

Naebody.

It's not true that "everybody is famous for five minutes". In spite of our efforts many of us hardly draw a sideways glance.

Aw the world is wrocht tae daith
Attemptin tae be somebody.
That they'll succeed I've little faith,
For maist o us are naebody.

Mony folk wuid sell their soul
In hopes o bein somebody,
But maist will never reach their goal
And end up bein naebody.

It makes nae sense tae burst a gut
In tryin tae be somebody.
Maist times the door bides firmly shut
An ye'll remain a naebody.

An bear in mind that efter aw,
For maist that rank as somebody,
It's juist the mere luck o the draw
That stopped them bein naebody.

Then if indeed ye win the day
An manage tae be somebody,
Yer fame may quickly slip away,
An yince mair ye'll be naebody.

I never wis yin that wis keen
On strivin tae be somebody,
And aw ma life I've ayeways been
Nae mair nor less than naebody.