

Seeventeen.

By jings, when I was 17, what a fine fellow I thought I was going to be.

The year o ma seeventeenth birthday
I felt fate wis smilin on me,
For I thought that I might be a poet,
An ma burd looked like Françoise Hardy.

The year o ma seeventeenth birthday
Possibilities dawned in a bleeze.
Bein drawn tae the pathway less traivelled,
I could see baith the wuid an the trees.

The year o ma seeventeenth birthday
I wis thinkin deep thoughts aw the time,
An the pose that I struck wis Byronic
As I scoffed at the obvious rhyme.

The year o ma seeventieth birthday
I wondered where awthin went wrong;
But I still think I might be a poet,
An that's why I made up this song.