

Paul Allen

"Stick 'Ewe World Cup Where The Sun Don't Shine"

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STICK Â'EWE WORLD CUP WHERE THE SUN DONÂ'T
SHINE

Designer shirts with a big red rose, a bloke called
Lawrence who gets up my nose. IÂ'd shut Â'em all up, if
I could. I wish to fuck Clive Woodward would.

Â'Ewe can stick Â'ewe world cup where the sun donÂ't
shine, wait until the Welsh boys run down the line.

Â'Ewe can take Â'ewe O.B.EÂ's and lay Â'em on the
grass, stick Â'ewe fuckinÂ' chariots up Â'ewe fuckinÂ'
ass.

So Â'ewe gotta fuckinÂ' kicker who can drop the odd
goal, IÂ'd like to see him do it with my boot up his hole.

Â'Ewe got a manager who Â'ewe call sir, youÂ've had
more fuckinÂ' chariots than fuckinÂ' Ben-Hur.

Â'Ewe can stick Â'ewe world cup where the sun donÂ't
shine, wait until the Welsh boys run down the line.

Â'Ewe can take Â'ewe O.B.EÂ's and lay Â'em on the
grass, stick Â'ewe fuckinÂ' chariots up Â'ewe fuckinÂ'
ass.

The Irish get lucky and the Scots get on Â'ewe, some
canÂ't do it without the fuckinÂ' Johnnies, the French
have got they cock. The Italians got their pasta, when it
comes ruckinÂ' the Welsh are fuckinÂ' faster.

OH, now Â'ewe won the world cup, buy some fuckinÂ'
shirts that fits Â'you, will Â'ewe.

YouÂ're on the T.V, on every back page, I thought it
was an ad for help the fuckinÂ' age. YouÂ're on the
fuckinÂ' wireless, youÂ've been in with the queen, and
not for the first time from what I fuckinÂ' seen. O.K, so
Â'ewe won, now shut the fuck up, weÂ've had a
fuckinÂ' tit-full of Â'ewe and Â'ewe cup. Â'Ewe waved
Â'ewe flags, toasted Â'ewe chariots, youÂ've even had
a roasting from fuckinÂ' Ainsley Harriot.

Â'Ewe can stick Â'ewe world cup where the sun donÂ't
shine, wait until the Welsh boys run down the line.

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stick Â'ewe fuckinÂ' chariots up Â'ewe fuckinÂ' ass.

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shine, wait until the Welsh boys run down the line.

Â'Ewe can take Â'ewe O.B.EÂ's, lay Â'em on the grass,

stick Â'ewe fuckinÂ' chariots up Â'ewe fuckinÂ' ass.
Â'Ewe can stick Â'ewe world cup where the sun donÂ't
shine, wait until the Welsh boys run down the line.
Â'Ewe can take Â'ewe O.B.EÂ's, lay Â'em on the grass,
and stick Â'ewe fuckinÂ' chariots up Â'ewe fuckinÂ'
ass.
OH, bring Â'em down our fuckinÂ' streets, see how
long they lasts then boy, IÂ'm fuckinÂ' tellinÂ' Â'ewe
OH, FACK OFF.

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