

Street Talk

by J.K. Annand

There was a rammie in the street,
A stishie and stramash.
The crabbit wifie up the stair
Pit up her winda sash.

"Nou what's adae?" the wifie cried,
"Juist tell me what's adae."
*A day is twinty-fower hours, missis,
Nou gie us peace to play.*

"Juist tell me what's ado," she cried,
"And nane o yer gab," cried she.
*D'ye no ken a doo's a pigeon, missis?
Nou haud your wheesht a wee.*

"I want to ken what's up," she cried,
"And nae mair o yer cheek, ye loun."
*It's only yer winda that's up, missis.
For guidsake pit it down.*