

## Enter The Haggis

### "Donald, Where's Yer Troosers?"

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Well, I'd just come down from the Isle of Sky  
And I'm very big and awfully shy  
And the lassies shout as I go by,  
'Donald, where's yer troosers?'

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt I go  
All the lasses shout,  
'Hello!  
Donald, where's yer troosers?'

A lassie took me to a ball  
And it was slippery in the hall  
I was afraid that I might fall  
Cause I was nae wearin' troosers

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt I go  
All the lasses shout,  
'Hello!  
Donald, where's yer troosers?'

To wear the kilt is my delight  
I'm never wrong cause I'm always right  
The Highlanders would get a fright  
If they saw me wearing troosers

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt I go  
All the lasses shout,  
'Hello!  
Donald, where's yer troosers?'

Well I was driving in my car  
Went downtown to Kenny's Bar  
Fifteen scotches, five cigars  
And I left without my troosers

(Spoken)  
Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt I go  
All the lasses shout,  
'Hello!  
Donald, where's yer troosers?'

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt I go  
'Donald, where's yer troosers?'

(Police Officer)  
'Scuse me.  
Sir?  
You, on the bicycle.  
Would you pull over to the side of the road, please?  
Have you had anything to drink tonight, sir?  
Mmhmm.  
And what happened to your pants?

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