

## **Jet Set Roger**

### **"Broadford Bazaar"**

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Dirty white caravans down our road, sailing.  
Vivas, Cortinas, weaving in their wake.  
With hot, red-faced drivers, horns flattened, fists  
whaling,  
Putting trust in blind corners as they overtake.

And it's "All come willing now,  
Spend a shilling now,  
Stack up the back of your new motor-car."  
There's home-dyed woolens, and wee plastic (Cuillins?)  
(blessed?) (Cuchulains?)  
[Cuchulain == mythical Irish hero --- wee plastic  
Cuchulains?]

The day of the Broadford Bazaar.

Out of the north, no oil-rigs are drifting.  
And jobs for the many are down to the few.  
Blue-bottle choppers, they visit no longer.  
Like flies to the jampots, they were just passing  
through.

And it's "All come willing now,  
Spend a shilling now,  
Stack up the back of your new motor-car"  
Where once stood oil-rigs so phallic  
There's only swear-words in Gaelic  
To say at the Broadford bazaar.

All kinds of people come down for the opening.  
Crofters and cottiers, white (wild?) settlers galore.  
[Crofter == farmer renting land]  
[Cottier == farmer renting land]  
And up on the hill, there's an old sheep that's dying,  
But it had two new lambs born just a fortnight before.

And it's "All come willing now,  
Spend a shilling now,  
Stack up the back of your new motor-car."  
We'll take pounds, francs and dollars from the well-  
heeled,

And stamps from the Green Shield.  
The day of the Broadford Bazaar.

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