

Cracker

"Duty Free"

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Well there are some lines that can't be crossed
And sometimes those lines get lost

CHORUS:

Do you need anything from Duty Free?
I've got to get out of the wet UK

Do do
Do do

VERSE:

Jackson Haring and I were at London Arms
College drunks kicking pigeons in the asses
Yeah feathers flying, and bobbies whining
Like little drunken schoolboys we only thought we were
kicking rats

CHORUS:

Will you need anything from Duty Free?
I got to get out of the wet UK
Do you need anything from Duty Free?
I've got to get back to the USA

REPEAT DOs

Liam Moore he comes from Kilken-ny
He's a singer and a painter, but not much behind the
wheel
Drove my pick-up truck in Iowa into a drainage ditch
He said he thought it was valet parking for the Holiday
Inn Express

Do you need anything from Duty Free?
I got to get back to Kil-, Kilken-ny
Do you need anything from Duty Free?
I've got to get the fuck outta the USA

REPEAT DOs

Well Frank Quinn is an Irish singer
A scuba-diving, paramedic, and a dead ringer

For every Irish fuck who ever had his picture on
A poster for the offices of Irish Tourism

Now I love Frank, and I love all o' his songs
And I love all o' his stories about fishing stiffs out of the
Shannon
And how the moss and seaweed would grow upon the
skin of the victims
And how one day Frank would go home, and get that
gig again

Will you need anything from Duty Free?
I got to get out of the USA
Do you need anything from Duty Free?
I got to get the fuck out of the USA

REPEAT DOs x2

REPEAT INTRODUCTION

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