

Guitarists.

Any non-guitarist who ventures into folk clubs will inevitably at some point find himself sitting gazing disconsolately into space, surrounded by fanatics chuntering endlessly about guitars.

I dinnae doot guitarists are a boon tae aw mankind,
But the mair I hae tae dae wi them, the mair I tend tae find
That though guitarists love guitars, an wuidnae be withoot them,
They dinnae play guitars sae much as blether on aboot them.

CHORUS: Some folk rant aboot the rugby, ithers crack aboot their cars,
But spare me fae the guys that gibber on aboot guitars!

In the company o guitarists boredom will be yer reward,
For they show a strange reluctance tae as much as strike a chord;
And often in their presence I've been tempted sair tae say it,
"Shut up aboot the bluidy thing! Juist pick it up an play it!"

Their focus never falters, an their tongues they never tire.
Hoo can they hae sae much tae say aboot six wee bits o wire
Ower a handle on a hollow box wi a plinkie-plonk tae play it?
They'll gab on for 'oors aboot it, but they hardly ever dae it.

An when I pass through daith's dark vale, an land in Paradise,
I'm shair wi harps an haloes it will aw be very nice,
An I'm shair that I'll find heaven's folk mair tae ma taste than Hell's
- As long as thae guitarists hae their ain bit tae theirsels!