

Skoosh an dreep.

Hair loss, memory loss, breathlessness; what else can the advancing years throw at us? The tune here is part of “Tha tighinn fodham èirigh”, or if you like, “Rise and follow Chairlie.”

Afore ma youth wis taken fae me,
Pishin wis nae bother tae me.
Noo I’m auld an past ma prime,
I’m pishin ver’ near aw the time.
 Skoosh an dreep, skoosh an dreep,
 Keep me dry, Lord, as I sleep.

It’s no the quantity I drink.
Nae kiddin, I juist cannae think
Where aw the liquid’s comin in fae;
I pish a pint for each teaspuinfu.

In youthful years I wis a demon
For rock-an-roll an chasin weemin;
But noo there’s nuthin makes me gleder
Than emptyin a strainin bledder.

The foreign holidays I take
Are never juist a piece o cake.
Such public toilets as I’ve seen
Are aye gey few an far between.

While baskin on a Blue Flag Beach
Relief can seem far oot o reach,
Unless ye juist swim oot like me,
An quietly pish intae the sea.

Beer-drinkin noo has had its chips;
Insteid o pints, I’m drinkin nips.
But still I’m oftener fund by far
Oot at the gents than up at the bar.

I doot I’m doomed in aw time comin
Tae cope wi inefficient plumbin,
Unless the ootlet I equip
Wi something like a bulldog clip.

But here I’ll need tae pu the plug,
An see a man aboot a dug.
A comfort-brek’s long overdue;
Excuse me, I’ll be back the noo!