

The Ballad of Torrevieja

In fair Rojales, we had fun, the games they came and went
We proudly wore those Barry shirts in sun our sweat was spent.

We'd travelled far across the sea to represent The Town,
to play our games by walking and always with no frown.

Now our Princey was just priceless He just took no ABBA muck
He may have got a Swedish kicking, but he didn't give a ****

Young Killa played so wicked took many a nasty fall.
Kept shouting loudly 'when can we play egg-ball?'

Daz started slowly, he just wasn't really there,
but he banged in quite a few once he started in to swear!

Weeksy in goals didn't look out of place,
He saved it all over, just not with his face.

That Big Yin grin always sorted us out,
giving us hope and dispelling our doubt.

Richie Rogers, never quiet! 'Hey mast! Did you see my goal?'
Says he hit the ball from 50 yards, in truth it was **** all.
To be fair, a lovely strike though with some style he did dispatch.
Yes, that magic wonder shot won our Rich Man of the Match!

Now, we could have never done it without all the lovely wives,
they're the best things that we have in our football crazy lives.

Del gave his all like a big ginger dove
Fright'ning the foe while still giving out love.

El Capitano? he was named Lee, roamed the pitches, wild and free.
Last full game against Esquina stepped right up and scored a screamer!

Twice El Bardio went in sticks, He saved a few unplanned
He mostly kept the ball out, nearly broke his writing hand.

Now Huey doesn't say much 'cos his skills they say it all
Just like old Beckenbauer he's The King when on the ball.

Now those Bolton Globetrotters they beat us well, I fear.
But never were they rotters 'cos they bought us some iced beer.

Both JB, and another, had their sweet goals cancelled out.
Ref said they were running but we all had lots of doubt.

Robbie Power? What a tower! When he kicked the ball, he scored a goal.
But the very best of news on a sweet Spanish night, Robbie walked back into the hotel
with his star still shining bright.

Well, we all love this part of Spain, we'll come again next year.
Making friends and scoring goals, while drinking loads of beer.

Our great wags come along for drinks and to have a bit of a do.
Helen, Val, Dawn, Kath, Rachel don't forget our Ali too!

Going on tour, there's just nothing better, than
Having a ball, down in Torrevieja!