

## A parliamentary critique.

When you see the braying bellowing buffoons he-hawing on the green benches, and consider the naked careerism and the regular scandals, you do occasionally wonder if the Mother of Parliaments is all it's cracked up to be.

Wi judgment analytical  
I ponder points political,  
An if I'm hypercritical  
It's shairly little wonder.

Believe me, if ye lift the lid on  
What folk in power wuid keep weel-hidden,  
Ye'll find a bonnie bowffin midden  
Forever bubblin under.

But where ye'll find the foulest stench is  
Upon Westminster's leather benches,  
Whaur smooth self-seekin lads an wenches  
Conspire tae prey an plunder.

Corruption's reek the chamber fills  
As pish ower forked tongues spurts an spills,  
While bawheids bred in boardin skuils  
Pontificate an thunder.

Here truth can vanish withoot trace;  
Here duty droops in greed's embrace;  
Tae take tae dae wi sic a place  
Wis Scotland's biggest blunder.

But north o Tweed we're no sae daft,  
Though at us oft Westminster's laughed;  
Its stink far fae oor nebs we'll waft,  
An brek the ties asunder!