

Ma faether woke me up fur school  
wan cold an frosty mornin  
I tried tae hide I tried tae fool  
But alas he sterted shoutin.

Ma mither next she sterted too  
As I crawled fae under ma blank'it  
The bus'il be here fur Beth an you  
An as usual your no gonny mak it

Wi breakfast hingin fae ma lips  
An school bag oer ma shu'der  
The orange juice bein gulped in sips  
As a faw right oer a bulder

Wi redden face a clamber own  
the bus is fu o lafter  
the driver helps me tae ma seat  
as ma freens gie me the pattur

The moral tae ma story simple  
so let me tell yees aw  
go tae bed early an dinnae be dimple  
an listen tae yer maw

By Rebecca Henderson