

"Address to a Mars bar"

My contribution to Burns Night :

Listen, all men at this time o' year
Those who hold their lassies dear
And deem to try and bring them cheer
This is wha' you need to hear

For you canna to the lee rigs go
As when you wa' a summer beau
To mak your lassie's cheeks to glow
As the wind do the green rushes blow

Differ comfort is what she's seekin
Something sweet, something reekin
To fill her belly, fill her with laughter
A deep fried Mars bar is what hers after!