

Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

I go abroad a lot. I'm fascinated by different cultures and languages, but I've never learned to like the vomity-looking stuff they serve up for food. The tune to this one is a traditional Gaelic air.

When first I left ma native sod
Tae hae a holiday abroad,
Yin simple truth ma world-view shook;
Johnny Foreigner cannae cook!

Fired by keen anticipation,
I read up on ma destination,
But saw in nae brochure nor book
That Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

Sae I arrived quite unprepared
For that which should hae been declared;
That simple fact they cannae jouk,
That Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

I sat doon in a restaurant,
And asked masel, what did I want?
I little kent the risk I took,
For Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

A waiter brocht the menu ower,
And at it I began tae glower.
I might hae kent at the first look
That Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

In Double-Dutch it aw wis written,
(As I think noo, tae save admittin
The truth that shamed the crafty crook,
That Johnny Foreigner cannae cook!)

I scanned it wi suspicious stare,
But mince an tatties wisnae there.
Scotch pie an beans they wuidnae brook,
For Johnnie Foreigner cannae cook.

I made a choice; said, "That will do!"
Though what it wis, I had nae clue;
But it wis clear fae the first sook
That Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

Like fire ma throbbin thrapple burned.
I gasped for breith, ma stomach churned.
I turned a pale as ony spook,
For Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

Wi tremblin hands I gripped the table.
I tried tae rise, I wisnae able.
I sprayed the opposite wa wi puke,
For Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

As fae ma face ma guts unloaded,
A bomb within ma breeks exploded.
They thocht the Yanks had launched a nuke!
Naw, Johnny Foreigner cannae cook.

Sae noo ye ken what lies in store
When dinin on some distant shore.
Believe me, freends, that wis nae fluke,
For Johnny Foreigner cannae cook!