

Tattooed ladies

Covering your body with tattoos always seemed a daft idea to me. The modern craze for women to do so is a futile and unfortunate exercise in gilding the lily.

As through this vale o tears I wander,
Fae time tae time I pause tae ponder,
Why ony wumman o sense should choose
Tae blight her body wi tattoos.

Nae sweeter path e'er led tae sin
Than flawless smooth an creamy skin.
But noo when fae their claes they slip,
Some look mair like a comic strip.

Yes, mony's the bonny lass, I fear,
That yince had skin as clean an clear
An smooth as ony summer loch,
Noo looks like something by Van Gogh.

Take, for example, I beseech,
That lassie topless on the beach
Wi no a stitch tae haud her gut in,
An flames etched roond her belly-button.

An as ye gawp ye might hae missed
The bracelet tattooed roond her wrist
O Celtic beasts aw in a fankle,
An there's its neebor roond her ankle!

An it's bizarre, ye must admit,
The grapevine sproutin fae her fit,
Coiled up her leg an twinin high
Whaur swallows swoop around her thigh.

An if ye get a rear view – yugh!
The moon descends intae her sheuch;
But fae the front tae keep ye cheery,
The sun arises fae her wheerie.

Then turn again, an you may track
The Chinese dragon doon her back,
That louns like some disturbed intruder
Oot o her oxters ower her shooder.

So is this art, or something mair?
No no, ma freend, I'm pretty shair
That aw this mystic symbolism
Juist means that she's a silly bizzam.

An if ma wife took sic a course,
I'd suin be filin for divorce.
Sae, lassies, shun this fad that's newest,
An haud weel back fae the tattoois!

(Words and tune original.)