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The men in the white & the green
Aron Fitzpatrick, 2012

THE MEN IN THE WHITE AND THE GREEN

Aron Fitzpatrick, Nov 2012

In the month of October
We were perfectly sober
As the light slowly gave way to the dark

Now it's November
And still I remember
That fine Autumn day in Pearse Park

Ah yes I recall
Every kick of the ball
And how it all came to be

That the Connolly Cup
Was lifted up
By the men in the white and the green

With my brothers beside me
And a passion inside me
There's something I need to declare

The depth of the pride
In a victorious side
Is a feeling one cannot compare

In the replayed game
The result was the same
Two teams bordering on the sublime

What was so nearly grief
Became ultimate relief
As we headed for extra time

Another slow start
Was bad for the heart
Everyone on the edge of their seat

Watching your dreams
Come apart at the seams
I'll tell you is no easy feat

But Killoe dug their feet in
Refused to be beaten
Excelled in defence and attack

With score after score
We came to the fore
For Slashers there was no coming back

When the referee blew
That was the cue
For the celebrations to begin

The crowd they roared out
With a deafening shout
Pride bursting out from within

And then he stood up
And lifted the cup
The inspirational captain Joe Mc

It's all about the crest
Displayed on your chest
And not the number on your back

The bridge they did pass
When they reached Carriglass
Bringing home the Sean Connolly Cup

Amongst the songs and the cheers
People raised whiskeys and beers
To the team that never gave up

It seems the Killoe man
Is a passionate fan
Wearing his heart on his sleeve

We're the pride of the land
And as it says in the stand
All you've got to do is 'BELIEVE'

As the records keep breaking
Other teams will be shaking
At the thoughts of facing our team

The boys from Killoe
The ultimate foe
The men in the white and the green