

Show-offs.

In my childhood, “showing off” was a cardinal sin. Nowadays “Yes you can”, “Be all you can be”, “Go for it”, are the watchwords of the day, and everybody’s tarding up their Facebook profiles and massaging their C.V.s. The tune of this one is a variation of “As I cam in by Fisherraw”.

Wi stern rebuke an sage advice
Ma mother wuid sustain me,
An fae the sin o showin off
She tried hard tae restrain me.

CHORUS: Oh, the sin o showin off,
Sae mony cannae help it.
I’m shair they’d hae been better bairns
If they’d been harder skelpit!

Tae blaw yer trumpet fae on high
Is shamefu an debasin.
That’s why I’m such a modest guy,
An quietly self-effacin.

The world’s a stage wi mony scenes,
But what can be the factors
That make sae mony drama queens,
An damn few decent actors?

Like Icharus they mount aloft
Until their weak wings crumble.
Be shair the bump will no be soft
When tae the grund they tumble.

See thon celebrity sae dim,
Obsessed by glitz an glitter.
He kees his intellect in trim
By mouthin off on Twitter.

It takes the tools tae dae the trick
For craftsmen an creators,
For ithers, though, the selfie-stick
'S the only tool that maitters.

See shapely beauty pout an pose,
An flaunt her bits an pieces.
What gumption she may hae, God knows,
For nane her mooth releases.

The grand politicos bend oor lugs
For power an glory thirstin,
Surrounded by their noddin dugs,
Balloons juist ripe for burstin!

Some purpose ye micht hope tae see
In prancin and in preenin;
But “Pey attention! Look at me!”
Is aw they’re really meanin.

Avoid the snares o vanity
That cause men’s feet tae stumble;
It mars maist o humanity -
Thank guidness I’m sae humble!