

Memorial Hall.

This is a regretful backward glance to the days of village hall dances, where we danced with well-behaved modest girls with good Scots tongues in their heads. Now there are no country folk living in the countryside. The native population has gone, and the renovated farm cottages are full of computer programmers and graphic artists.

Last dance in the Memorial Hall, the accordions rang oot clear.
Soft cotton warm aneath ma hand, her whisper in ma ear.
Ye get guid times, ye hae bad times. What the hell, ye cairry on.
But the music, an the language, an the lassie, are long gone.

I didnae care, I wanted mair, an I wisnae feart tae say.
An when I dropped the hint the lassie laughed an looked away.
Ye get guid times, ye hae bad times. What the hell, ye cairry on.
But the music, an the language, an the lassie are long gone.

Clear as a bell, that last dance yet, an I ayeways mind the song
Was "Please help me I'm falling", an bigod, they werenae wrong!
Ye get guid times, ye hae bad times. What the hell, ye cairry on.
But the music, an the language, an the lassie are long gone.

The strains o that box band still sometimes drift around ma heid,
An the memory o her sweet Scots tongue wuid make an iron hert bleed.
Ye get guid times, ye hae bad times. What the hell, ye cairry on.
But the music, an the language, an the lassie are long gone.

(Words and tune original.)