

DONALD WHERE'S YER TROOSERS



I've just come down
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 your
troosers!"

Let the wind blow high,
let the wind blow low,
Through the streets
in my kilt I'll go,
All the lassies say hello!
Donald where's your troosers!

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

Chorus

I went down to London Town
And I had some fun in the
underground
The ladies turned their heads
around
Saying "Donald where are your
troosers!"

Chorus

To wear the kilt is my delight
It is not wrong, I know it's right
The islanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the troosers!

Chorus

The lassies want me every one
Well, let them catch me if they
can

You cannae tak' the breeks aff a
Hielan' man
And I don't wear the troosers

Chorus

Elvis verse

Chorus