

# Cakes.

I made this one up after my suggestion that there should be “cakes” at a Folk Club Christmas do, was met with disbelief and hurtful merriment. You may recognise the tune as part of ‘Cock o the north’.

Some folk take delight in a savoury bite  
Or a pie wi puff-pastry in flakes,  
Yet nae ifs or buts, juist let me stuff ma guts  
Fu o Scotland’s incomp’rable cakes!

An some think it’s braw tae eat beef that’s half raw,  
An they slaver ower big bleedin steaks.  
Ye may sook haemoglobin fae flesh rid an throbbin,  
But bluid never oozes fae cakes!

Ther’s meat that’s sae tough ye wuid need, shair enough,  
Tae be hackin it up wi an aix;  
An tae chow it ataw, ye wuid fracture yer jaw,  
But ye’ll swallae mair suavely wi cakes.

An weel may ye worry when eatin a curry!  
Ye’re riskin severe stomach aches,  
Wi abdominal seizures an skitters like geysers,  
But digestion’s a dawdle wi cakes.

When ye pit tongue an lips tae a big poke o chips,  
Then ye’re makin the worst o mistakes;  
For the fat an the grease make ye grossly obese;  
Ye’re juist pleasantly plump wi the cakes.

Though the passin o gas is discourteous an crass,  
Some let rip till the very earth quakes;  
But nae vile noxious leaks permeate through the breek  
O the canny consumer o cakes!

An auld chap has need o a boosted libido,  
Nae mair does he hae what it takes.  
But when love has grown stale an yer best efforts fail  
Ye micht weel raise his game wi some cakes.

A fine lookin wumman can set ma pulse drummin,  
But listen, for aw o yer sakes;  
Ye’d be twice as enticin if covered in icin,  
For then ye’d compete wi the cakes.

A standin ovation is due fae the nation  
Tae honour each baker that bakes,  
An the next Nobel Prize should be gien tae the guys  
That design an create Scotland’s cakes!