

The name-dropper.

It's the songs themselves that interest me, not the sayings and doings of those who sing them or make them up.

Whae are aw thae folk ye ken,
Whaes names ye drop time and again?
Presumably mere mortal men
Are meant tae be impressed.

Thir names are like a magic spell
Tae wrap some glory roond yersel.
They help qualms o self-doot tae quell,
An rank ye wi the blest.

But dae aw thae bosom-buddies care,
Or even notice that ye're there?
Or dae ye linger spurned an spare,
A hinger-on at best?

Here, naebody cares where ye've been at,
Or whae said this or whae said that,
Or whae sang sherp or whae sang flat,
Or whaes erse ye caressed.

Yet here ye come like Lazarus risen,
Wi jeer* an joie-de-vivre fizzin,
Name-droppin nineteen tae the dizzen
Oor tolerance tae test!

D'ye think reflected glory's gleam
Brings admiration and esteem?
Believe me, boy, that's juist a dream.
Noo gie yer yap a rest!

*Jeer (Haddington Cant): excrement