

## Snawed under.

What can you do but keep attempting to forge ahead?

Snawed under, snawed under!  
I'm knackered and nae wonder!  
There's no a hope that I can cope,  
but onward still I blunder.

Hoo can I hae sae much tae dae,  
an damn-all time tae dae it?  
I'm sairly pressed an need a rest,  
but whae kens when I'll hae it!  
Snawed under...etc.

It's roond an roond and up an doon;  
I'm knackered, I'll admit it!  
A wee sit-doon wuid be a boon,  
but alas, I cannae get it!  
Snawed under...etc.

Eh dearie me, hoo can it be,  
life hauds sae foul a flaw  
that I must graft till I'm half-daft  
an cannae get a blaw?  
Snawed under...etc.

At times I hate the wey that fate  
against me has conspired;  
an here's the joke, unlike maist folk,  
I'm meant tae be retired!  
Snawed under...etc.

But I'm weel attuned tae runnin roond  
in circles till I'm dizzy.  
Believe you me, afore ye dee,  
ye're better keepin busy!  
Snawed under...etc.