

Donald Where's Yer Trousers

Enter The Haggis

Well, I just come down from the Isle of sky
I'm not very big and I'm awfully shy
The lasses shout as I go by "Donald, where's your troosers?"

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in a kilt I go
All the lasses shout hello
Donald Where's yer troosers?

A lassie took me to the ball
And it was slippery in the hall
I was afraid that I would fall
Cause I was'nae wearin' troosers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in a kilt I go
All the lasses shout hello
Donald Where's yer troosers?

To wear the kilt is my delight
I'm never wrong 'cause I'm always right
The highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me wearin' troosers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in a kilt I go
All the lasses shout hello
Donald Where's yer troosers?

Well, I was drivin' in my car
Went downtown to Kenny's bar
Fifteen Scotches, five cigars
And I left without my troosers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in a kilt I go
All the lasses shout hello
Donald Where's yer troosers?

Let the wind blow high!
Let the wind blow low...
Through the streets in a kilt I go...
Donald, where's yer troosers..?