



SING ALONG WITH THE DARK CLOUDS. The STARS WIN WHEN WE'RE SINGING.



Song for Bracalello (to the tune of Thats Amore)

He's the scoring machine,
Wearing number 19,
Thats Simone

The lone Italian alive,
Who won't take a dive,
Thats Simone

With hot nuts and cold beer,
We'll stand and we'll cheer,
For Simone

The defenders are scared,
Time to LASH IT IN THERE,
To Simone

Simple Chants

You'll neeeever beeeeeeat Joe Warreeeeen

Min-uh-so-tah Goal! Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooooh

All we are saaaaa-ying, is give us a goal
(tune of "Give Peace A Chance"
repeat until they give us a goal)

Here we go here we go here we go...

SING LOUD. SING OFTEN.



GOALKEEPERS.

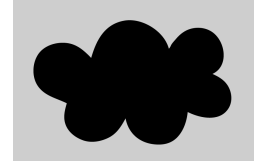
DON'T KNOW THE WORDS? MELODY? FOLLOW ALONG WITH WHOEVER NEAR YOU IS LOUDEST.
THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH MAKING UP YOUR OWN SONG.
FIND OUT WHAT WE'RE DOING BY FOLLOWING @MNDARKCLOUDS ON TWITTER AND FACEBOOK.

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Beatin' Your Defenders

(tune: Workin' on the Railroad)

We've been beatin' your defenders
All the live long day

We've been scorin' on your keeper
Just to pass the time away

Hey, can you see the scoreboard

We scored __ goals today

Hey, can't you play some defense,

You're getting blown away

You are getting blown

You are getting blown

You are getting blown a-way-ay-ay (*repeat*)

Lass From Overseas

(to "Yellow Submarine")

In the town

Where I was born

Came a lass

From overseas.

Still she lives

in Minnesota,

And her name

is Nessie

We all believe in

a Scottish Lake Monster

a Scottish Lake Monster

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**Come On You Stars
(to "Come on Eileen")**

Come on you Stars
We've traveled from far
On this evening
We give everything!

Give us your best
And beat all the rest
They don't own us
And we'll always sing!

(too rah loo rah etc.
make something up)

Anarchy in the NSC (the Sex Pistols)

I am an NSC Fan
I am a Minnesotan
I know what I want and I know how to get it,
I wanna DESTROY Caroh-lie-nah

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Cos ||||| wanna beeeeeeeeeeeeeee
NSC!

We're Stars (to Happy and you know it)

The only team I care about's the stars
The only team I care about's the stars
I don't watch the epl and liga can go to hell
because the only team I care about's the stars

Wayne rooney's pretty good but he's no star
Ronaldo's pretty good but he's no star
They're never with fans at the bar, they're out driving fancy cars
That's why the only team I care about's the stars

Vamos

Vamooooooooos
Estrellas Azuleeeeee
Esta nocheeeee
Tenemos que ganar

*(in English: "go blue stars,
tonight we have to win.*

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It works best in Spanish. Trust us.)

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Life In A Northern Town
a.k.a. **Life On A Nussy Ground**
a.k.a. **Life On A League-owned Team**
(Tune: **Life In A Northern Town**)

The beer garden army band played
And the children drank hard lemonade
The scoring lasted all day
All day.
And from a distant lake came
Like Hot Nuts™ from an open bag
Neeeeeee-sseeeee

Hey-oh ma ma ma
Life in a northern town

We sang in the eastern stand
Over west they sat on their hands
And everyone else came over
To listen.
We sang "believe in Nussy, believe"
It felt like the world would freeze
With Dark Clouds and Thunder (RIP)
In the forecast

Hey-oh ma ma ma
Life on a Nussy ground
Hey-oh ma ma ma
Life on a league-owned team

Goals (Tune: the Beastie Boys' "Girls")
Goals
All we really want is goals

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And in the morning we want goals
And in the evening we want goals
Two at a time we want goals
It's time to whip out our goals

Bracadeldo (to Donovan's "Mellow Yellow"—ask your parents)

I'm just mad 'bout Simone
Simone's mad about me
I'm just mad 'bout Simone
He's just mad about me

They call him Bracallelo
(Quite rightly)
They call him Bracallelo
(Quite rightly)
They call him Bracallelo

Electrical banana
Is gonna be a sudden craze
Electrical banana
Is bound to be the very next phase

They call him Devin Del Do
(Quite rightly)
They call him Devin Del Do
(Quite rightly)
They call him Devin Del Do

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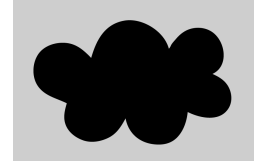
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Gold and Blue

we are white and we are blue, Ooooooh-ooh.
we are white and we are blue, Ooooooh-ooh.
when you drop out and we go through,
you'll believe in Nussy too.
OoohOoooohOooooh.

Dirty Old Town (apb: The Pogues)

I met my love in old Saint Paul
Dreamed a dream that we'd win it all
The Thunder have, and the Stars soon shall
Minnesota, Minnesota
We'll stand and sing with the blue and gold
Star of the north, shining true and bright
Know in our hearts that we'll win tonight
Minnesota, Minnesota
(repeat until victory)

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