

## When I kissed Mary Marr.

This song commemorates the days when, as an acquaintance of mine remarked, “a snog lasted the haill side o an elpee.”

I cannae mind where I wuid be when Kennedy wis shot.  
Ma heid wis fu o nonsense then, an it didnae mean a lot.  
And navigatin memory noo’s like sailin in a haar,  
But I mind the Beatles singin, when I kissed Mary Marr.

Nor can I mind whaur I wis when John Lenon bit the dust.  
Tae me, he’d long since lost his wey, wi his edge aw gone tae rust.  
But when me an Mary, Jaik an Liz, were crammed in Jimmy’s car,  
I can mind the Beatles singin when I kissed Mary Marr.

I cannae mind whaur I wis when auld Thatcher shot the crow;  
An lookin back, I doot it didnae chainge much efter aw.  
But when Jim cranked up the volume, an daft Jaik played air guitar,  
I can mind the Beatles singin, when I kissed Mary Marr.

An I cannae mind whaur I wis when the Berlin wa came doon.  
Folk said a brand new day had dawned, but they maybe spoke too soon.  
But bombin doon the auld A1, somewhere aboot Dunbar,  
I can mind the Beatles singin, as I kissed Mary Marr.

An as for Nine Eleven, I suppose I should think shame,  
But I cannae mind, wis I at work, or maybe juist at hame?  
Bigod, but I wis radgie, though I didnae get that far,  
But I mind the Beatles singin, as I kissed Mary Marr.

Ye shouldnae look askance at this, for often wi ma kind,  
It’s no what’s world-shakin, but the trivia we mind.  
An though she’s long gone tae God knows where, till I faw off the spar,  
I’ll aye mind the Beatles singin, when I kissed Mary Marr!