

Haji was a punk just like any other boy  
And he never had no trouble till he started up his Oi band  
Safe in the garage or singing in the tub  
Till Haji went too far and he plugged in at the pub

'Twas a cold Christmas eve when Trevor and the skins  
Popped in for a pint and to nick a back of crisps  
Trevor liked the music but not the Unity  
He unwound Haji's turban and he knocked him to his knees

If God came down on Christmas Day  
I know exactly what He'd say  
He'd say "Oi to the punks and Oi to the skins  
and Oi to the world and everybody wins!"

Haji was a bloody mess, he ran out through the crowd  
he said "we'll meet again we are bloody but not unbowed"  
Trevor called his bluff and told him where to meet  
Christmas day on the roof down at 20 Oxford street

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and Oi to the world and everybody wins!"

On the roof with the nun chucks Trevor broke a lot of bones  
But Haji had a sword like the guy in Indiana Jones

Police sirens wailing, a bloody dying man  
Haji was alone and abandoned by his band  
Trevor was there fading and still so full of hate  
When the skins left him there and went down the fire escape  
Oi! Oi!

But then Haji saw the north star shining more then ever  
So he made a tourniquet from his turban saving Trevor  
They rappelled down the roof with the rest of the turban  
and went back to the pub where they bought each other bourbon

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