

Chainged Days.

As you grow older, you may well feel pride in the contemplation of your adult children. You will also have learned what it feels like to be patronised. Never mind, they mean well.

**Is it no damn rideeculous-seemin
That they're ma bairns, thae twae braw weemin?
Baith aulder noo by mony a morn
Than I wuid be when they were born.
 Chainged days indeed, ma dears, chainged days.**

**An me that ruled wi iron hand,
An made them jump at ma command,
Noo smiled ower for a daft auld deevil –
At times indeed, they're barely ceevil!
 Chainged days indeed, ma dears, chainged days.**

**Oh, weel I mind when they were wee,
On aw I wanted them tae be,
An aw I hoped that they wuid dae;
But, ach, they went their ain sweet way.
 Chainged days indeed, ma dears, chainged days.**

**It's hard that such has got tae be,
But that's the way things ought tae be;
For they must hazard loss or gain,
Tae make a world o their ain.
 Chainged days indeed, ma dears, chainged days.**

**An what the future is tae be,
Is nae concern o such as me.
Far better noo, tae tell the truth,
Juist tae sit back an shut ma mooth.
 Chainged days indeed, ma dears, chainged days.**

(Words and tune original.)