

## Peem's hair restorer.

This is just a farrago of nonsense, but believe it or not I have heard the remedy given in the song put forward seriously as a cure for baldness.

Peem wis a fine upstandin chap  
An he wisnae aw that auld.  
But afore he got tae forty  
He had gone completely bald.

O coorse, Peem took this gey ill oot,  
For he thought it wisnae fair  
That yin comparatively young  
Should go devoid o hair.

He went in for a hair transplant,  
But the transplant widnae root.  
They dibbled hair in here an there,  
But it withered an fell oot.

He got stuff fae he chemist  
That did nuthin for his looks,  
For when he rubbed it on his heid  
His skull broke oot in plooks.

He got ointment off the internet,  
But he only yaised it yince;  
For his chrome-dome burnt till his cranium turnt  
Like a pund o raw steak mince.

An then he heard an auld wives tale  
They swore wuid aye succeed,  
That a sure cure for his case  
Wis tae rub hen-shite on his heid.

Sae he went tae see a pal o hes  
That kept a wheen o chickens;  
An he bocht a bucket o hen-pen –  
An here's where the plot noo thickens.

He rubbed it in baith nicht an morn,  
Although it quite annoyed him  
Hoo aw his freends at work an play  
Noo tended tae avoid him.

Twice daily for a month or mair  
He made the application,  
Till yin mornin fae the mirror  
He jumped back in consternation.

Though every law o nature  
Sic an outcome shairly flouted,  
A muckle bricht rid cocks-kaim  
Fae his heid by nicht had sprouted.

By the weekend a bonny wattle  
Hung fae either cheek  
By Monday mooth an neb had fused  
An grown intae a beak.

On Tuesday something warm an hard  
Rolled doon his trooser leg,  
An Peem fund tae his horror  
That he'd laid a bluidy egg!

And up until this very day  
Puir Peem like that's been stuck;  
An if ye meet him, aw he'll say  
Is, "Awk tuk-tuk-tuk-tuk!"

An sae, friends, if ye're growin bald  
It's best tae juist accept it,  
An weir a hat upon yer heid  
Tae warm it an protect it.

A baseball cap will dae the trick,  
Still better if ye have a  
Trilby, stetson, or tweed bunnet  
Or a knitted balaclava.

O vanished youth ye shouldnae dream,  
For that there's nae remeid.  
If tempted, juist you mind on Peem,  
An the hen-shite on his heid!