

What can ye dae but spit?

Expectoration is one of the things in life that is unpleasant and antisocial, but sometimes very necessary.

There are mony human failins that society will endure,
But spittin's castigated as the hallmark o the boor.
Yet though naebody desires it, when it comes doon tae the bit,
When the human frame requires it, what can ye dae but spit?

In the dreary days o winter when yer feet an fingers freeze,
The viruses flee thick an fast like clouds o swarmin bees;
Sair throats an chest infections suin will render ye unfit,
An despite polite objections then what can ye dae but spit?

Though ye be stoot an stoical, it's never very nice
Wi kist crushed an constrictit in an ever-tichtnin vice;
Wi yer tubes choked an congestit like a gutter clogged wi grit,
Though guid manners nicht contest it, what can ye dae but spit?

Noo, some folk spit discreetly, an let handkerchiefs enfold
The foul scourins o their thrapples decked wi lumps o green an gold;
Some steel theirsels tae swallae it, an never will admit
That when ye cough, tae follae it, what can ye dae but spit?

But mark the man o mettle! Self-confidence he's fund.
He's never feart tae plant a muckle greaser on the grund!
Sae dinnae be sae queasy, there's the pavement at yer fit.
Relax, an take it easy, an juist please yersel an spit.