

The Mexican Scotsman

Enter The Haggis

Jose, get your bagpipes
And head down to the square
Serenade the passers-by
And you'll make some money there

Jose came to this country
Looking for a chance
To make some decent money
To buy a pair of pants
But we were in recession
And jobs were far and few
So Jose took his bagpipes
And did what he had to do

Dressed in his Sombrero and Kilt
With his bagpipes and maracas
Playing away for his supper
Boiled haggis with nachos

One day while he was basking
A pretty young lassie came by
She said "Jose, take s troll with me"
Says Jose, "Si! Si! Och' 'Aye!"
They spent the day together
Then she took him to a dance
Well, Jose moved most gracefully
'Cause he wasn't wearing pants

And he was born in Mexico City
Educated in Scotland
In sandals and bright tartan pancho
Jose's fashion statement was not planned

But when Jose went to the men's room
There was trouble close at hand
Cause in came Bob, the sailor man
The roughest man in the land
Says Bob, "You're lookin' pretty
In your little tartan dress
Now you'd best be off to the ladies room
'Fore I pummels you into a mess"

Now you could have heard a pin drop
As Jose tongued around
His scottish-mexican blood began to boil
And it made this kind of sound...

And when it all was over
Sailor Bob lay on the floor
He looked the saddest sorry wreck
Ever blown a shore
Now, the sailors keep a lookout
Whenever they're on the land
For they knows well that they doesn't mess
With a Scottish Mexican man!