

## **Real Mckenzie**

### **"Kings O' Glassgow"**

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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 pissh 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 pisht 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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