**Street Talk** by JK 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 doun.

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