

In Kirkintilloch there's nae pubs
And I'm sure you'll wonder why
My brother and me, we went on a spree
We drank the pubs a' dry, a' dry
Drank the pubs a' dry

My Granpaw he worked down the pit
And so did my faither tae
You work like a mule when you leave the school
And you drink on a Saturday, my lads
You drink on a Saturday

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The gaffer doon the pit my lads
Could scarce believe his een
For my brother and me we howked mair coal
Than his latest cuttin' machine, my lads
His latest cuttin' machine

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My faither he was a Glesga man
And my mother come fae Troon
They baith did say the other day
It's time you settled doon, my lads
It's time you settled doon

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So I think I'll just get married lads
And hae a family tae
Then we'll use our mits and work in the pits
And drink on a Saturday, my lads
And drink on a Saturday

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