

Throw The 'R' Away

The Proclaimers

I've been so sad
Since you said my accent was bad
He's worn a frown
This Caledonian clown

I'm just going to have to learn to hesitate
To make sure my words
On your Saxon ears don't grate
But I wouldn't know a single word to say
If I flattened all the vowels
And threw the 'R' away

Some days I stand
On your green and pleasant land
How dare I show face
When my diction is such a disgrace

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You say that if I want to get ahead
The language I use should be left for dead
It doesn't please your ear
And though you tell it like a leg-pull
It seems your still full of John Bull
You just refuse to hear

Oh what can I do
To be understood by you
Perhaps for some money
I could talk like a bee dripping honey.

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