

Real McCoy

"Donald Where's Yer Troosers?"

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I've just come back from the Isle of Skye
Im no very big and I'm awful shy
And the lassies shout when I go by
"Donald where's yer troosers"

A lassie took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feart that I would fall
Fur I hadnae on ma' troosers

To wear the kilt is my delight
It isna wrong, I know it's right
The islanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the troosers

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
And all the lassies shout hello
"Donald where's yer troosers"

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