

Andy Stewart, Donald, Where's Yer Troosers?

Just got in from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awfully shy
The ladies shout as I go by
Donald where's your troosers?

Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
Down the street in my kilt I go
And all the ladies say hello
Donald where's your troosers?

A lady took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
I was afraid that I would fall
'Cause I didn't have on my troosers

Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
Down the street in my kilt I go
And all the ladies say hello
Donald where's your troosers?

They'd like to wed me everyone
Just let them catch me if they can
You canna put the brakes on a highland man
Who doesn't like wearing troosers.

Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
Down the street in my kilt I go
And all the ladies say hello
Donald where's your troosers?

To wear the kilt is my delight,
It isn't wrong, I know it's right.
The highlanders would get afright
If they saw me in my troosers.

Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
Down the street in my kilt I go
And all the ladies say hello
Donald where's your troosers?

Well I caught a cold and me nose was raw
I had no handkerchief at all
So I hiked up my kilt and I gave it a blow,
Now you can't do that with troosers.

Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
Down the street in my kilt I go
And all the ladies say hello
Donald where's your troosers?