

S P O R T S M A N S H I P

THAT'S MY BOY DOWN THERE

Please don't curse that boy down there;
He is my son, you see;
He's only just a boy you know,
But 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 these are high school games.

You don't know those boys down there,
They do the best they can;
They've never tried to lose a game,
They're boys and you're a fan.

This game belongs to them, you see,
You're really just a guest,
They do not need a fan that gripes,
They need the very best.

If you have nothing nice to say,
Please leave the boys alone,
And, if you've forgotten your manners,
Then please just stay at home.

So, please don't curse
those boys down there,
They'll hustle 'til they're done,
And win or lose or tie, you see,
To us, they're number one!