

Big cars.

The modern craze for huge cars surely says something about the human psyche.

Cars nooadays are never sma,
ye hardly see wee cars ataw.
Tae me aw logic it defies,
that cars are such an awfy size.

*Tae me aw logic it defies,
that cars are such an awfy size* (Repeat the last two lines of each verse.)

In aw the car parks near an far
I veesit in ma wee auld car,
there's shortages o parkin places,
for twae cars noo take up three spaces.

The situation has me beat
on country roads when cars I meet,
for modern cars are noo sae wide
they fill the road fae side tae side.

The muckle monster car sits there,
the driver glowers wi hostile stare,
an though ye'd gledly kick his erse,
for half a mile ye must reverse.

There's mony a man the-day ye'll find,
tae social climbin is inclined,
an sae, his neebor tae ootrank,
he drives a car built like a tank.

Ye'll find folk aw the world ower
competin for respect an power,
an thus, his status tae re-jig
the sma man makes his-sel look big.

But ower sic stuff I dinnae greet,
and never bother tae compete.
I'm quite contentit efter aw
tae be a wee man lookin sma!