

DONALD WHERE'S YOUR TROOSERS?

I'VE JUST COME DOWN FROM THE ISLE OF SKYE
I'M NOT VERY BIG AND I'M AWFUL SHY
AND THE LASSIES SHOUT WHEN I GO BY
"DONALD, WHERE'S YOUR TROOSERS?"

[CHORUS:]
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 FEARED THAT I WOULD FALL
FOR I HAD NAE ON MY TROOSERS

[CHORUS]

NOW 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 TROUSERS?"*

[CHORUS]

TO WEAR THE KILT IS MY DELIGHT
IT IS NOT WRONG - I KNOW IT'S RIGHT
THE HIGHLANDERS WOULD GET A FRIGHT
IF THEY SAW ME IN THE TROUSERS

* *this line to be delivered in a "posh" accent*