

Tae a Fert

*Oh what a sleekit horrible beastie
Lurks in yer belly efter the feastie
Just as ye sit doon amang yer kin
There sterts to stir an enormous wind.*

*The neeps and tatties and mushy peas
Stert workin like a gentle breeze
But soon the puddin wi the sonsie face
Will have ye blawin' aw ower the place.*

*Nae matter whit the hell ye dae
Awbody's gonnae have tae pay
Even if ye try tae stifle,
It's like a bullet oot a rifle.*

*Haud yer bum ticht tae the chair
Tae try and stop the leakin air
Shift yersel frae cheek tae cheek
Pray tae God it disnae reek.*

*But aw yer efforts go asunder
Oot it comes like a clap o' thunder
Ricochets aroon the room
Michty me, a sonic boom!*

*God almighty it fairly reeks;
Hope I huvnae shit ma breeks
Tae the bog I'd better scurry
Aw whit the hell, its no ma worry.*

*Awbody roon aboot me choking,
Wan or two are nearly bokin
I feel much better for a while
Cannae help but raise a smile.*

*Wis him! I shout with accusing glower,
Alas too late, he's just keeled ower
Ye dirty bugger they shout and stare
I dinnae feel welcome any mair.*

*Where ere ye go let yer wind gan free
Sounds like just the job fur me
Whit a fuss at Rabbie's perty
Ower the sake o' wan wee ferty.*

On On

Jock Twat