

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)