

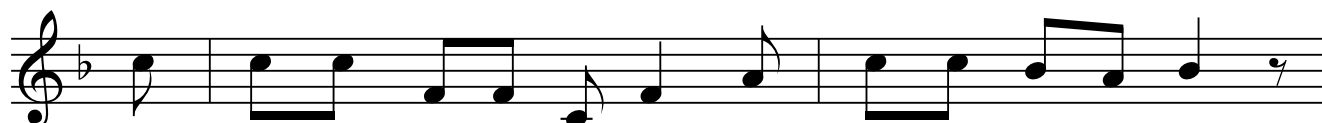
Football Crazy



I have a fa-vour-ite bro-ther And his Christ-ian name is Paul.



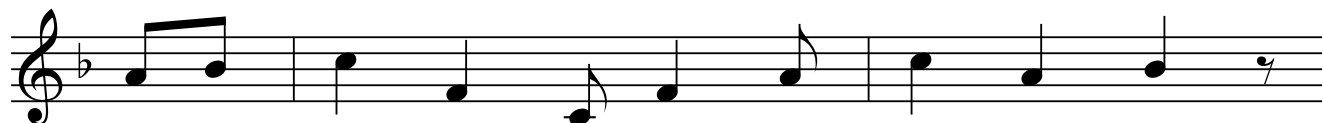
He's late-ly joined a foot-ball club For he's mad a-bout foot-ball.



He's two black eyes al - rea - dy And teeth lost from his gob,



Since Paul be-came a mem-ber of That ter-ri-ble foot-ball club.



For he's foot - ball cra - zy, He's foot - ball mad,



The foot-ball it has tak-en a-way the lit-tle bit o' sense he had,



And it would take a doz-en ser-vants To wash his clothes and scrub,



Since Paul be-came a mem-ber of That ter-ri-ble foot-ball club.

I have a favourite brother
And his Christian name is Paul.
He's lately joined a football club
For he's mad about football.
He's two black eyes already
And teeth lost from his gob,
Since Paul became a member of
That terrible football club.

(Chorus)

For he's football crazy,
He's football mad,
The football it has taken away
The little bit o' sense he had,
And it would take a dozen servants
To wash his clothes and scrub,
Since Paul became a member of
That terrible football club.

In the middle of the field, one afternoon,
The captain says, "Now Paul,
Would you kindly take this place-kick
Since you're mad about football?"
So he took forty paces backwards,
Shot off from the mark.
The ball went sailing over the bar
And landed in New York.

For he's football crazy ...

His wife says she'll leave him
If Paulie doesn't keep
Away from football kicking
At night-time in his sleep.
He calls out 'Pass, McGinty!"
And other things so droll
Last night he kicked her out of bed
And swore it was a goal!

For he's football crazy ...