

Fitba Crazy

You aa know ma wee brither, his name is Jock McGraw,
He's lately jined a fitba club, for he's mad about fitba.
He has two black eyes already, and teeth lost frae his gub,
Since Jock became a member o that terrible fitba club.

Chorus

For he's fitba crazy, he's fitba mad,
The fitba it has robbed him o the little bit o sense he had,
It would take a dozen skivvies, his claes tae wash and scrub,
Since Jock became a member o that terrible fitba club.

The first game he took part in, I was there masel and saw,
There were jaickets for the goalposts and a tin can for the ba.
The Prince of Wales was there himsel, in his dinner suit,
Jock he passed the ball across, and shouted, "CHARLIE, SHOOT!"

His wife she says she'll leave him, if Jock he doesn't keep
Away from fitba kickin, at night time in his sleep.
He calls her Charlie Tully, and other names so droll,
Last night he kicked her out of bed and swore it was a goal.

In the middle of the field at Hampden, the captain said, 'McGraw,
'Will you kindly take this penalty or we'll never win at aa.'
Jock took three steps backwards, and shot off from the mark.
The ball went sailin over the bar and landed in New York