

## Kings o' Glasgow

The Real McKenzies

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  
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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