

Skin.

One for the dermatologists and devotees of St Bartholomew. The tune of this is a traditional dance tune, the name of which escapes me.

What a guid job we hae skin
Tae haud oor pairts an puddens in!
What better coverin could suit
Tae keep the bluid fae skooshin oot?
Thank God for skin, for dinnae doot it,
A bonnie mess we'd be withoot it!

A man wuid look distinctly odd
Bedecked wi scales like troot or cod;
An maist wuid find it gey hard gaun
Encased in armour like a prawn.
Thank God for skin, for dinnae doot it,
A bonnie mess we'd be withoot it!

A girl wuid be an ugly cratur
Upholstered like an alligator.
O men there isnae even maybe yin
Wuid kiss a carnivorous amphibian!
Thank God for skin, for dinnae doot it,
A bonnie mess we'd be withoot it!

An whae among us could abide
An elephant or rhino's hide?
An whae could smile if he'd been dealt
A silverback gorilla's pelt?
Thank God for skin, for dinnae doot it,
A bonnie mess we'd be withoot it!

But human skin is nae big deal;
It sometimes has its fauts as weel.
For adolescents there's few plusses
Wi plooks an biles aw ower their pusses.
Thank God for skin, though, dinnae doot it,
A bonnie mess we'd be withoot it!

An then auld age's dire effects
Hings turkeys' wattles on oor necks.
Across oor broos deep scores are seen,
An muckle bags aneath oor een.
Thank God for skin, though, dinnae doot it,
A bonny mess we'd be withoot it!

But what is man that he should brag?
Juist bluid an guts bunged in a bag
That helps tae haud him aw thegither,
Packed in his poke o leevin leather.
Thank God for skin, for dinnae doot it,
A bonnie mess we'd be withoot it!