

A Slug's a Slug for a' that

Fair fa' your honest slimy face,
Great chieftain o' the mollusc race.
Below them a' ye tak' your place,
In caverns slick wi' mud.
Well are ye worthy o' a grace
Since caving's in your blood.

When young, ye ganged outwith a pang
Beneath the Picos, in a gang
Armed wi' steel ladder, rope, an' bang,
Lit wi' a trusty carbide lamp,
A smelly vapour hanging lang
About your camp.

Now middle age has settled in
And knees are clad in poochie' skin,
Auld slugs tak' bikes oot for a spin,
An' laith of bonding underground
Would rather gather at an Inn
In doucie warm surrounds.

Time's like a wheel that ever turns
(Or else ma name's no' Rabbe Burns),
So, in these times o' loathsome jurms,
Best not tae gather in a room
But raise a toast, till health returns,
By comradeship o' Zoom.