

Macc Lads, Buenos Aries

Get at 'em.
There was a load bloody faries,
In Buenos bloody Aries,
With greasy hair and sweaty bums,
They'd never heard of Bonningtons,
It were a different culture and a different race,
No chippies in bloody place.
You can keep that poof Fartiles,
'Cos we're going to have your Malvines.
Hey up, hey up, hey up, hey up.
Well, they got us back son, without a doubt,
Time to sort them bastards out,
Costa Mendes lives in fear
Of real men who can hold their beer.

Sing hey hey hey the lads are on their way,
With their bayonets and their tommy guns
And their bellies full of Boddingtons.
Hey up, hey up, hey up, hey up. Whoop!
Get in there my son, let's set up a couple of pubs.
Let the bitter flow, nuke 'em till they glow...
Hey up, hey up, hey up, hey up.
Fray Bentos and cheap red wine is all they eat in the Argentine,
But after a scrap with the English Navy,
They'll ask for the recipe for chips and gravy.
Sing hey, hey, hey, the lads are on their way,
With their bayonets and their tommy guns,
And their bellies full of Boddingtons.
(Repeat to end)