

IF THE SHOE FITS ...

Please don't curse that boy down there
He is my son, you see.
He's only just a boy, you know,
He means the world to me.
I did not raise my son, dear fan,
For you to call him names.
He may not be a super-star
But it's just a high school game.
So please don't curse those boys down there,
They do the best they can.
They never try to lose a game.
They are boys and you're a man!
This game belongs to them you see,
You're really just a guest.
They do not need a fan like you,
They need the very best.
If you have nothing nice to say,
Please leave the boys alone,
And if you have no manners,
Why don't you stay at home?
So please don't curse those boys down there,
Each one's his parents son,
And win or lose or tie, you see,
To us - they're **NUMBER ONE !!!**