

Wasted talent.

I suppose this follows on naturally from the previous song.

Talented laddies an talented lassies,
young folk that stood oot a mile fae the masses;
brichtly they shone, but brief wis their shinin.
The ranks o the nameless they quickly were jinin.

Laddies that true understandin were seekin,
lassies that real words o wisdom were speakin;
young folk that drive and ambition asserted,
but suin fae their goals and ambitions deserted.

Young folk wi talent for paintin an drawin
intae oblivion happily fawin,
Laddies an lassies by music enraptured
whae laid it aside, by convention suin captured.

Thinkers whae spoke oot wi true inspiration,
and athletes whae could hae been picked for their nation,
aw buddin an bloomin, an speedily fadin,
an doon tae the level o dimwits degrading.

Sae mony fine talents resistin their mission!
Sae mony fine talents juist doomed tae perdition!
What kin o a world could loss them sae quickly?
What kin o society destroy them sae slickly?

Alas for this world an the wey that it's headin,
when the talents o youth it's sae carelessly sheddin.
Alas for this world an the goals that it's settin,
when it's bland mediocrity maistly we're gettin!