

All I Want For Christmas Is A Dukla-prague Away Kit

Half Man Half Biscuit

There was one of the gang,
Who had Scalectrix and,
Because of that;
He thought he was better than you,
And everyday after school,
You'd go around there to play him,
Hoping to compete for some kind championship,
And it always took about 15 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.
It was a dodgy transformer, again and again.
It was a dodgy blue mass, again and again.
It was a dodgy transformer, cost 3 pounds 10.

So he sent his doting mother
Up the stairs with the stepladder,
To get the subbuteo
Out of the loft.
It had all the accessories
Required for that big-match atmosphere.
The crowd and the dugout,
And the floodlights, too.
And you'd always get palmed off
With a headless center-forward,
And a goal-keeper with no arms,
And a face like his.
And he'd managed to get hold of
A Dukla-Prague Away Kit,
His uncle owned a sport shop
And he'd kept it to one side.
And after only five minutes
You'd be down to ten men,
As he'd sent-off your right back,
For taking the base from under his left-winger.
Come to half-time, you were losing, four-nil.
Each and every goal, a hotly disputed penalty.
So you smash up the floodlights
And the game was abandoned,
And the dog would bark
And you'd be banned from his house.
And your travelling army
Of synthetic supporters
Would be taken away from you
And thrown in the bin.

And now he's working
In a job with a future.
He hands me my Giro, (
Every two weeks.
And me, I'm on the lookout
For a proper transformer.

Uh?!