

DRIFTER

Ah'm seek tae daeth o dis weary wark an I'll quit whan da bank
aloo's;
Seek o da thump o da winter munts as dey punch on da wadder boo.
Rowlin da lee-rail oot o sight
Wi' a horrid dreid til shu slowly rights
An I'll bunk me doon full-cled taenight
O wha'd be a seaman noo?

An da verg ah'm hedd in my faiders trade is as bad as da rest I'd say
In a hol o shite on da buildin sites destroyin whit helt I hae,
Bongin doon ruifs wi my haunds blue-numb
Wi da faer o faain frae da laidders rung
An a dizzen dusts tae shokk my lungs
Ging back tae yon ?- no way!

An my eyes ir dulled tae dis thing caa'd art an objects I wance
desired.
Whit weighs me doon slung ower my back is mair as wan requires.
So I'll pack nae mair as life demaunds
An I'll tak da rodd wi empty haunds
Tae laeve as much in an unken laund
As da smudge o a gypsy's fire.