

# Enter The Haggis, The Mexican Scotsman

Jose, get your bagpipes  
And head down to the square  
Serenade the passers-bye  
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!