```
Well now the school Christmas party is coming
Ain't doing rugby no more
McIntyre teaching us waltzing
Out on the gymnasium floor
Nobody battered or bleeding
Nobody's tattered and torn
McIntyre's dim, loud in the gym
            D
Well, we've only got a little (...)
We've only got a little (...)
             G
And it's you, you're a disgrace
McIntyre tore us apart
We dance with ourselves, when the (\ldots) find their space
Waltzing with fear in our hearts
Waltzing with fear in our hearts
On the big final manoeuvre, all of our heads are a whirl
Getting much closer to the deep thing
This time we'll do it with girls
In the arena the ladies are waiting
A twelve year old girl for a bride
The matches were fixed, somehow we mixed
And the fat girl got left on the side
The fat girl got left on the side.
             G
And it's you, you're a disgrace
McIntyre tore us apart
We dance with ourselves, when the (...) find their space
Waltzing with fear in our hearts
Waltzing with fear in our hearts
It's the secondary waltz
Well you come to my right, and I am under the light
See that my footwork is false
```

Don't count me out, the start of the bow

Bm C

I'm just doing secondary waltz

Am D

Doing secondary waltz

C D

And it's the secondary waltz

C D

Yeah, it's the secondary waltz