

Rollin in the gress.

Most of us *feel* the same as we did when we were seventeen, but dearie me, few of us look that way!
By the way, in an urban setting grass would always be something you were on. Those of us with a rural background know that grass is something you can often be in.

I saw May Grant the ither day,
By God, ye'd hardly guess
That yince we spent an 'oor or twae
Thegither in the gress.

But lest the memory should sting,
Or cause the least distress,
I never mentioned sic a thing
As rollin in the gress.

But still I mind the urgent kiss,
The intimate caress.
I wished life could be aye like this,
Wi May amang the gress.

That aw belongs tae days gone by,
An noo, I must confess,
It's long or I wis wont tae lie
Wi lassies in the gress.

When I saw May the ither day,
Och man, she wis a mess!
Whae'd think that yin sae grim an grey
Yince grappled in the gress!