

SCOTTISH MEDLEY

DONALD WHERE'S YOUR TROUSERS / FUTEBALL CRAZY

(1 & 2 & 3 & 4)

[Am] I've just come down from the Isle of Skye,
I'm [G] no very big and I'm awful shy,
And [Am] the lassies shout when I go by,
[G] Donald where's your [Am] troosers.

Chorus 1 -----

[Am] Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low,
Through [G] the streets in my kilt I'll go,
And [Am] all the lassies shout HELLOO
[G] Donald where's your [Am] troosers.

[Am] Lassies coo with a Glasgow lilt
You [G] wear nae breks beneath yer kilt
So [Am] they admire the way I'm built
[G] When I havnae on ma' [Am] troosers

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 1) ([C] 1 & 2 & 3 & 4)

[C] You all know my brother and his Christian name is [G7] Paul
He's lately joined a futeball club for he's mad about fute [C] ball.
He's got two black eyes already and teeth missing from his [G7] gob
Since our [C] Paul became a [F] member of that [C] terrible [G7] futeball [C] club

Chorus 2-----

[C] He's futeball crazy, He's futeball [G7] mad.
The futeball game has tak' away the wee bit o sense he [C] had
And it would tak a dozen skivvies for them tae wash and [G7] scrub
Since our [C] Paul became a [F] member of that [C] terrible [G7] futeball [C] club

[C] In the middle of the field one day the captain said to [G7] Paul
Would you kindly tak this free kick since you're mad about [C] futeball
And he took 40 paces backwards and shot off from the [G7] mark
And the [C] ball went sailin[F] ' o'er the bar and [C] landed [G7] in New [C] York

(Chorus 2)

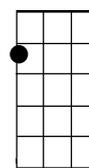
[C] His wife she says that she'll leave him if Paul does'nae [G7] keep
Away from futeball kicking at night-time in his [C] sleep
He calls out, "That's a penalty," and other things so [G7] droll
Last night [C] he kicked her [F] oot of bed and [C] swore it [G7] was a [C]
goal

Chorus2)

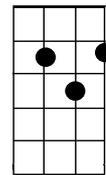
(Chorus2) [G7] [C]

SPA STRUMMERS

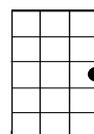
arranged by D.Jenkins 22/06/2012 v2



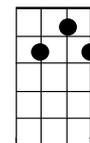
Am



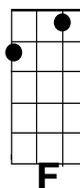
G



C



G7



F