

# The Boy Done Good

Billy Bragg

Strange as it may seem, I once had my football dreams  
But I was always the last one, the last to get chosen  
When my classmates picked their teams

I guess that was the way it stayed in every game I played  
Life just tripped me and clattered and kicked me  
Till you picked me from the parade

Now I feel like I've won the cup every time that we make love  
Forty-  
five minutes each way, at halftime I hear a brass band play

The boy done good, the girl done better,  
The seasons turn and we're still together,  
The sky is still blue and tomorrow is another day

You weren't that kind of a girl who likes her studs to  
Be covered in mud  
Taking you to the pictures was a regular fixture  
For one of life's eternal subs

I tried hard acting tough, but I just can't stand the taste of  
that stuff  
Like some macho park player I got in the way of  
In some grudge match against his club  
But I'm happier how I am today now I've put my boots away  
I guess I'll never get picked to play my song on Match of the D  
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