Three Lions

Skinner and Baddiel

It's coming home,
It's coming home,
It's coming,
Football's coming home

Everyone seems to know the score,
They've seen it all before,
They just know,
They're so sure,

That England's Gonna throw it away,
Gonna blow it away,
But know they can play,
'Cause I remember

Three Lions on a shirt,
Jules Rimet still gleaming,
Thirty years of hurt,
Never stopped me dreaming.

So many jokes, so many sneers,
But all those oh-so-nears,
Wear you down,
Through the years,

But I still see that tackle by Moore,
And when Linekar scored,
Bobby belting the ball,
And Nobby Dancing

Three Lions on a shirt,
Jules Rimet still gleaming,
Thirty years of hurt,
Never stopped me dreaming.

It's coming
Three Lions

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