

INTRO

A long, long time ago,
I can still remember how my hamstrings, could stretch for a mile
And I know if I had the gall, That I could sprint hard for the ball and
wouldn't end up in a screaming pile
But old man's hamstrings aren't that supple
And our moaning ain't so subtle
The wife glares with disdain, Why can't she feel our pain?
It's true I let out a little cry, when my groin tore to my inner thigh
My pain threshold ain't that high, It seems the end is nigh

CHORUS

So why, why be a Wembley Vets guy?
Pinging hammies, busting fingers, watching slow old men try
We don't keep the score there's no ladder in sight
Wishing this'll be the day that I fly
Yet can't jump over one inch in height

VERSE 1

But it's not all that bad y'know, There are cracking blokes you get to know,
Some will even tell you so
Well, have you met our mate Jake?
He's off the planet out in space And
hasn't touched the ball in a month or so
Well then there's Bassie, we love him, He's spent far too long in the gym
He's new to this approach, How the fuck did he become coach?
How about Selfy, Rocket and Nunzio, Fat, balding and fucking slow
But hey they always have a go, They're proof, the end ain't nigh

Our wives are singing

CHORUS

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VERSE 2

Now for thirty years we have been around
And now we're at a flash new ground, But it didn't start too happily
When the coach rocked up, baseball didn't flee
So he gave them advice for scot free, With some words that include F and C
Oh and while Nankers was soothing stress, His wrist gave way in the mess
He needed surgery, Now needs glasses to see
Meanwhile Slarkey's out there taking marks, And the Clamp's tackles bring
remarks
Doonans doing strange things in the dark, So no, the end ain't nigh

Our family's singing

CHORUS

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VERSE 3

Irish clapped out, cannot land a tap out
BJ makes love to a roll of blue foam While, Space looks on jealously
Mikey lands hard on the grass Sandy plucks things from his arse
With Hurls stuck at home with no leave pass
Now the half time speech is on repeat, Can you soft pricks keep your feet?
We all do try our best, Oh, but we never pass the test
Cos just to get out on to the field, With strapping tape we must be sealed
Brainy's knees can't be revealed, But no, the end ain't nigh

Our Friends are singing CHORUS

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VERSE 4

Cotch and Wal think they run the place
But two wood dildoes took their place, Payney's ankle crumbled again
We say Sarge be nimble, Sarge be quick, But Sarge is just a slow fat prick
'Cos no doubt, he is here pissed again
Oh and BP's running leads to thrills, We just wish it was backed with skills
And Jazzy, takes a stand, Thinks he's in a boy band
And Bero kicks barrels into the night, Bevo's knee sees him now take flight
And Gilsy's shorts are way too tight, So no, the end ain't nigh

Everyone's thinking Chorus

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LAST VERSE

We have some boys who like the Blues, and
some support the wees and poos, And Freo too to our dismay
Rookie thought it was this year for sure
That the Tigers would finally roar, but we know the Tigers cannot play
And in the pocket, Rhino screams, I am open, but no-one sees
Boothie's glance was token, Benno's opponent broken
But the men that I'm concerned for most, The deluded fans of the West Coast
We forgive you tools the most..., Cos you..., are Wembley guys

Penultimate CHORUS

That's why, why we are Wembley Vets guy?
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EVERYBODY...

FINAL CHORUS

That's why, why, we are Wembley Vets guys
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We don't keep the score, there's no ladder in sight
Wishing this'll be the day that I fly