

## Horseburgers.

Nothing dates more quickly than a topical song. Still, I quite like this one, and you may be sure that some similar crisis will come up before too long.

Where hae ye been tae, young felly-ma-lad?  
Whit hae ye been up tae that's made ye sae sad?  
Ye look as if leevin has lost its appeal,  
Ye're ge y doon in the mooth an ye dinnae look weel.

I'll gie ye nae stories an I'll tell ye nae lee;  
I went tae ma burd's hoose, for I kent she wis free.  
We had a wee quickie an went oot for a meal;  
An ma guts is no richt an I'm no feelin weel.

An whaur did ye go tae young felly-ma-lad?  
An whit like wis the food an the drink that ye had?  
Ye should gaun tae the doctor or else take a peel,  
For ye'r green at the gills an ye dinnae look weel.

I had six pints o Stella, I tell ye nae lee,  
But I dinnae think that wis whit didnae agree,  
For the main-course I had wis a special cheap deal,  
An I've juist spewed ma ring an I'm no feelin weel.

Sae whit wis this main-course young felly-ma-lad?  
Shairly it cannae hae been aw that bad!  
Wis it chicken fae China or Vietnamese veal?  
An ye'd better sit doon, for ye dinnae look weel.

I had the beefburgers, an I tell ye nae lee,  
I wish I had juist steyed at hame for ma tea!  
For thae burgers wis bowffin, an the taste wis unreal;  
An I've skittered ma breek, an I'm no feelin weel.

Are ye shair whit wis in them young felly-ma-lad?  
Wis it prime cuts o beef or a load o auld yad?  
NHS24 a quick cure may reveal,  
But ye better lie doon, for ye dinnae look weel.

As for the ingredients, I tell ye nae lee,  
I huvnae a clue, but it seemed strange tae me  
That a pile o auld horse-shoes lay oot at the back  
Wi a deid cuddy's heid pokin oot o a sack.

Ye silly-gaun bugger, young felly-ma-lad!  
Ye've etten horseburgers, an nae hope's tae be had!  
In quiet resignation in prayer ye should kneel;  
Efter horses for main-courses ye'll never get weel.