

Tism

"Father And Son"

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I.

My old man used to take me to the footy;
Now, it's me takes him.
Been barracking for the Saintas seasons on end -
Seasons cold and grim -
Every season we'd pretend that we were
The great pretenders,
And watch, in the rain, us getting done again
By the real contenders.
Hear the cry ring to the Moorabbin sky,
Nothing can stop it:
Winmar! Winmar to Lockett!

II.

Those Collingwood bastards did us by a point
The day mother died.
When they told dad he shook his head and said,
"Makes you wanna cry."
Winmar, you're a football genius, and, oh,
Let me tell you son,
Remember my old man 'cos he wasn't
Referring to mum.
You've got my heart when you've got the leather,
God's sake, don't drop it:
Winmar! Winmar to Lockett!

III.

My dad will be gone in ten seasons' time,
And, you know, they can
Build rockets that think, have prime time T.V.,
Napalm Vietnam -
So just for my dad they could give us the flag -
Who says they oughtn't?
It isn't a matter of life or death -
It's more important.
Oh, here comes Nicky! Tony's broken free!
Winmar to Lockett!
Winmar! Winmar to Lockett!

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