

Doof-doof-doof an boom-boom-boom.

Much of the irritating background noise to modern life is caused by people trying to make an impression, in the mistaken belief that we will find them worth admiring.

A car stopped at the traffic lights, wi the windaes open wide,

And a racket fit tae wake the deid proceedin fae inside.

A bampot in a baseball cap crouched in the driver's seat,

An lood resounded drum an bass wi a grim rock-steady beat.

An doof-doof-doof, an boom-boom-boom, went like a chargin bull.

Doof-doof-doof, an boom-boom-boom, like shrapnel through the skull.

I stood in humble gratitude as the thunder floated free,

That he should share his music wi a passer-by like me.

Yes, though at times they're vacuous, an violent and uncouth,

Such thoughtless generosity is typical o youth.

The bluid dreeped fae ma nostrils, an the tears gushed fae ma een.

Ma left eardrum imploded as the traffic lights turned tae green.

Like chainsaw or pneumatic drill the revs began tae swell,

Then he wis off and oot o sight like a bat fae oot o hell.

Noo, here's a thocht that struck as the cacophony slowly faded –

It's juist like at election time when politics is paraded.

It builds tae a crescendo, fu o fire an fury, then

They're doon the road, an oot o sicht, an awthin's quiet again.

An doof-doof-doof, an boom-boom-boom, fade on the fitful breeze.

Doof-doof-doof, an boom-boom-boom - Labour an Tory lees!