

Pets.

It's hard enough to lavish affection on another human being, never mind a mere animal. Everybody to his own, however.

Though we're commanded if we can
That we should love our fellow man,
I've seen nae instructions yet
That we should likewise love a pet.
Chorus : Birds an beasts are fine by me,
 In a field or up a tree,
 Or on a hillside runnin loose;
 Juist keep the damn things oot ma hoose!

Wi a jaundiced ee I view
A parrot or a cockatoo;
It's mair the thing, should they desire it,
For a buccaneer or pirate.

A borin goldfish in a bowl
Disnae whistle, bark or growl;
Puir bruit, it cannae make a soond,
It juist keeps swimmin roond an roond.

Make nae mistake, I wuidnae grudge ye
A companion like a budgie,
If ye're the kind that wuid enjoy
Discussin, "Who's a pretty boy?"

In the hoose dugs are aye yappin,
In the street they're ayeways crappin;
Ye're wrocht tae deith wi pokes an trowels
Liftin the contents o their bowels.

Cats are never very nice,
They bring hame birds an half-chowed mice,
An set them free tae hide an dee
In at the back o the settee.

Naw, I wuidnae gie ye much
For ony rabbit in a hutch.
A bairn might think it fine for pettin –
I'd juist hae the bugger etten.

And I think it's nae big deal,
A hamster birlin in a wheel;
Though I can haud ma pint gless steady,
Ma heid's birlin fine awready.

Cont. next page

An a guinea pig's nae yuis,
Its contribution I dismiss;
But like him I'll suin be seen
Wi snaw-white hair an wee pink een.

Big or sma, or smooth or hairy,
Ma view on pets will never vary;
An if ye want tae share yer life,
It makes mair sense tae get a wife.

Wives leave nae mess an make nae smells,
An they can look efter theirsels;
An then when Lucky Nicht comes roond
Ye'll find it beats a dug hands doon!

(Words and tune original.)