

Only you for me.

A love-song for a country.

Sae fine, sae fair, sae dear tae me,
I constantly think on ye.
Though elsewhere I may turn ma ee,
It's only you for me.

I couldnae caw ye without flaw,
But constantly think on ye,
An love they say can conquer aw;
It's only you for me.

Though you may try ma patience sair,
I constantly think on ye.
Ah Scotland, whae could love ye mair?
It's only you for me.

Let statisticians cry ye doon.
I constantly think on ye,
An poets sing a sweeter tune;
It's only you for me.