  
Right at the edge of the box we'll need protection.  
Oh shit El Guerro takes it in discretion,  
Come on boys sort out your fucking selection

He places the ball,  
Then goes takes six steps back,  
There's a hole in the wall,  
Someone please fill the gap,  
If he fucking scores,  
I'll be facing the sack,  
Not to mention my head in the Sun getting axed.

Fucking hell keeper, keep on your toes,  
He's gonna swing it up in the corner, here he goes,  
On your right son, shit I can read his flow,  
Its curling, its curling, don't let it go,  
Oh fuck no. I fucking knew it.  
I fucking knew it. We've gone and blew it.  
At 5 on the clock we had the game in the bag,  
Was winning the nag, now we're heading out,  
Must have had the right idea, we're scratching our  
heads in doubt  
I've gone down the drain, and another round,  
When me and the lads all meet down the Flushing  
Dam,  
2 minutes left, might as well check the oven now,  
Who? Us? When? How? I mean who got fouled?  
A fucking penalty, now we're in with a shout.  
I cant believe it, come on Jase do us proud,  
Come on mate, come on mate, to your left!  
To your left mate! Come on! You can do it!  
What the fâ€¦ what theâ€¦ what the fucks wrong with  
this TV?

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