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CUDDY RIVER REVERIE

Behind my Granny's hoose, one warm and sunny day
By Eddlestone Water I chanced for to stray
And there I met a wee lass wi' eyes o' smokey grey
And dark hair doon tae her shoulder
She said she'd like to play a game if I felt so inclined
Though I was young and innocent, and innocence is blind
I could see it wisnae Ludo that this wee lass had in mind
Doon by the Cuddy River.

She then began to teach me how to play the age-auld game
Because I am a gentleman I can't tell you her name
For she's a married woman noo, wi' a hoose full o' wee weans
And a big husband wi' a short temper
But she is the one who first took me well in hand
Who bade me lie doon and then quickly made me stand
Oh, I was her accordian and she was Jimmy Shand
Doon by the Cuddy River.

Now is there a softer or a sweeter sin
Than the silken touch o' a young girl's skin
If there is then auld Nick can just reel me in
For I am damned foever
It's a greater sin to be pure and chaste
Tae let a' that luscious fruit just go tae waste
So a' those years ago I took my first big juicy taste
Doon by the Cuddy River

Under her cool dry hands and her hot wet mouth
Her dress went North and my breeks went South
From then on it was a case o' goodbye Mickey Mouse
As my childhood took a powder
My dreams o' one day bein' Scotland's star scrum-half
Or the first Protestant Pope were soon scattered like chaff
Beneath her warm scented breath and her deep throaty laugh
Doon by the Cuddy River.

Now I set to with a will, though I wisnae too aware
Of who did what tae whom, or what went intae where
In fact I'm still no' certain I even managed to get there
Before everything boiled over
But as I lay there pantin' wi' my clothin' disarranged
Feelin' like I'd been run over by a very slow train
I knew that my life had been forever changed
Doon by the Cuddy River.

I think o' her still as the years roll past
For she was the first, though thank God, no the last
I've learned a lot since then, though I'm sure if ye asked
My wife would beg tae differ
But the very first time is the time you don't forget
There must be some life in the auld dog yet
For the memory o' that day can still bring me tae a sweat
Of doon by the Cuddy River
Yes, the memory o' that day can still bring me tae a sweat
Of doon by the Cuddy River.

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