

When Yellow's On The Broom

Adam McNaughton

I ken ye dinna like it lass tae winter here in toon
For the scaldies aye miscry us and they try tae bring us doon
It's hard tae raise three bairnies in a single flea box room
But I'll tak ye on the road again when yellow's on the broom
When yellow's on the broom, when yellow's on the broom
I'll tak ye on the road again when yellow's on the broom

The scaldies cry us tinker dirt and they sconce oor weans at school
But who cares whit a scaldy thinks for a scaldy's just a fool
They never hear the yorlan's sang nor see the flax in bloom
For they're aye cooped up in hooses when yellow's on the broom
When yellow's on the broom, when yellow's on the broom
They're aye cooped up in hooses when yellow's on the broom

Nae sale for pegs nor baskets noo, sae just tae stay alive
We have tae work at scaldy jobs frae nine o'clock tae five
But we ca nae man oor maister for we own the world's room
And we'll bid fareweel tae Brechin when yellow's on the broom
When yellow's on the broom, when yellow's on the broom
And we'll bid fareweel tae Brechin when yellow's on the broom

I'm weary for the springtime when we tak the road aince mair
Tae the plantin and the pearlin and the berry fields o Blair
We'll meet up wi oor kin folk frae a' the country roond
When the gang-about folk tak the road and yellow's on the broom
When yellow's on the broom, when yellow's on the broom
When the gang-about folk tak the road and yellow's on the broom

When yellow's on the broom, when yellow's on the broom
I'll tak ye on the road again when yellow's on the broom