

# Heideroosjes, Draughts Club Hooligan

Sunday morning, at transport  
Warping up with escort  
I'll put my fist in front  
I'm alone but singing together

Even if I need to pull for hours  
The will come off, those luggage shelves  
It's a great sport  
I'll make a mess of every train

Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
To promote my draughts club, I kick everything to pieces  
Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
I test every bus for its springs, why doesn't that get any appreciation?

It's a beautiful ritual  
As I tear a busstop to four pieces  
You have to have a lot of talent  
A busstop is rooted deep in the concrete

I called the queen  
I wanted to get a ribbon(\*1)  
Because, before the first dam  
I pay out my first punch

Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
To promote my draughts club, I kick everything to pieces  
Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
Every day a heavy strife, doesn't anybody recognize my talent?

Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
To promote my draughts club, I kick everything to pieces  
Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
First I punch, then there's the papers headline  
Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
I work my fingers to the bone, and then I get a sporting gym ban?  
Hooligan  
I am a hooligan  
Even when I'm alone, I keep kicking around for Our Draughts'

(\*1 The Queen of the Netherlands gives ribbons to people who do something special)