

Bagpipes That's My Bag

Ray Stevens

Well, blowin' that bagpipe, that's my bag
Hu-huffin' and a-puffin' on my bagpipe bag
Wheezin' and a-blowin' 'til my big fat floppy jowls sag
Make it sound like a train comin' over the trestle
If I blowed it any harder, I could bust a blood vessel
Blowin' that bagpipe bag - ow! That's my bag

Ready, set, gonna blow a little bit...

He came over the water on a boat from Scotland
To the US, started him a rock and roll band
Playin' for picnics, parties, cookouts and parades
He'd stand on the bandstand in his red plaid kilt
Groovin' on his bag, how the melody would lilt
Played up at Harvard and down in Vanderbilt
He's a mess, huh huh, wears a dress

Well, blowin' that bagpipe, that's my bag
Hu-huffin' and a-puffin' on my bagpipe bag
Wheezin' and a-blowin' 'til my big fat floppy jowls sag
Make it sound like the whistle on a big ol' train
If I blowed it any harder, I could bust a blood vein
Blowin' that bagpipe bag - ow! That's my bag

One, two... gon' blow some for you

Well, his name was Patrick Alfred Muldoon
Never got up 'til it was late in the afternoon
Practiced all night... you hum it, he could play it
Any tune, yeah
And he'd blow up flat tires to keep his lungs in shape
And his face would turn purple like a big fat grape
Ev'ry time he cut out on the chorus of "Claire de Lune"

Well, blowin' that bagpipe, that's my bag
Hu-huffin' and a-puffin' on my bagpipe bag
Wheezin' that thing 'til my big fat floppy jowls sag
Make it sound like a train comin' over the trestle
If I blowed it any harder, I could bust a blood vessel, huh
Blowin' that bagpipe bag - ow! That's my bag

Ready, set... here we go again!