

The Second Hand Trousers

There are stories afloat that are hard to believe,
There are stories afloat that are meant to deceive,
But here is a story that's perfectly true.
About second-hand trousers I bought in Belcoo,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-loo, about the second-hand trousers I bought in Belcoo

Now the Missus was sick, I gave Jamie the job,
And when he was leaving, I gave him ten bob,
He brought me those yokers and he hoped they would do,
They're a quare pack of twisters up there in Belcoo,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-loo, They're a quare pack of twisters up there in Belcoo,

When the wife saw the trousers, she flew in a rage,
Saying "These are no wear for a man of your age,
With one leg sewed black and the other sewed blue,
Ah, they'd rob a child's bottle up there in Belcoo"
Tra-la-la, tra-la-loo, Ah, they'd rob a child's bottle up there in Belcoo

Now I raced from the kitchen out into the yard,
When my own dog he saw me, he nearly went mad,
Then hens flew like blazes, the old rooster crew,
At the second-hand trousers I bought in Belcoo.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-loo, at the second-hand trousers I bought in Belcoo.

That evening two ladies arrived in a car,
Saying "We are collecting for the Army Bazaar",
I gave them a parcel and they said "Thank you"
'Twas the second-hand trousers I bought in Belcoo.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-loo, Twas the second-hand trousers I bought in Belcoo.

Now at the Bazaar, sure, we all had great fun,
When the trousers went up and the rickety spun.
In the mad tear for tickets, I only got two,
But I won back the trousers I bought in Belcoo.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-loo, and I won back the trousers I bought in Belcoo.

