

Encounters.

I've come to think that nobody can get you out of the hole you're in but yourself.

I met ma faither on the road;
He had nae time tae stey.
He hardly paused tae catch his breath,
Then tae his tryst wi early death
He hurried on his wey.

I met ma mother on the road;
She had nae time tae stey.
She kissed me fondly yince or twice,
An gied a when o guid advice,
Then hurried on her wey.

I met ma teacher on the road;
He had nae time tae stey.
He showed me hoo tae rob the blind,
But no much else that I can mind,
An hurried on his wey.

I met ma love upon the road;
She had nae time tae stey.
Says she, "I'm kinder than it looks.
Love's fine for folk in films an books."
An hurried on her wey.

I met ma Maker on the road;
He had nae time tae stey.
"Here, what's the pint o aw this mess?"
says I. Says he, "Juist hae a guess!"
An hurried on his wey.