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Larrikin Music Pty Limited - 4/30-32 Carrington Street, - Sydney, NSW, - Australia, 2000

WORLD CUP FEVER

Now there are Scots a-plenty livin' in this lucky country
Where the esky's never empty and where no-one ever starves
Ten years ago came news historic that sent a' the Scots euphoric
And that caused a meteoric rise in the price o' tartan scarves
The news was electrifyin' the Scottish Team oot here was flyin'
For a World Cup qualifyin' match against the Soccerroos
So every Burns Club and Society, those pillars of sobriety
They prayed with desperate piety, "God, Dinnae Let Us Lose!"

And when some stupid damn committee gave the match to Melbourne City
Though it made us all feel quite annoyed, we didn't cause a fuss
After intense investigation of how to reach our destination
We found the cheapest transportation was a Fifty-Seater Bus.
So forty Scots from our community went and seized their opportunity
Grantin' diplomatic immunity to ten brave Aussie Blokes
But in spite of this disparity with much drinkin' and hilarity
Well, we sealed oor solidarity tellin' anti-English jokes

Chorus:

Wasn't it grand boys, wasn't it grand!
Marchin' roon' the park behind the Police Pipe Band
"Scotland The Brave" was the tune the Pipe Band Played
While oor flags and banners waved, wasn't it grand

Five hundred miles tae old Melbourne - eh my God oh what a journey
Ten hours later we still werenae near tae where we had tae be
Some Pubs we had tae pop in tae keep oor fluid level frae droppin'
And the bus had tae keep stoppin' to let us a' oot for a pee
Oh, the singin' and carousin' party songs and rabble-rousin'
Well the drinkin' and the sousin' was gettin' serious
And one bloke got quite frisky and he drank two bottles o' whisky
Which was really rather risky, cause he was drivin' the bus.

And when, nae thanks tae the drivin' at the match we were arrivin'
We could feel our excitement risin' as we waited for kick-off
As the Stadium started fillin' we saw someone had made a killin'
Sellin' Scots Flags by the million, and miles of' tartan cloth
Wi that tartan army crammed in you could imagine you were standin'
On the terracin' at Hampden when up North the English came
As roon' the pitch the Scots went scootin', the auld enemy disputin'
We would cry "Sink The Boot In" or " C'mon Ref, Play ra Game!"

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The noise when oor game was startin' was like a million elephants fartin'
Thousands o' drunks a' dressed in tartan screamed like they was givin' birth
The sound o' anarchy and upheaval, of reason gone beyond retrieval
Oh that chilling sound primeval o' the greatest game on earth!
On the singers and the chanters, the ravers and the ranters
Wavin' flags and tam-o-shanters, and screamin' oorselves hoarse
Well we drank oorselves insensible, oor thirst was near unquenchable
Oor behaviour, reprehensible and oor language bloody coarse!

Now when the Aussies were attackin' well we gave them a shellackin'
Makin' obscene signs and crackin' dirty jokes at their expense
We cast doubts on their paternity, and their mother's chastity
Their courage and ability and their sexual preference
But when oor team got possession and the Aussie goal was pressin'
We called down heaven's blessing on their wizardry and skill
And we all agreed the opposition were no match for our magicians
So at the half-time intermission we were down a goal tae nil!

Now I don't want tae bore yez wi' the game or what the score wis
My time precious just as yours is, and it's time this song was spent
And though my hands still shake and quiver, and the doctors say I'll never
Regain the full use o' my liver, I'm bloody glad I went!