I Was A Teenage Armchair Honved Fan Half Man Half Biscuit

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(intro E A E A, E A E A)
Woke up this morning, found myself in bed
My knowledge of the blues is somewhat nil
I d dreamt about a love affair in far off Budapest
The sort of thing that sugars every pill
(n.C.)
                                    AEA, EAEA
                                \mathbf{E}
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
I went dans la cuisine in a bilinguistic mood
And Morphy Richards popped up with the goods
I was feeling Hungary both this morning and last night
And with an appetite like that you see the woods
                                    AEA, EAEA
                                E
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
Is this the bit where we re supposed to make guitars collide?
And is this the bit where we release all that raw energy?
And is this the bit where we go crashing through those barriers?
                                 EAEA, EAEA
Like what they do in music mags?
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
                                     Ε
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan. I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
E
                                     E
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan. I was a teenage armchair Honved,
I was a teenage armchair Honved, I was a teenage armchair Honved,
I was a teenage wham bam thank you, I was a teenage armchair Honved,
Α
I was a teenage armchair Honved, I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan. I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
                                Α
                                     E
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan. I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
                                     (fade)
I was a teenage armchair Honved fan.
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