

That's progress for ye.

One of the really annoying things about modern society is the tendency for all the things that are supposed to make life easy, to actually make things vastly more complicated by throwing up endless difficulties, or by simply not working at all.

Awthin noo is electronic,
Digital, an supersonic;
Fraught wi flaws an pitfalls lurkin,
Mair as half the time, no workin.
Twice the bother, thrice the worry;
Aye, ma freends, that's progress for ye!

If ye phone in wi a query,
Suin ye'll be distraught an weary;
"Make this choice an press that button,"
Then the line goes deid as mutton.
Let's hope ye werenae in a hurry.
Aye, ma freends, that's progress for ye!

Ye gie the phone anither try;
Ye're through tae Barry in Mumbai!
Ye try tae tell him what's occurred –
He disnae understand a word.
Tae suicide it suin wuid spur ye.
Aye, ma friends, that's progress for ye!

Cars hotch wi chips and interfaces,
The doors unlock at fifty paces;
But sat-nav's pooers will sometimes vanish,
An land ye up in Machrihanish
When aw ye want is Musselburgh –
Aye, ma freends, that's progress for ye!

The pub has fitba on fower screens,
An flashin bleepin fruit machines;
An though the juke-box blasts yer hearin
It cannae quite droon oot the sweirin;
An then o fists there'll be a flurry.
Aye, ma friends, that's progress for ye!

The polis stations are unmanned;
Ye call the cops, there's nane tae hand!
Ye neednae wonder where they are.
They're sittin cooshie in their car,
Guzzlin fish-suppers or a curry.
Aye, ma freends, that's progress for ye!

The march o progress onward sweeps,
An life improves in mighty leaps.
But it's yin big hallucination
Tae con the consumers o this nation
Deep in the sand their heids tae bury.
Aye, ma freends, that's progress for ye!