

# Handball

## The Business

3000 miles is a long way to go  
To be beaten by a dwarf in Mexico  
He was an aged cheat who didn't give a damn  
Couldn't use his head so used his hand  
They forgave the blind old sod  
And Maradona claimed it was the hand of God  
So out of the cup but what you expect  
From a poxy little country and a circus reject  
Argy-bargy  
Hanky-panky  
Naughty naughty  
Handball  
The British boys in the Mexico sun  
Stood their ground a  
And Hare Duke on the run  
Same old story you always start  
You not got the bottle and you ain't got a heart  
And where the English and we play it fair  
We lost the Cup but we don't care  
Everyone knows the final score  
But who won the Falklands war  
Two or one a final score  
Now on to the Falklands war

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