

Al Stewart, Football Hero

In the center of the field stands the favorite player
The ball comes floating in, they say a silent prayer for him.
Fifty yards away, a minute left to go
The ref looks at his watch; Oh, oh
He cuts it to the right, gets past a defender
A blur of blue and white, the moment hangs suspended in time.
One man left to beat
He can see the goal-keeper's eyes
There's magic in his feet; Oh, oh
And a single ray of sunlight reaches down to touch the golden boy
Seems to light his way towards the net
In his mind he sees the headlines in the morning newspaper
This'll be a day they won't forget
Now he's on his own, completely in control of it all
The shot comes flying in, headed for the corner of the goal
Bounces off the post, he watches as it falls
Everyone will say, he should have passed the ball
Now the crowd has gone, the stadium is empty
Several hundred times he will watch the replay on TV
Many years from now when his name's recalled
Everyone will say, he should have passed the ball