

This auld year's endin

More pessimism. In actual fact, I've enjoyed my life. Maybe that's why the remaining years are unlikely to be much of an improvement.

Wild the wind along the shore,
like tae freeze ye tae the core.
It makes ye wonder what's in store
 after this auld year's endin.

Winter gales blaw sherp an chill.
Oor herts wi fierce forbodins fill
that hopes for the future quickly kill
 here at this auld year's endin.

I mind a time (I sweir it's true),
when years tae their conclusion drew
wi optimism I'd be fu
 about the auld year's endin.

But these days life is no the same,
an seems mair like a loser's game.
It's feenished noo in aw but name
 here at this auld year's endin.

But pey nae heed tae me, young man.
I'm shair your life will gaun tae plan.
Stick in. Juist dae the best ye can,
 after this auld year's endin.