

A worried man.

A pessimist? Me? No, I haven't thrown in the towel yet. By the way, I wondered about taking out the House of Lords verse on the grounds of lapsed topicality, but then I thought I'd just leave it since it's bound to happen again.

Sae mony threats tae make us think,
Sae little cause tae doot them.
In bed I cannae sleep a wink
For worryin about them.

CHORUS: They say it takes a worried man
Tae sing a worried song,
Sae aw you worriers oot there,
Step up, an sing along!

There's climate change will skelp us yet
Wi countless double whammies;
By hurricanes we'll be ca'ed flet,
An blootered by tsunamis.

I worry for the World's sake,
For it's bung-fu o baddies;
If it's no bankers on the make,
It's Islamist jihadis.

What corner o the globe's escaped
Oor fellow man's skulduggery?
Whaur men are murdered, weemin raped,
An wee bairns blawn tae buggery.

Tae curse an blame, though, aw the same,
Abroad ye neednae wander,
For I wuid claim that here at hame
There's plenty points tae ponder.

I worry ower Westminster's ploys,
Whaur sense gains nae admittance,
An brayin toffs and Oxbridge boys
Debate the puir man's pittance.

As for thae Hoose o Lords galoots,
Think shame I hae tae say it,
They're snortin coke wi prostitutes
While we pey them tae dae it!

I worry ower what went afore,
An what's about tae happen.
I worry whae's outside the door
When somebody comes chappin.

Ye laugh, an let yer world go by,
For worries are displeasin;
But I never wis the kin o guy
Tae worry without reason!