

Donna dancin.

Sometimes the most mundane of brief incidents or quick glimpses can present almost as a supernatural vision or a spiritual insight.

Dancin is a daft-like ploy,
And no ma cup o tea.
An dancin is a young man's game,
Sae it's nae game for me.
But plainly I can picture
Through ma memory's fickle haze
When I saw Donna dancin,
And I'll mind it aw ma days.

There were better lookin lassies there
That could hae caught ma ee,
An a second look at Donna
Mony ithers wuidnae gie.
But I saw enough in Donna
Tae unsettle and amaze,
An when I saw Donna dancin
I wuid mind it aw ma days.

Transported for a meenit
I wis spirited away
Tae a weird enchantit world
Where there only wis we twae.
I wis juist a daft young laddie
Maybe goin through a phase,
Dumbstruck by Donna dancin,
But I'd mind it aw ma days.

As I watched Donna dancin
For a meenit I wis blest,
But the next time I saw Donna
She looked juist like aw the rest.
Sae how she manifested
As a goddess tae ma gaze,
I will never understand it
But I'll mind it aw ma days!