

The White Stripes, Prickly Thorn, But Sweetly Worn

Singing, li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.
Li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.

Well, the hills are pretty and rollin', but the thorn is sharp and swollen.
And the man plays a beautiful whistle, but he wears a prickly thistle.

Singing, li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.
Li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.

The silver birches pierce through an icy fog which covers the ground most daily,
And the angels which carry St. Andrew high are singing a tune most gaily.

Singing, li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.
Li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.

One sound can hold back a thousand hands when the pipe blows a tune forlorn,
And the thistle is a prickly flower, aye, but how it is sweetly worn.

Singing, li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.
Li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.

Li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.
Li-de-li-de-li, oh, oh.
Well, a-li-de-li-de-li, oh.