

Half Man Half Biscuit

"All I Want For Christmas Is A Dulka Prague Away Ki"

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There was one in a gang,
Who had Scalextric,
And because of that,
He thought he was better than you.
Everyday after school,
You'd go around there to play it,
Hoping to compete for some kind championship,
And 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, cost 3 pounds 10.

So he sent his doting mother
Up the stairs with the stepladder,
To get the Subbuteo,
Out of the loft.
He 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-kicker 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 sport shop
And he'd kept it to one side.
And after only five minutes
You'd be down to ten men,
Because he'd 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 penatly.

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 Gyro (as in gyroscope, not "hero")
Every two weeks.
And me, I'm on the lookout
For a proper transformer.

Uh

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