

The Drunk Scotsman

Mike Cross 1980

Well a Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share

He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street
Ring ding diddle diddle I de oh ring di diddly I oh
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street

About that time two young and pretty girls just happened by
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye
See young sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be
Lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
And there behold, for them to view, beneath his Scottish kilt
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

They marveled for a moment, then one said 'we must be gone'
'Let's leave a present for our friend, before we move along'
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow
Around the bonnie star, the Scots kilt did lift and show

Now the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled towards a tree
Behind a bush, he lift his kilt and gawks at what he sees
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes.
'O lad I don't know where you been but I see you won first prize'

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