

# Real Mckenzie's, Donald Where's Yer Troosers?

I've just come back from the Isle of Skye  
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy  
And the lassies shout when I go by  
"Donald where's yer troosers";

A lassie took me to a ball  
And it was slippery in the hall  
And I was feart that I would fall  
For I hadnae on ma' troosers

To wear the kilt is my delight  
It isna wrong, I know its right  
The islanders would get a fright  
If they saw me in the troosers

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
And all the lassies shout hello  
"Donald where's yer troosers";