

The vandal up your street.

A wee meditation on the human urge to destroy. Since I made this one up, I've learned that the rattan canes beloved of Singaporean disciplinarians are not actually made of bamboo. Never mind, you get the idea. The tune here is the "Bluebell Polka".

Pick a place, if you enjoy it,
He's the boy that will destroy it!
Bring him beauty, he'll defile it;
Brek it, wreck it, smash an spile it.
He's the boy that's got ye beat;
He's the vandal up your street.

Hear him howlin in the park,
Brekin trees doon efter dark.
Hear his lood delighted roars,
Heavin bricks at pensioners' doors.
He laughs tae see auld leddies greet;
He's the vandal up your street.

See him swagger in his pride,
Cider bottle by his side.
It gies the drink an extra edge
Tae stuff the empties in yer hedge.
Life's a gas an cider's sweet;
He's the vandal up your street.

He'll kick yer fence until it faws,
He sprays graffiti on yer was.
Mere sacrilege he disnae shirk,
An caws doon heidstanes roond the kirk.
He wrecked yer ma's memorial seat;
He's the vandal up your street.

His impudence regards nae border;
On Gala Day he'll cause disorder,
Shoutin epithets obscene
In presence o the Gala Queen.
His pals think it goes doon a treat;
He's the vandal up your street.

His inhibitions they are few,
He paws his burd in public view;
An if he thinks he cannae wait,
It's up your close he'll copulate,
Then fling doon the flunkie at his feet;
He's the vandal up your street.

Far off fae this benighted shore,
Few vandals vex in Singapore.
Yin simple fact the thing explains:
They leish their bums wi bamboo canes!
But heaven forfend such fate should meet
The carefree vandal up your street!