

The Matches, Yankee In A Chip Shop

We've come, come, to chameleon
In your pubs, clubs
Nah, we don't want no trouble
Sit down Nick, Nick,
I'm dirty from my week
Just wanna blend in
And if you wanna find us then

We're gonna run run run all ten blocks
We're gonna run run run to the tube stop
Just try to pull, pull, girls talking on their cells
Saying, 'Boys, cowboys, keep your gene pool to yourselves'
Gotta run run run all ten blocks
We gotta run run run to the tomb stop

They wanna know:
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
I gotta go, go!
Go, go!

Now everyone say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
And say it like you mean it
'Cause it doesn't mean a thing
So it's easier to scream it
Say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
Say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
Now say, 'Oakland is never more Oakland
That when you're lost in London'
Say 'Get, get, get our order up
We gotta get get get greased to sober up'

Now everyone say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
And say it like you mean it
'Cause it doesn't mean a thing
So it's easier to scream it
Say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
Say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
Say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
Say 'hey!'
(Hey!)
Say 'hey!'
(Hey!)

Now say 'get, get, get our order up
We gotta get get get greased to sober up'
They wanna know:
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
They wanna know, oh:
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
We gotta go, go!
Go, go, gooooo!

Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
They wanna know, oh:
Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?

Who let the Yankees in the chip shop?
Fuck, we gotta go