

The Corries

"Scotland the Brave"

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Land o' the purple heather.
Land o' the dirty weather.
Land where the midges gaither, Scotland the Brave.
Land o' the Pakistanis,
Andy Capp and Saturday sannies.
Land where they sell their grannies, Scotland the Brave.

Used to say in faither's day,
You could hear the bagpipes play,
But now you hear the regal tones o' Elton John and The Rolling Stones.
Land that is full o' stinkers,
Wee fat Jews and VP drinkers.
Whisky put a lot o' stinkers, into Scottish graves.

Land that is full o' skivers,
Comic singers, deep sea divers,
Turbans on our bus condrivers, Scotland the Brave.
Land o' the brutal Bobbies,
Councillers wi' part-time jobbies,
Architects wi' paying hobbies, Scotland the Brave.

The tourists come here every year
To see all our historic gear,
But all they see is loads o' navvies, high rise flats wi' concrete lavvies.
Land o' the artic' lorries,
Andy Stewart and ra Corries,
Land where everybody borries, Scotland the Brave.

Land o' the Kilt and Sporan -
Underneath, there's nothin' worn!
How I wish the wind was warm! Scotland the Brave.
I must admit it's pretty gruesome,
Walking about wi' your frozen twosome!
It's all we've got - we musn't lose 'em - Scotland the Brave.

Conservatives try to assure us,

Labour's hard-put to endure us,
The Kirk puts curbs on our enjoyment, Government makes unemployment.
Never mind - the day is near,
When independence will be here!
We'll drink a toast in Younger's beer to Scotland the Brave

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