

The Portree Kid

The Corries

A man came ridin' oot the west one wild and stormy day
He was quiet , lean, and hungry - his eyes were smokey
grey
He was lean across the hurdies, but his shooders they
were big
The terror o' the Heilan glens - that was the Portree
Kid

Hee-durum-ho ... Hee-durum-hey ... The Teuchter, that
come, frae Skye

His sidekick was an aura man, and oh, but he was mean
He was called The Midnight Ploughboy, and he come frae
Aberdeen
He had twentyseven notches on his cromack so they say
And he killed a million Indians - way up in Stornoway

Portree booted in the door, he sauntered tae the bar
He poured a shot ay Crabby's, he shouted 'Slainte
Mhath'
While Midnight was bein chatted up, my bar room girl
called Pam
Who said well howdy stranger, would ye buy us a
Babycham

Now over in the corner sat three men frae Auchtertool
They were playing games for money, in a Snakes and
Ladders school
The fourth man was a Southerner, who'd come up from
MacMerry
He'd been a river Gambler, on the Balachulish ferry

Hee-durum-ho ... Hee-durum-hey ... The Teuchter, that
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Portree walked tae the table, and he shouted shake me
in
He shougled on the egg cup, he gave the dice a spin
He threw seven sixes in a row, and the game was nearly
done
But then he landed on a snake, and finished on square
one

The game was nearly over, and Portree was dain fine
He'd landed on a ladder, he was up tae fortynine
he only had but one tae go, and the other man was beat
But the gambler couped the board ower, and shouted
you're a cheat

Men dived behind the rubber plants, tae try and save
their skin
Tha accordionist stopped playin, his sidekick dropped
the spoons
He said I think it's funny, ye've been up that ladder
twice
An ye aywees turned the table, when i go tae throw me
dice

Hee-durum-ho ... Hee-durum-hey ... The Teuchter, that
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The gambler drew his sgian dubh, as fast as lightning
speed
The Portree grabbed a screwtop, he cracked him oer the
heed
Then he gave him laldy wi' a salmon aff the wall
And he finished off the business, wi' his lucky Grouse
foot's claw

Portree walked up tae the bar, he says i'll hae a half
And dae ye like the way i stuck it, tae that wee
McMerri nyaff
But the Southerner crept up behind him, his featured
racked wi pain
And he gubbed him wi an ashtray, made oot a curlin
stain

The fight went ragin on all night, till openin time
next day
Break for soup n stovies, off a coronation tray
It was gettin kinda obvious that neither man would win
when came the shout that stopped it aw, 'there's a bus
trip comin' in'

Hee-durum-ho ... Hee-durum-hey ... The Teuchter, that
come, frae Skye

They sing this song in Galashiels and up by Peterheed
Way down oer the border, across the Rio Tweed
About what became of Portree, Midnight and the Gamblin
man
The opened up a gift shop, sellin' fresh air in a can

Hee-durum-ho ... Hee-durum-hey ... The Teuchter, that
come, frae Skye