



OLINE POEM

Halfbacks dance and halfbacks flirt, while linemen
crawl and eat dirt.

When game time comes, backs run the ball.

When glory comes, they get it all.

But if 100 yards they gain, it's through the linemen's
swear and pain.

While halfbacks cry when they see blood, linemen
hide it under mud.

Some backs have moves and others speed, but
spirit's all a lineman needs.

Backs are good and some are fine, but they'd be
nothing without the line.

A halfback loves and then he weds, but linemen only
love their sleds.

The fans all see halfbacks run, but few see what the
line has done.

And that's why those who know agree, there's half a
game the fans don't see.