McLusky, World Cup Drumming

It's war I tell yer, I met some fellas.
Who used to love you, but now they don't know you.
My favourite cousin, who used to mean something.
He played me records I've tried to forget.
Like french and saunders, he talked for hours.
Through costume dramas, watched by piranhas.
And rows and rows and rows and rows of
Muppets staring straight at the sun.
But I feel the force I'm dead of course.
Enrolled on popular culture course.
But I can't save nothing but world cup drumming.
It stuck in my throat like it used to mean something.
I feel the force I'm dead of course.
Enrolled on popular culture course.
But I can't save nothing but world cup drumming.
And I polish it every day.
It's war I tell yer, on fortune-tellers.
On trumped-up charges, you always were the hardest.
Me favourite brother, who used to be taller.
He played me records, I'll only hear once.
It's war.