

# Prickly Thorn, But Sweetly Worn

## The White Stripes

Singing, 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. 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. Singing, 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.

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. Singing, 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. Singing, 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>