

Prickly Thorn, but Sweetly Worn

White Stripes

Singing

Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Well A Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Well A Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Well the hills are pretty and rollin'
But the thorn is sharp and swollen
And the man plays a beautiful whistle
But he wears a prickly thistle

Singing

Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Well A Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Well A Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

The silver birches pierce through an icy fog
Which covers the ground most daily
And the angels which carry St. Andrew high
Are singing a tune most gaily

One sound can hold back a thousand hands
When the pipe plays a tune forlorn
And the thistle is a prickly flower
Aye, But how it is sweetly worn

Singing

Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Well A Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Li De Li De Li Oh Oh

Well A Li De Li De Li Oh Oh