

MOTD II

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Saturday night dinner at home
Kids in bed left all alone
Share a cuddle sip a fine red
Casualty echoes around a sleepy head

Headlines strike then retreat into chat
Lightweight tragedy reported by an overseas prat
Then the sport a finessed light touch
Run from the room don't learn too much

Left alone with only match of the day
Pundits flow and exchange word play
Patiently await our own short slot
Jealous to be first claim the top spot

Grudgingly watch the premier game
Denigrate all that is others fame
Another encounter another's choice
The pecking order dictated by goals

Our time arrives we grace the screen
Five minutes of fame for my favoured team
Or only a minute a fleeting display
The inevitable result of nil nil play

Spontaneous surprise we score a goal

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Cheer muffled by hand dare not wake a soul
Agree with experts we are supreme
Deserve victory and all it can mean

Watch as celebrities close the show
Patiently listen to their blow by blow
Reminisce for goal of the month a feast for the eyes
The postcard entries and match day prize

Wish for a full program all the big names
Some on tomorrow so just a handful of games
Now that SKY money has the FA by the balls
We submit to odd timing as advertising calls

Babe station red hot airwaves are blue
Resist the temptation of a 5 minute preview
Close down the system ready for bed
Thankful not watching the league one show instead