

# TOM WILLS WOULD

(Neil Murray)

Ours is a small club, we're not well known  
But news of us is growin' among the young and old  
A more loyal bunch of players, you'd never find  
And who'd be our coach  
Tom Wills would  
Tom Wills would

We don't often win, but when we do its pandemonium  
More often it's the taste of defeat we have to eat  
There's always next week, we'll beat 'em yet  
As Tom Wills would  
Tom Wills would

We're a determined bunch of triers and we stick to a plan  
Worn down many a team of fancied moneyed champions  
We play with guile and wit and true team spirit  
As Tom Wills would  
Tom Wills would  
If he were here now, he could  
Tom Wills would

So if you're thinkin' to drop me from the team  
I won't go quietly, I'll go mean  
Bugger me age and me cranky ways  
I'll send my bones to the contest again  
As Tom Wills would  
Tom Wills would  
He'd be there if he could  
Tom Wills would

When shadows draw long on my final day of play  
Don't drag me to a cold room, don't send me off that way  
Let me run on, burning bright with dance and song  
And stun the opposition  
As Tom Wills would  
Tom Wills would  
If he were here now he could  
Tom Wills would

If I'm shunned and ignored by the mighty who preside  
I'll not curry for their favour, I'll not bootlick at their side  
I'll be gone with those who knew me well  
My dark friends that died in their own sad hell  
As Tom Wills would  
As Tom Wills would  
If he were here now he could  
Tom Wills would  
He'd be there if he could  
Tom Wills would  
Tom Wills would