

Kings o' Glasgow

The Real McKenzies

McTavish worked the factory a common workin' lad
Not much to look forward to 'cept drink and being bad
He'd show up at the bar and spend his money on the booze
Spend the night complaining, to the barman he'd be rude
He'd brag loudly at the bar 'bout the time he'd got the crabs
Or the strike down at the docks when he beat up all the scabs
The barman said yo laddie you keep the language clean
He smiled and said pissh off and threw up in the soup tureen
What's the matter it's dear olde Glasgee's goin' round and round
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Saturday night, Sunday morning
The King O Glasgee Town
One day in the Queen came 'to town, he went to the parade
Shtill pisht from the night before he spied her motorcade
As her car went past he made a gesture very divide
He lifted his kilt and showed his ass as dirty as the Clyde
He staggered home that night
His kilt was dripping piss
He stopped te boch on a minister's frock
And he raised his drunken fist