

**No Rules Great Scotch
The Black Tartan Clan**

No rules, great scotch:

G# F D# G#

Smelling of green grass, outside the wind blows
As the first rays of sunlight, bath the earth down below
Iâ€™m sitting on the high cliffs, as Sean comes to me
Ready for the battle, from Scotland proud to be

A# D# A# D#

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When gathered by thousands, â€™round the banner of the clan
We all drink some whiskey, and together we sang
No rules, great scotch and go for the clan
We are friends and for friendship weâ€™ll fight till the end

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This song is so ancient, but tradition remains
And although weâ€™re not Scottish, for friendship we stand
When divided we stand, united we fall
Is the thing to remember, when you order one more

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