

Donald Where's Your Troosers?

Em
I just come down from the Isle of Skye
D
I'm no very big but I'm awful shy
Em
The lassies shout as I go by,
D Em
"Donald, Where's Your Troosers?"

Chorus

Em
Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
D
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
Em
All the lassies say, "Hello!
D Em
Donald, where's your troosers?"

Em
A Lady took me to a ball
D
And it was slippery in the hall
Em
I was feared that I wid fall
D Em
'Cause I had nae on ma troosers

Chorus

Em
I went down to London town
D
To have a little fun in the underground
Em
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
D Em
"Donald, where are your trousers?"

Chorus

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

Chorus

Em
The lassies love me every one
D
Just let them catch me if they can
Em
You canna put the breeks on a highland man,
D Em
'Cause he does nae wear his troosers?"

Chorus

Alternate Chords: Am G