

A Scottish Holiday

The Corries

So you think you're gaein' tae the north to spend a holiday

'Cause you're vaguely Scottish on your mither's side
And you've heard of ancient glories both renowned in song and story

Kilts and haggis, Andy Stewart and the Clyde

Ye go up by Crianlarich, it's the gateway to the north
And the scenery will please your eyes I'm sure
Ye take oot your picnic basket 'cause the car has blown a gasket

In the middle o' a place called Rannoch Moor

So you telephone the garage listed in the tourist guide
That was published for you by the R.A.C.

But by design, or by intention, or, they just forget to mention

That the garage closes doon for half past three

So you're towed behind this tractor tae a corrugated shed

That's surrounded by farm implements and carts
And you scratch your head and wonder why you ever bought a Honda

'Cause they'll have to send to Tokyo for the parts

So you board the train for Oban and you get the boat to Mull

Feeling like you've had a night upon the tiles
Ye pay twenty pence for coffee with a tang o' diesel oil

Your experience in the swindle o' the isles

But your pulse begins to quicken at the thought of berry-pickin'

So you take a trip to 'Gowrie for a spell
Wi' some wellies o' your mothers that she bought in Ali Brothers

And a Gideon bible pinched frae yer hotel

So you're standing picking rasps being stung to death by wasps

The midges and the clegs are making free
And the bairns have ate the berries and contracted dysentery

'Cause last week they sprayed the crop with DDT

So you're headin' back to Birmingham more waterlogged than tanned

But no signs of habitation can you see
When you thought you were in Berwick you were actually in Lerwick

'Cause some vandal changed the signpost in Dundee

clegs - horseflies