

## **The Corries**

### **"Portree Kid"**

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A man came ridin' oot the west one wild and stormy  
day  
He was quiet lean and hungry, his eyes were smoky  
grey  
He was lean across the hurdies but his shooders they  
were big  
The terror o' the hielan glens, that was The Portree Kid

(chorus)  
He drum ho, he drum hey  
The teuchter that cam frae Skye  
(chorus)

His sidekick was an orra' man and oh but he was mean  
He was ca'd The Midnight Plough-Boy and he cam fae  
Aberdeen  
He had twenty seven notches on his cromak so they  
say  
And killed a million Indians, way up in Stornoway

Portree booted in the door, he sauntered tae the bar  
He poured a shot o crabbies he shouted Slangear  
While midnight was being chatted up by a barroom girl  
called Pam  
Who said well howdy stranger, would you buy's a  
babycham

Now over in the corner sat three men fae Auchtertool  
They were playing games for money, in a snakes and  
ladders school  
The fourth man was a southerner who'd come up from  
MacMerry  
He'd been a river gambler, on the Ballachulish Ferry

(chorus)

Portree walked tae the table and he shouted shake me  
in  
He shoogled on the eggcup, he gave the dice a spin  
He threw seven sixes in a row and the game was nearly  
done  
But then he landed on a snake, and finished on square

one

The game was nearly over and Portree was daein fine  
He'd landed on a ladder, he was up tae forty nine  
He only had but one to go and the other man was beat  
But the gambler couped the board off, and shouted  
you're a cheat

Men dived behind the rubber plants to try and save  
their skins  
The accordionist stopped playing, his sidekick dropped  
the spoons  
He says I think its funny, you've been up that ladder  
twice  
And ye iways dunt the table, when I go to throw my dice

(chorus)

The gambler drew his Skian Dubh as fast as lightning  
speed  
Portree grabbed a screwtop, he cracked him o'er the  
heid  
Then he gave him laldy wi' a salmon off the wall  
And he finished off the business, wi' his lucky  
grousefoot's claw

Portree walked up tae the bar, he says I'll hae a half  
And d'ye like the way I stuck it on that wee Macmerry  
nyaff  
But the Southerner crept up behind his features  
wracked wi' pain  
And gubbed him wi' an ashtray, made oot o' a curling  
stane

The fight went raging on all night till opening time next  
day  
Wi' a break for soup and stovies aff a coronation tray  
It was getting kind o' obvious, that neither man would  
win  
When came the shout that stopped it all, there's a bus  
trip comin in

(chorus)

They sing this song in Galashiels and up by Peterheid  
Way down o'er the border, across the Rio Tweed  
But what became o' Portree, Midnight and the gamblin'  
man,  
They opened up a gift shop selling fresh air in a can

(chorus)

Frae Skye  
Frae Skye  
Frae Skye  
Frae Skye

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