

# The Decemberists, The Sporting Life

I fell on the playing field  
The work of an errant heel  
The din of the crowd and the loud commotion  
Went deafening silence and stopped emotion  
The season was almost done  
We managed it 12 to 1  
So far I had known no humiliation  
In front of my friends and close relations

There's my father looking on  
And there's my girlfriend arm in arm  
With the captain of the other team  
And all of this is clear to me  
They condescend and fix on me a frown  
How they love the sporting life

And father had had such hopes  
For a son who would take the ropes  
And fulfill all his old athletic aspirations  
But apparently now there's some complications  
But while I am lying here  
Trying to fight the tears  
I'll prove to the crowd that I come out stronger  
Though I think I might lie here a little longer

There's my coach he's looking down  
The disappointment in his knitted brow  
I should've known  
He thinks again  
I never should have put him in  
He turns and loads the lemonade away  
And breathes in deep  
The sporting life  
The sporting life  
The sporting life  
How he loves...

There's my father looking on  
And there's my girlfriend arm in arm  
With the captain of the other team  
And all of this is clear to me  
They condescend and fix on me a frown  
How they love  
Oh, the sporting life  
The sporting life  
The sporting life  
How they love