

Nae angel.

It can be interesting to find out what has become of former contacts.

I met a man the other day
whae stopped his lorry juist tae say,
“Hello there, dae ye mind o me?”
But I’d nae clue whae he could be.

But when he telt tae me his name,
clear as a bell the memory came:
a laddie I’d put through the mill
when I wis heidie at his skuil.

An certainly back in his day
there had been mair than yin or twae
that through ma tender care had passed
that could hae been wi wild beasts classed.

Though no the worst that I had seen,
nae angel had this laddie been,
yet noo, weel intae middle age,
he’d obviously turned the page.

A when o us, tae tell the truth
hae been “Nae Angels” in oor youth;
but maistly, as ye wuid expect,
it’s had nae long-term ill effect.