

# Half Man Half Biscuit, All I Want For Christmas Is

There was one of the gang, who had Scalextric and because of that he thought he was better than  
Every day after school,  
You'd go around there to play it,  
Hoping to compete for some kind of championship,  
But 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.  
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It was a dodgy transformer, again and again  
A dodgy transformer that cost 3 pounds 10.

So he sent his doting mother  
Up the stairs with the stepladder,  
To get the Subutteo 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 sports shop and he'd kept it to one side.  
And after only five minutes  
You'd be down to ten men,  
And then he said 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 (as in fortnightly govt unemployment handout) every two weeks.  
And me I'm on the lookout  
For a proper transformer.

Uh?!