

Dancin on tables.

These douce and doddering old ladies weren't always like that – some of them anyway.

You were aye the wild yin,
Ye seemed tae hae nae fear.
Ye yuist tae dance on tables,
And aw the boys wuid cheer.

Though ye were a wild yin,
Bigod but ye were braw!
An when ye danced on tables
Aw the lassies hoped ye'd faw.

Ye bleezed in golden glory,
An flexed a soople limb.
Then ye wuid dance on tables,
But noo yer licht's grown dim.

Back then in anither world
The brichtest spark wis you.
Back then ye danced on tables,
But ye'd never climb up noo!

What's lost noo maitters little,
Nor what ye were tae me.
But you still dance on tables
Noo an then, in ma mind's ee.