

## Corries

### "The 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 smokey  
grey  
He was lean across the hurdies, but his shooders they  
were big  
The terror o' the heilan glens - that was the Portree Kid

Hee-durum-ho  
Hee-durum-hey  
The tuechter, that come, frae Skye

His sidekick was an aura man, n oh but he was mean  
He was called The Midnight Ploughboy, n he come frae  
Aberdeen  
He had twentyseven notches on his chromac so they  
say  
And he killed a million indians - way up in Stornoway

Portree booted in the door, he sauntered tae the bar  
He poured a shot ay Crabby's, he shouted 'slainte bha'  
While Midnight was bein chatted up, by a bar room girl  
called Pam  
Who said well howdy stranger, would ye buy us 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

Hee-durum-ho  
Hee-durum-hey  
The teuchter, that come, fae Skye

Portree walked tae the table, and he shouted shake me  
in  
He shougled on the egg cup, 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 dain fine  
He'd landed on a ladder, he was up tae fortynine  
he only had but one tae go, and the other man was  
beat  
But the gambler couped the boarded oer, and shouted  
you're a cheat

Men dived behind the rubber plants, tae try and save  
their skins  
Tha accordionist stopped playin, his sidekick dropped  
the spoons  
He said I think it's funny, ye've been up that ladder  
twice  
n ye ayways dunt the table, when i go tae throw me  
dice

Hee-durum-ho  
Hee-durum-hey  
The teuchter, that come, fae Skye

The gambler drew his skian-dhu, as fast as lightning  
speed  
Portree grabbed a screwtop, he cracked him oer the  
heed  
Then he gave him laldy wi a salmon aff the wall  
And he finished off the business, wi his lucky grouse  
foot's claw

Portree he walked up tae the bar, and says i'll hae a  
half  
And dae ye like the way i stuck it, tae that wee McMerri  
nyaf  
But the Southerner crept up behind, his featured  
racked wi pain  
And he gubbed him wi an ashtray, made oot a curlin  
stane

The fight went ragin on all night, till openin time next  
day  
Break for soup n stovies, off a coronation tray  
It was gettin kinda obvious that neither man would win  
when came the shout that stopped it aw, 'there's a bus  
trip comin' in'

Hee-durum-ho  
Hee-durum-hey  
The teuchter, that come, fae Skye

They sing this song in Gallasheils, n up by Peterheed  
Way down oer the border, across the Rio Tweed  
About what became of Portree, Midnight and the  
Gamblin man  
They opened up a gift shop, sellin' fresh air in a can

Hee-durum-ho  
Hee-durum-hey  
The teuchter, that come, fae Skye

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