

It's Only One Possession

It was only one possession, Why must my coach scream,
My poor defense permitted the basket, But what can one hoop mean?
As the pass comes my direction, And I fumble it into the stands,
The coach's voice rings loud and clear, "Catch with your eyes and hands!"
C'mon, coach, it's a single possession, Our team will be okay.
It's just the first two minutes, My gosh, we've got all day.

At the 10-minute mark I remember, That the center is strong and stout.
A put back for two, quite simply due, To my failure to turn and block out.
But it was only one possession, I didn't commit a crime,
My team is ahead and I'm playing well, And there's still plenty of time!

As the halftime buzzer is sounding, And I watch the ball bank in,
I know that I will hear from my loving coach. Of my questionable effort to defend.
But it was only one possession, Coach - don't have a heart attack!
We're down by one, but we're having fun, I know we'll get the lead back!

The second half mirrors the first, But it's early, it's not a big deal.
That my failure to use a pass fake. Results in an unlikely steal.
But quickly I sink a jumper. I'm greeted by high fives and slaps,
But next possession I give up a layup. While suffering mental lapse.
But it's only one possession, C'mon, Coach, chill out.
It's crazy to see you disgusted. As you slap the assistant and shout.
"Victory favors the team making the fewest mistakes.
Single possessions are the key. So treat them like gold and do as you're told,
And play with intensity."

I step to the line for one and one, But I have a concentration lapse.
The ball soars through the air - Good Lord, it's a brick!
I'm afraid the support will collapse. In post game I sit at my locker,
Pondering what more I could do. I realize the value of each possession,
What a shame that we lost by two