

**~ IF THE SHOE FITS ~**

Please don't curse that boy down there;  
He is my son, you see:  
He's only just a boy you know,  
He means the world to me.

I did not raise my son, dear fan,  
For you to call him names:  
He may not be a super-star  
And these are high school games.

So, please don't knock those boys down there,  
They do the best they can;  
They've never tried to lose a game,  
They're boys, and you're a man.

This game belongs to them, you see,  
You're really just a guest;  
They do not need a fan that gripes,  
They need the very best.

If you have nothing nice to say,  
Please leave the boys alone,  
And, if you've forgot your manners,  
Why don't you stay at home!

So, please don't curse those boys down there,  
Each one's his parents' son,  
And win or lose or tie, you see,  
To us, they're number one!!!

Mary Britt  
Ephrata, PA