

Ladies' Day.

I've never really been sure what the point of Ladies' Day is, but they all seem to enjoy themselves.

Lo, what are these that skirl an sway,
Wi beige and orange faces?
It shairly must be Ladies' Day
At Musselburgh races!
Chorus: It's Ladies Day, it's Ladies' Day!
Fae Sutherland tae Surrey,
There's no much matches Ladies' Day
On the Links at Musselburgh.

They drink like fish an smoke like lums,
An scorn the social graces,
In skirts that scarcely claith their bums
At Musselburgh Races.

On peerie heels wi legs gaun slack
They hirple, and in places
It's yin step forrit, twae steps back,
At Musselburgh Races.

They lend a mutual helpin hand
Wi sisterly embraces,
For some o them can hardly stand
At Musselburgh Races.

Tae dignify a heid that's thick
Or fu o empty spaces,
A puckle feathers does the trick
At Musselburgh Races.

Their tans are fake withoot a doot,
Fake gold fake jewels enlaces;
But real flesh is fair floppin oot,
At Musselburgh races.

Let jockeys triumph as they may,
An horses show their paces.
Whae gies a toss! It's Ladies' Day
At Musselburgh races!

But if real ladies ye wuid see,
O thaim ye'll find few traces.
They're like hens' teeth, believe you me,
At Musselburgh Races!