I Belong to Glasgow
(Will Fyffe)

I've been wi' a couple o' cronies,
One or two pals o' my ain;
We went in a hotel, and we did very well,
And then we came out once again;
Then we went into anither,
And that is the reason I'm fu';
We had six deoch-an-doruses, then sang a chorus,
Just listen, I'll sing it to you:

    I belong to Glasgow,
    Dear old Glasgow town;
    But what's the matter wi' Glasgow,
    For it's goin' roun' and roun'!
    I'm only a common old working chap,
    As anyone here can see,
    But when I get a couple o' drinks on a Saturday,
    Glasgow belongs to me!

There's nothing in keeping your money,
And saving a shilling or two;
If you've nothing to spend, then you've nothing to lend,
Why that's all the better for you;
There no harm in taking a drappie,
It ends all your trouble and strife;
It gives ye the feeling that when you get home,
You don't give a hang for the wife!

    I belong to Glasgow, etc.

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