

## Jeely Piece

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*I'm a skyscraper wean; I live on the nineteenth flair,  
But I'm no' gaun oot tae play ony mair,  
'Cause since we moved tae Castlemilk, I'm wastin' away  
'Cause I'm getting' wan meal less every day:*

*Oh ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty story flat,  
Seven hundred hungry weans will testify to that.  
If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan,  
The odds against it reaching earth are ninety-nine tae wan.*

*On the first day ma maw flung oot a daud o' Hovis broon;  
It came skytin' oot the windae and went up insteid o' doon.  
Noo every twenty-seven hours it comes back intae sight  
'Cause ma piece went intae orbit and became a satellite.*

*On the second day ma maw flung me a piece oot wance again.  
It went and hut the pilot in a fast low-flying plane.  
He scraped it aff his goggles, shouting through the intercom,  
"The Clydeside Reds huv goat me wi' a breid-an-jeely bomb."*

*On the third day ma maw thought she would try another throw.  
The Salvation Army band was staunin' doon below.  
"nward Christian Soldiers" was the piece they should've played  
But the oompahman was playing a piece an' marmalade.*