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 rejectArgy-bargy
Hanky-panky
Naughty naughty
HandballThe 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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