

## The bus tour.

I spent a week in a Highland village last year where the hotels cater mainly for English bus tours.  
They give a somewhat skewed idea of what Scotland is all about.

There wis fifty geriatrics  
Weel past middle age an youth,  
An they came here on a bus tour  
Fae somewhere away doon sooth.

### CHORUS

Thank guidness for the bus tours,  
Bus tours are a boon!  
If it wisnae for the bus tours  
The hotels wuid aw close doon.

The romance o Bonny Scotland  
Every tourist website tells,  
Sae they came here on a bus tour  
Tae see it for theirsels.

They saw Edinburgh castle,  
Stirlin tae, without a hitch;  
Eilean Donan an Dunvegan  
– Naeb'dy bothered which wis which!

Ben Ledi an Ben Lomond  
An Ben Nevis were a treat.  
They could tick off the Munros  
Fae the comfort o their seat.

Loch Linnhe an Loch Lochy passed;  
But though they strained their een,  
As they drove along Loch Ness  
There wis nae monsters tae be seen.

An some brocht oot binoculars  
An scanned the loch aw roon',  
But ony large aquatic reptiles  
Kept their heids weel doon.

At denner in the evenin  
They aw were tickled pink  
Munchin mountains o fermed salmon,  
Crannachan an Cullen skink.

Then came the entertainment;  
A box-player took the stand  
Wi a pre-recorded backin  
O a choir an ceilidh band.

Up stepped an aged piper;  
At half-mast his kilt did hing,  
An a dizzen daft wee lassies  
Galloped through a Hielan fling.

A muckle fat betartanned ponce  
Popped up tae gie a song,  
Bawlin, "Donald whaur's yer troosers?"  
As the audience clapped along.

When the bus tour crossed the Border,  
An they aw were headed hame,  
They kent nae mair aboot Scotland  
Than they kent the day they came!