

Tae a Curry (To A Curry) by Ian Rae

Oh great big plate o' spicy curry, I'll no forget you in a hurry
Tho' in the loo I might just worry, at whit I've done
O' Scottish dishes you are number one

You may be rich an' awfu' fatty, But served up wi some rice Basmati
Or even wi a wee chipatti, I crave each bite
And tho' I'm bound to get the skitters, that's a' right

And when to wife back hame I stagger, Wi' doggie bag and cans o' lager
And curry breath enough to gag her, withoot a doot
She'll yell "you're drunk" and slam the door, and lock me oot

Tae a Password (To A Password) by Ian Rae

My heart is fu' o' deep forbode, Wee password, you, yestreen I know'd
But noo forgotten, o my Goad, withoot a doot
If I should get you rang once mair, I'll be locked oot

On helpdesk, to some Indian brother, I'll try tae take the problem futher
But we'll nae understand each other, wi' accents strong
And password-less, I'll try again and get it wrong

At bedtime I kneel doon an' pray, That all mankind can find a way
To understan' what helpdesks say, God make it soon!
But till that day arrives, ma password, I'll write doon

Tae A Mobile Phone (To A Mobile Phone) by Ian Rae

Tell me oh wee mobile phone, What is this great power that you own
That everybody on their own, can't keep their distance
They have to take out to check - they've no resistance

I see them a' on bus and train, Or a' packed in an aeroplane
They tap tap tap - then tap again, Instead o talkin'
Or so engrossed fa' doon the drain, When they're oot walkin'

So if, as oot that drain you climb, You find you've maybe got the time
To on, your mobile, read this rhyme, I've no objection
Though my words might look rather strange wi' auto correction

Wee mobile phone I will nae lie, You'll nae be Apple o' my eye
In U.S.A. they have a name more apt, And in my cell phone I will no be trapped

Tae a Celebrity (To a Celebrity) by Ian Rae

Fame an' fortune's nae for me, I've never wished for celebrity
Like they HardCashians seeking fame, They're the ones we ought to blame
They "influence" folk in what they think,
While my main influence was having a drink
Celebrity status my poems inspired But noo for celebrity nothing's required
If you're talentless, unskilled but vain as can be Why no be a celebrity?

Tae A Fitba' (To a Football) by Ian Rae

Fair fa' your honest sonsie face Wee baw as you, they a' gie' chase
And when they score they a' embrace Like great big Jessies
As tho it's worthy o' a goal o' Lionel Messi's

The crowd hae come frae miles aroon' A' heading tae the fitba' groon'
An' filled the whole sky wi' the soon' o' horn and rattle
They're a' prepared noo up and doon To face the battle

We watch as 'roon' the pitch they fly Falling doon like deid men die
"Penalty!" the crowd a' cry But that's rejected
An' soon it ends an' half gae hame Wi' face dejected

But withoot you, wee baw I say They would'nae hae a chance tae play
Whit would they do each Seterday? Wind rain or sun
Oh may we aye hae the baws to say "We owe you one"

Tae A Virus (To A Virus) by Ian Rae

You nasty little spiky virus, You've really done your best to tire us
You've filled our world with trouble and cost us plenty,
You really made a mess o' 2020
But noo it's time for you to go, to fade away like winter snow
And though we may be filled with trepidation
At least we have the answer vax a nation

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