

Brief Warning

Darling Dear
Autumn comes
And the pier where we lay
With the sun on our bums
Is cold as the devil
And lousy with spray;
Stay away!
Unless you've a croc of good rye or some scotch.
In which case
Watch!
I'll go lie on that pier
With the wind in my teeth;
Leith
Just across the Bay!

But O, say ...
Wouldn't it be better for all concerned
To get burned
Round the fireplace?
Fresh air is healthy ... and all that ...
But it's hard to swallow in the form of a gale.
Ale
Is easier to get down.
Frown
If you will
Still
I say
Stay away!

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