

Half Japanese

"All I Want For Christmas Is A Dukla-prague Away Kit"

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There was one of the gang, who had Scalextric and
because of that he thought he was better than you.
Every day after school,
You'd go around there to play it,
Hoping to compete for some kind of championship,
But it always took about 15 billion hours to set the track
up.
And even when you did, the thing never seemed to
work.
It was a dodgy transformer, again and again.
A dodgy transformer, again and again.
It was a dodgy transformer, again and again
A dodgy transformer that cost 3 pounds 10.

So he sent his doting mother
Up the stairs with the stepladder,
To get the Subutteo out of the loft.
It had all the accessories required for that big-match
atmosphere.
The crowd and the dugout, and the floodlights, too.
And you'd always get palmed off
With a headless center-forward,
And a goal-keeper with no arms,
And a face like his.
And he'd managed to get hold of
A Dukla-Prague Away Kit,
His uncle owned a sports shop and he'd kept it to one
side.
And after only five minutes
You'd be down to ten men,
And then he said sent off your right back for taking the
base from under his left-winger.
Come to half-time, you were losing four-nil.
Each and every goal, a hotly disputed penalty
So you smash up the floodlights
And the game was abandoned,
And the dog would bark
And you'd be banned from his house.
And your travelling army
Of synthetic supporters
Would be taken away from you

And thrown in the bin.

And now he's working
In a job with a future.
He hands me my Giro (as in fortnightly govt
unemployment handout) every two weeks.
And me I'm on the lookout
For a proper transformer.

Uh?!

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