

And all of those thousand thoughts  
That could be in the back of your mind  
Looking at the dressing room door  
Am I good enough to don these whites?  
It's the SCG  
But the nerves are bilingual  
Often settled by a single  
Just hit the damn ball  
Yeah the game is that simple  
Jitter the fear of a cheap dismissal  
On the walls hung the accolades  
The names that have been engraved  
The Bradmans, the Benauds, the giants of the game  
That rose up like a fig tree out of Saturdays  
The kid was seeing them like basketballs  
The summer that he had been recalled  
Feet moving and a better balance on the shorter ball  
Scoring freely and barely getting caught at all  
He was brought up Nambucca River way  
Town of Macksville young kid begins to play  
The way he wields the willow outside off  
No matter what was throw at him well it would bounce right off  
Runs came in fifties and tons  
Ever since he was young  
Save your legs, Phil, it's four more runs  
Baggy cap was not a match for the Australian sun  
Next to noses got burnt but the emblem on the front  
And the write up in the local paper  
But this time not in the back of the sports pages  
A local lad had cracked the Shield side  
A couple of years after the Ashes of '05  
Raised his bat that much that he got his baggy green  
Flying across the Indian Ocean with the Australian team  
Number 1 ranked opposition, Dale Steyn at the peak of his powers  
Debuting against him in a nerve wracking hour  
He failed at first, caught by the keeper  
But it was the second innings of the match that he featured  
Second Test of the series a century in both innings  
The youngest to do it at twenty, no longer a secret  
And it had all gone to plan  
But his destiny was never that simple  
Cause simple is rare  
A temporary member in and out of the Test  
But soon enough a permanent threat  
But there, they're in the middle that November night  
Let the groundsman turn on the lights  
Radio reports saying the batsmen died  
So let the groundsman turn on the lights  
And all of these thousand thoughts  
That would be in the back of their minds  
There walking out the dressing room door  
Solemnly and side by side  
So let the groundsman turn on the lights  
Grown men crying at traffic lights  
And every day there were bats outside  
So let the groundsman turn on the lights  
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