

The war monument is still standing  
Between two football fields  
With the name of the men killed on the battle fields  
They were center forwards, keepers and backs  
They thought they would win  
It's a family tradition  
To play in football team  
I have nephews, dumb but tall  
Who, still foetus, kicked the ball  
I've got flat feet and my knees are weak  
They all thought it was time to start my J.O.S. days  
J.O.S. days  
The last war in this country  
The fighting lasted four days  
I see one name again  
He had my age and my first name  
He thought he would win like in his J.O.S days  
J.O.S. days  
They had too many boys  
Who wanted to be in a team  
So in one day, in one match  
You had to prove your ability  
I was knocked out, a real disgrace  
A break with the family tradition of the J.O.S. days  
J.O.S. days  
I can live without a finger  
I can live without a toe  
But the head is necessary