

# I Love You More Than Football

Space

I've been a postman,  
A salesman,  
I spent two months in prison  
For non-payment of taxes i was never forgiven  
I wanna make an honest living and do right  
By myself  
I gotta make things right for my unhappy wife

And I know every trick in this God foresaken book  
And I have to confess that I've made a lousy husband  
And the only way that I can say sorry is  
I can't believe what I'm saying  
But don't you know  
I love you more than football

I promised the kids a day at the beach  
They were all dressed and ready  
With their buckets and spades  
But I was flat on my back in  
Some pee-stained alley  
Covered in puke feeling sorry for myself

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Don't you know I love you more than football