

Prickly Thorn, But Sweetly Worn

The White Stripes

Singin li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh
Li de li de li, oh, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, 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 Singin li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh
Li de li de li, oh, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, 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 Singin li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh
Li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh One sound can hold back a thousand hands
When the pipe blows a tune forlorn
And the thistle is a prickly flower
Aye, but how it is sweetly worn Singin li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh
Li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh Li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh
Li de li de li, oh, oh
Well, a li de li de li, oh

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