

‘Play – Friday Night Lights’ by Tomasso C. (3rds)

Beneath the stadium's golden light

We gather together just before the dark afternoon light

Bound by rules yet a chasing flight

My heart pushes and pounds to get out of me

A ball soars high, a floating chance and a distant echo of a cheer

We measure time in every glance, in sweat and laughter, doubt and fear

The field, a sacred place where many battles took place.

In every loss a lesson reached

In every win a deeper bond

In the spirit that we play, we can't now be broken,

And at a silent pace we play as one

But for the stories yet untold

The love of sport and something more.