

Real McCoy

"Kings O' Glasgow"

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McTavish worked the factory a common workin' lad
Not much to look forward to 'cept drink and being bad
He'd show up at the bar and spend his money on the
booze
Spend the night complaining, to the barman he'd be
rude

He'd brag loudly at the bar 'bout the time he'd got the
crabs
Or the strike down at the docks when he beat up all the
scabs
The barman said yo laddie you keep the language
clean
He smiled and said piss off and threw up in the soup
tureen

What's the matter it's dear olde Glasgee's goin' round
and round
Saturday night, Sunday morning
The King O Glasgee Town

One day in the Queen came 'to town, he went to the
parade
Shtill pist from the night before he spied her
motorcade
As her car went past he made a gesture very divide
He lifted his kilt and showed his ass as dirty as the
Clyde

He staggered home that night
His kilt was dripping piss
He stopped te boch on a minister's frock
And he raised his drunken fist

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