

Pitch Invasion

Dan Bull

See me?
I stepped straight off the rugby pitch
Pierced my cauliflower ears
With the ugly stick
Fed up of scrummages
Where funny kids would hug me quick
I thought "I need a new sport"
Then it suddenly clicked

I'd jump ship
As soon as I could find a good port
Head to the States
And get a taste of college football
I'm standin' out
I make a talent scout say
"Hang about!
This is the man
That we've been tryin' to hatch a plan without?"

A British rugger lover
Over on shore leave
The kid's a lucky bugger
My clover's four-leafed
So don't ignore me
I'm on the road to glory
Rollin' over rows of foes
Like a coach and horsies

If only I was coachin' your team
Raw meat, I throw the ball deep
Into enemy territory
Takin' on all teams
The very best from each college
I'll tackle them so hard
They'll never eat solids

Demolish your defence
Leave them in the deep end
It's D-Day
The invasion of D-A-N
Check those credentials
Pro potential
My flow's torrential
So whatever you throw in my direction

Is inconsequential
Techniques are confidential
You wanna step to me?
Please, come on, be sensible
Petty fools
Try to knock me off my pedestal
Like the heavy fall
You're inevitably headed for

Reignin' forever
So you better head indoors
My whole rhyme's a goldmine

Fetch the Seven Dwarves
"Good heavens, Lord
What else do you have in store?"
I got it locked
Knock knockin' up on heaven's door

This is the situation
A British pitch invasion
Bringin' everythin' except the kitchen sink
Sorry, "kitchen basin"
And this is just the initiation
Of the Brit invasion
A bit of vindication

For the fact I never had an invitation
Still reignin' forever
Precipitation
A little bit of titillation