

Chiara

"The Football Song"

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Verse 1

We got up early to get to the match
We smash and trash the first train that we catch
We seen a pub and we knocked a few back
We did the landlord right there on the mat
All twelve of us, well we seen this lad
We were really pleased but he wasn't too glad
I walked right to him, said "You could use a shave"
And introduced him to my Wilkinson blade
I took a grip, had to suck in real hard
Followed through with our firm's calling card
Then we did a runner cos he had some mates
And three against twelve doesn't sound too great
Into the toilet, marker pens at ready
The crippled attendant tried to come on really heavy
That was too bad, another guy got hurt
But never mind, it's all in a day's work

Chorus

Don't care if we lose, don't care if we win
Don't care if we sink, don't care if we swim
Don't care if we lose, don't care if we win
Cos YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD KICKED
IN!

Break

(You're gonna get your fuckin' head kicked in)
(You're gonna get your fuckin' head kicked in)

(Yeah, twat him. Kick his fuckin' head in! Scouse
bastard)

Repeat chorus

Verse 2

1-0, into the first five minutes
If he looks at me again I'll kill 'im

I don't think he'd be smilin' like that
With his teeth knocked out with a baseball bat
It's a pity I couldn't smuggle one in
But the security's good these days
It's a good job they didn't check me back pocket
Cos they'd've found my blade
1-0, what the hells up with 'em?
They should hammer these Krauts
Kick 'em in the bollocks and have done with
I ain't doin' for nowt
I came to watch a soccer match
Not fairies dancin'
I think I'll just liven things up
And give someone's face a good stampin'

Repeat chorus

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