Twitter Thread by ■■■■■ ■■■■■



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@ketchell

Dear Steve, I wrote you but still ain't callin',
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the bottom,
I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not-a got 'em,
There probably was a problem at the training ground or somethin'...

Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot 'em,
But anyways, fuck it, what's been up, man. How's Lee Charnley?
Bet he wants you to quit, with that contract they have to honour,
I bought your book for my daughter, you're a great author,
Next I'll buy her Sweeper!

I read about Joelinton too I'm sorry,
You ain't the first manager to have player who didn't want him,
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your biggest fan,
I even sung your name when we won away at West Ham,

I got a room full of your posters and your pictures man,
I like the shit you did with false 10s too, that shit was fat,
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,
Just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan
This is John Carver

Dear Steve, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you have a chance,
I ain't mad, I just think it's fucked up you don't answer written media,
If you didn't wanna talk to me outside the training ground,
You didn't have to, but you coulda signed an autograph for Steve Stone,

He's like a little brother man, he's only five foot tall,
We waited in the blistering cold for you,
For four hours and you just said, "No."

That's pretty shitty man, you're like his fuckin' idol,
He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more than I do,
I ain't that mad though, I just don't like bein' lied to,
Remember when we met in Lilleshall, you said if I changed my name to Steve I could join your backroom,

See I'm just like you in a way,
I never played for my country neither,
My granny had Irish cousins but Jack Charlton didn’t believe her,

I can relate to what you're doing when your players hit it long,
So when you have a shitty day, I know it’s time to put Carroll on,
'Cause we don't really got shit else so that shit helps when we’re getting pressed,
I even got a tattoo of 5-3-2 across my chest,

Sometimes I even push linesman when we lose at home to Leeds,
It's like adrenaline, VAR is such a sudden rush for me,
See everything you say is real, and I respect you 'cause you tell it,

My girlfriend's encouraged when we lose away to Villa,
But she don't know you like I know you Steve, no one does,
She don't know what it was like for people like us in the job, you gotta call me man,
I'll be the best Assistant you'll ever lose,
Sincerely yours, John Carver,

P.S. we should get Steve Watson in too

Dear Mister "I'm Too Good To Take Questions From Written Media",
This will be the last package I ever send your ass,
It's been six months and still no word, I don't deserve it?
I know you got my last two letters, I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect,

So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear it,
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the A69,
Hey Steve, I just drank my fifth Brown Ale,
Dare me to drive?

You know that song performed by Frank Sinatra, "My Way",
About that guy as he faced the final curtain,
Did what he had to do, and saw it through without exception,
That's kinda how this is, you could of done it your way from the outset,

Now it's too late, the team have stopped playing for you, they’re lousy,
And all I wanted was a letter or a job,
I hope you know I ripped all of your pictures off the wall,

I love you Steve, we coulda worked together, think about it,
You ruined it now, I hope you can't win and you go down without me,
And when you go down I hope you can't sleep and you scream about it,
I hope your captain leaves and all the Steves begin to doubt you,

See Steve, shut up Jonesy! I'm tryin' to talk!
Hey Steve, that's Graeme Jones screamin' in the trunk,
Why wasn't I approached? I just helped Scotland reach the Euros. (See I ain't like you)
'Cause if you get relegated you'll suffer more, and Jones will get sacked too,

Well, gotta go, I'm almost at Corbridge now,
Oh shit, I forgot, how am I supposed to send this shit out?