

**Holiday In Albania**  
**Attila the Stockbroker**

[Intro]

D            D            A            G            [x2]

[Verse 1]

D  
I donâ€™t want a fortnight on the Costa del Sol

Donâ€™t wanna go to Bognor, itâ€™s a plague-ridden hole  
          A                            G            D

And it donâ€™t fit in with my ideology  
D

Down the Adriatic to the Vlora Bay

Twenty pints of Fosters and Iâ€™m away

          A                            G            D  
â€™Cause now I know just where I wanna be

          A            G                            D  
Albania, thatâ€™s the place for me

[Verse 2]

D  
I used to like Bermuda but thereâ€™s too many lice

And last year I got herpes and thatâ€™s not very nice  
          A                            G            D

So take me where the lemmings all run free  
D

Weâ€™ll boogie in Tirana to the latests sounds

Then to Girokastra and weâ€™ll do the rounds

          A                            G            D  
â€™Cause now I know just where I wanna be

          A            G                            D  
Albania, thatâ€™s the place for me

[Verse 3]

D  
There really isnâ€™t anything can match the charms

Of the tractor factories and the halibut farms  
          A                            G            D

And the legendâ€™ry football team, Partizani  
D

I donâ€™t want a holiday in the sun

Two weeks in Albaniaâ€™s much more fun  
          A                            G            D

And now I know just where I wanna be

**A G D**

Albania, that's the place for me

**A G D**

I said Albania, that's the place for me