

A Bad Week for Jimi – Day 6

So Jimi smiled, And Jimi sang, Yes, Jimi really did his thang! He danced around He pranced about The judges loved it And 'scream!' and 'shout!'

Went the crowd.

He even shot one in the goal 'This soccer's easy, man', he said Then slipped and fell, And bumped his head,

But got up laughing.

But looming large, looming, looming As Michael's latest shot was zooming Towards the goal, he turned and said,

'Use your feet, and use your head, Think about the game,' he said, 'We've matches coming, big ones too, You know what You've got to do We can win, coz we can play Like Arsenal, play the Arsenal way!'

They'll come from far, they'll come from wide 'That Lancaster Road, now they're a good side' But can we win? Or can we draw?

Can we even dream to claw Our way into the finals?

Can we really do it?

We'd need Ronaldo, Tevez too And even Wayne the he-man But for now we'll have to do, With Jaz, and Wil and Freddy!

'Lancaster Road, Lancaster Road!' That's all we hear you scream, 'We know, we know!', is our reply 'Coz it's your favourite team

(But please be patient, take your time, Coz 'Lancaster Road' is hard to rhyme!)

But Freddy thought back to the training You know, the one where it was raining? The one where Jimi fell and flapped And Michael kept them all enrapt With skills and shots, and balls quick-trapped When Hardy was complaining?

Who were those two, standing by? As Michael chipped one to the sky Then trapped it cleanly on his foot Then turning, turning round to shoot Fired it past the keeper.

'Buenos Dias', said the guys All smiles and Spanish charm, 'That boy right there... we'd like to talk...' (And Freddy noted with alarm...) 'We'd like to have a chat you see... We're wondering if he might be free... To play with us, we like his style In fact we'll make it worth his while

We'll ask his Mum, in fact we'll phone her To see if he'll come... to Barcelona'

Oh no!

I'm not so sure, I want to warn 'yer (as Michael headed, from a corner) Those two are up to bad, you see (as Michael juggled with his knee) They'll have him, steal, take him on! And you'll be lost without

him, sonHe's coolHe's hotBut what he's notIs up for sale – to anyone.
