

Corries

"Portree Kid"

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The Portree Kid

Chappell Music Ltd

Arranged: The Corries

Words: J W Hill (Parody)

Music: Stan Jones

1. A man cam' riding oot the west one wild and stormy
day

He was tall, quiet and hungry, his eyes were smokey
grey

He was lean across the hurdies, but his shouders 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

2. His sidekick was an orra' man, and oh but he was
mean

He was ca'ad the Midnight Ploughboy, and he cam'
frae Aberdeen

He had twenty seven notches on his cromack so they
say

And he killed a million indians, way up in Stornoway

3. Portree booted in the door, he sauntered tae the bar

He poured a shot o' Crabbies, he shouted Slainte Mhath

(Slangevar)

While Midnight was being chatted up by a bar room girl
called Pam

Who said 'Well how-dy stranger, wad' ye buy's a
Babycham'

4. Now over in the corner sat three men frae
Auchtertool

They were playing games for money, in a snakes and
ladder school

The fourth man was a southerner who'd come up from
Macmerry

He'd been a river gambler on the Ballachulish Ferry

Chorus

4. 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

5. The game was nearly over and Portree was doing
fine

He'd landed on a ladder, he was up to forty nine

He only had but one to go and the other man was beat

But the gambler cowped the board over, and shouted
'You're a cheat'

7. 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 ayeways dunt the table, when I go tae throw my
dice'

Chorus

8. The gambler drew his Skian Dubh (Skeandoo), 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

9. 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 he gubbed him wi' an ashtray, made oot o' a
curling stane

10. 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 coming in'

Chorus

11. They sing this song in Galashiels and up by
Peterheid

Way down o'er the border. across the Rio Tweed

About what became o Portree, Midnight and the
Gambling Man

They opened up a gift shop. selling fresh air in a can

Chorus

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