

All I Want For Christmas Is A Dukla Prague Away Kit
Half Man Half Biscuit

(Intro Bb Eb Bb Eb)

There was one in the gang who had Scalextric
And because of that he thought he was better than you
Every day after school youâ€™d go round there to play it
Hoping to compete for some kind of championship
But it always took about fifteen 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 that cost three pound ten
So heâ€™d send his doting mother up the stairs with the stepladders
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
Youâ€™d always get palmed off with a headless centre forward
And a goalkeeper with no arms and a face like his
And heâ€™d managed to get hold of a Dukla Prague away kit
Cos his uncle owned a sports shop and heâ€™d kept it to one side
And after only five minutes youâ€™d be down to ten men
Cos heâ€™d sent off your right back for taking the base from under his left
winger
And come to half time you were losing four-nil
Each and every goal a hotly disputed penalty

So youâ€™d smash up the floodlights and the match was abandoned

Bb

Eb

And the dog would bark and youâ€™d be banned from his house

Bb

Eb

And your travelling army of synthetic supporters

Bb

Eb

Bb

Eb

Bb

Eb

Would be taken away from you and thrown in the bin

Bb

Eb

Now heâ€™s working in a job with a future

Bb

Eb

He hands me my Giro every two weeks

Bb

Eb

And me Iâ€™m on the lookout for a proper transformer â€|errr