

Billy isnae awfy bright.

Everbody knows some poor soul that nobody can be bothered with. We know them, but pretend not to notice them. This goes to “The ploughman”, a very old traditional tune.

Billy isnae awfy bright -
The but o every joker.
It's juist that Billy isnae quite
The same as ither folk are.

Billy wisnae awfy bright,
His memory wis gey fickle;
At skuil afore he learned tae write
His palms got mony a tickle.

Billy wisnae awfy bright,
Burds werna interested;
He got yin yince if I mind right,
But o coorse it never lestit.

Billy wisnae awfy bright.
In some wee job they placed him,
An for a while it went aw right,
But in the end they chased him.

Billy isnae awfy bright.
He drinks on odd occasions.
Up in the Club he's aye polite,
But folk huvnae got the patience.

Billy isnae awfy bright,
There's naeb'dy wuid dispute it.
His life has been an uphill fight,
But what could he dae aboot it?

Billy isnae awfy bright,
An the question may soond silly,
But when politicians spout their shite,
What will they dae for Billy?