

## **Auld an cauld.**

Pessimistic? Me?

Auld an cauld, auld an cauld,  
on a December day.

Auld an cauld, auld an cauld,  
what's an auld fule tae dae?

Fair enough, there wis a time  
when youth bleezed bricht an hot.

These were the days it seemed nae crime  
tae think the things I thought.

Auld an cauld...etc.

Sae weel I mind the days o spring,  
an the promise o their dawn,  
that birds wuid never cease tae sing  
an hopes wuid ne'er be gone.

Auld an cauld...etc

An summer days, I mind them yet,  
wi heat an licht ableeze;  
the days when it seemed meet an fit  
nane but masel tae please.

Auld an cauld...etc.

But autumn came an autumn went,  
an it's December noo,  
and aw thae daft-like days I spent  
hae little meanin noo.

Auld an cauld...etc.

Days o delusion are away,  
they brocht nae wealth or fame,  
but I think on them every day.  
I'll bet that you're the same!