

Haji was a punk just like any other boy
And he never had no trouble until he started up his Oi band,
safe in the garage or singing in the tub.
Till Haji went to 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
So he unwound Haji's turban and 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-
but Oi to the world and everybody wins!"
Haji was a bloody mess, he ran out thru 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 20 Oxford street
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-
but 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 that guy in Indiana Jones
Police sirens wailing, a bloody dying man,
Haji was alone and abandoned his band
Trevor was there fading and still so full of hate
when the skins left him there and went down the fire escape
But then Haji saw the north star shining more then ever
So he made a tourniquet from his turban saving Trevor
the repelled down the roof with the rest of the turban
and went back to the pub where they bought each other bourbon
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-
but Oi to the world and everybody wins!"