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The White Stripes "Prickly Thorn, But Sweetly Worn"

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Singin' li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh Li de li de li, oh, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh

Well, the hills are pretty and rollin' But the thorn is sharp and swollen And the man plays a beautiful whistle But he wears a prickly thistle

Singin' li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh Li de li de li, oh, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh

The silver birches pierce through an icy fog Which covers the ground most daily And the angels which carry St. Andrew high Are singing a tune most gaily

Singin' li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh Li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh

One sound can hold back a thousand hands When the pipe blows a tune forlorn And the thistle is a prickly flower Aye, but how it is sweetly worn

Singin' li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh Li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh

Li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh Li de li de li, oh, oh Well, a li de li de li, oh

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