

I Lost My Scottish Accent

On my first trip to Scotland
I wasn't speaking like a Scot
I was just a young boy who listened to Bon Scott
But I enjoyed the whiskies, even more enjoyed the land
Even if on my first night I got frozen on the sand

On my second trip to Scotland
There was more for me to see
I could afford a car 'cause my sister was with me
We explored the Country, we went up to the north
On my third trip I found new home
Right by the Firth of Forth

*I lost my Scottish accent, if ever I had one
I lost my Scottish accent, now it's clearly gone
I lost my Scottish accent and shamefully I have none
I lost my Scottish accent, here something must be done*

I got my Scottish accent not far from the firth shore
Living in a place called Drylaw and learning its folklore
Vodka and cocaine were my flatmates' interests
I was into whisky and menthol cigarettes

I worked in construction sites, had a labour job in Leith
And then as a scaffolder in a college in Dalkeith
Trying to look busy with a Bulgarian communist
Who was always preaching and raising up his fist

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A college full of nightmares
In the form of those nice girls
All of them too young but so inviting in those skirts
Next week I was hired in a different neighborhood
That's how I found myself brushing a site in Holyrood

I improved my accent talking here and there
Some people also taught me, others didn't care
Edinburgh was beautiful just like my future seemed
It lasted only for short, but it was the life I dreamed

I met some musicians
They played the blues
And they used
To get paid in booze

I remember the crowd
Shouting out loud
And a girl dancing her arse
Made us think she's from Mars

Because of her dance
And how she danced the dance
My guitar man
Couldn't get his eyes off her

They're all memories now
And if I get back somehow
It will never be the same
Never be the same, since...

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