

FIFTY FOUR WINTERS THE AULD YIN SAT HERE
 AT HIS PLACE N THE CORNER AND SIPPIN' HIS BEER
 BUT HE HASNAE BEEN SEEN FOR A FORTNIGHT OR MAIR
 AND WE DON'T KNOW THE REASON WHY
 HE REGALED ANYONE THAT WOULD LISTEN TAE HIM
 O' HIS SODGERIN' DAYS WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN
 AND THE TIME HE SPENT WI' THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN
 HE WID TELL WI' A GLEAM IN HIS EYE

IN THE STREETS AND PIAZZAS THEY STOOD AND THEY CHEERED
 AND THEY WAVED AS THE SODGERS PASSED BY
 IN THE VINEYARDS AND OLIVE GROVES PEOPLE APPEARED
 'GRAZIE MILE SCOZZESI' THEY CRIED
 UNDER THE BLUE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SKY

HE WAS BORN IN THE SHADE O' A LANARKSHIRE HILL
 THAT WAS CUT AND RIPPED OPEN TAE HAUL OOT THE COAL
 ONLY KENT O' THE PIT AND BING AND THE SHALE
 NEVER DREAMED O' THE WORLD OUTSIDE
 BUT THAT WORLD WENT TAE WAR WHEN HE JUST LEFT THE SCHOOL
 SO HE WENT DOWN THE MINE AND HE WAITED AWHILE
 UNTIL HE WAS AN AGE HE COULD JINE THE ARGYLLS
 AND THEY TAUGHT HIM TO MARCH AND TO FIGHT

IN THE STREETS AND PIAZZAS.....etc

HE SAW ACTION BELOW THE NORTH AFRICAN SUN
 HE WAS CALM UNDER THE FIRE, HE WAS GOOD WI' A GUN
 BY THE TIME HE'D LEFT SICILY HE WAS A MAN
 WI' A TASTE FOR RAGAZZE AND WINE
 AND LATER THAT YEAR HE WAS SENT BACK AGAIN
 AND THEY FOUGHT ALL THE WAY TO THE NORTHERN PLAIN
 AND THE DARK HEAVY CLOUDS O' HIS LANARKSHIRE HAME
 SEEMED A LIFETIME AWAY IN HIS MIND

IN THE STREETS.....etc

AND WHEN HE CAME BACK HAME AT THE END OF THE WAR
 HE STEPPED AFFAE THE TRAIN AND STRAIGHT INTAE THIS BAR
 AND EVER SINCE THEN HE HAS NEVER STRAYED FAR
 AND THE WORLD HAS BEEN PASSING HIM BY
 SO FOR FIFTY FOUR WINTERS HE SAT IN HIS CHAIR
 AND RELIVED ALL HIS GLORIES AND TIMES IN THE WAR
 AND ALL O' THIS TIME WE HAVE NEVER BEEN SHAIR
 IF HIS STORY'S THE TRUTH OR A LIE (FOR HE SAID)

IN THE STREETS AND PIAZZAS.....etc