

ENGLAND 2 COLOMBIA 0

Written by **Kirsty MacColl**
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The following chords are used in this song:

002210 X13331 022100 320003 X32010 13321 422100
Am Bb E G C F E*

(note: The E* is optional. It is played as a basic E chord, plus the pinky on the 4th fret)

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E Bb E Bb E Bb Am
Am E
Oh you shouldn't have kissed me and got me so excited
Am
And when you asked me out I really was delighted
Bb
So we went to a pub in Belsize Park
E* E
And we cheered on England as the sky grew dark
Am Bb
Oh you shouldn't have kissed me cause you started a fire
E* E
But then I found out that you're a serial liar
Am E*
You lied about your status, you lied about your life
G C
You never mentioned your three children and the fact you have a wife
F C
Now it's England 2 Colombia 0
E* E
And I know just how those Colombians feel
Am E
If you hadn't passed out while I was talking to your friend
Am
It could have really ended badly cause you very nearly had me
Bb
If he hadn't taken pity on my heart full of desire

I might never have found out you're a serial liar

You lied about your status you lied about your life

You forgot you have three children you forgot you have a wife

Now it's England 2 Colombia 0

And I know just how those Colombians feel

It is not in my nature to ever pick the winning team

Sometimes I think I'm happy then I remember it's a dream

Now it isn't in my nature to ever pick a winner

I always pick a bastard who would have me for his dinner

I can never possess the object of my desire

Cause he's bound to turn out to be a serial liar

OK I didn't mention my kids, I thought I'd wait a bit

But I am free and single and he's a lying git

Cause he lied about his status. He lied about his life

He forgot he had three children. He forgot he had a wife

And it's England 2 Colombia 0

I know just how those Colombians feel

So I got into a taxi and sobbed all the way home

Called my friend up in Sao Paulo and cried down the phone

I played some tragic music and I lay down to die

But later I woke and I hadn't stopped crying

You should never have kissed me, you tasted of deceit

Your perfume was Adultery but I'm not a piece of meat

So I'll be the one that you couldn't acquire

I found out in time you're a serial liar

You lied about your status. You lied about your life

And I pity your three children, and I pity your poor wife

Now you can go to Hell I'm going to Brazil

Still it's England 2 Colombia 0

[reproduced from www.kirstymaccoll.com]