

Pittenweem Jo

D G D
I'm gaun wi a las from Pittenweem,
A
She's every fisher ladie's dream.
D G
She guts her herrin doon by the quay
A D A D
and saves her kisses just for me.

D G
Pittenween oh Pittenweem
D A
She's every fisher ladie's dream.
D G
She guts her herrin doon by the quay
A D A D
and saves her kisses just for me.

'Twas in July it cam tae pass,
I met this bonny fisher lass.
Wi her een sae blu and black hair,
I met her doon at Ainster fair.

I speired at her could I tak her hame.
She says, "Aye, fine I ken yer game,
but ne'er the less ye're awfy kind,
in fact, I widna really mind".

Pittenweem...

I took her hame that Saturday night.
the moon was shining oh so bright,
and as we lay there on th grass,
I said, "Oh Jo, wid ye be my las?"

She's my las noo, and that I ken,
she doesna look at other men.
For I was quick and they were slow,
and thats how I won my Pittenweem Jo

||: *Pittenween...* :||



Pittenweem

Her er opskriften på at få fat i en kvinde. Og hun kigger ikke engang efter andre mænd. Sangen er skrevet af John Watt. Pittenweem er en fiskerby på Scotlands østkyst.