

Cotton and wool.

A song created with the more traditionally-minded fetishist in mind. The tune I think is “The Midlothian Pipe Band”.

Some lust for a lassie enveloped in lace,
Fair enough, sic a fantasy’s fine in its place,
But me, I wis learnt in a different school;
Gie me a wumman in cotton an wool!

The poets an painters an folk o that ilk
Dream o nymphs lichtly veiled in diaphanous silk.
No for me ower such classical visions tae drool;
Gie me a wumman in cotton an wool!

The keenest o pleasures for some wuid occur
Wi a cosseted creature enfolded in fur.
A broon bear their excitement nicht equally fuel,
But gie me a wumman in cotton an wool!

Yer sadists an masochists wistfully blether
O stern dominatrixes sheathed in black leather,
But handcuffs an whips aye seem needlessly cruel;
Juist gie me a wumman in cotton an wool!

The scarlet an purple o shimmerin satin
Enhance the allure o the passionate Latin;
Wi such Casanova nicht weel play the fool,
But gie me a wumman in cotton an wool!

In the daft days o youth that I’ve never forgotten,
I first got ma hands under warm wool an cotton.
Believe me, life never will pall when ye pull
A fine lookin wumman in cotton an wool!