

## **Tae a Curry (To A Curry) by Ian Rae**

Oh great big plate o' spicy curry, I'll no forget you in a hurry  
Tho' in the loo I might just worry, at whit I've done  
O' Scottish dishes you are number one

You may be rich an' awfu' fatty, But served up wi some rice Basmati  
Or even wi a wee chipatti, I crave each bite  
And tho' I'm bound to get the skitters, that's a' right

And when to wife back hame I stagger, Wi' doggie bag and cans o' lager  
And curry breath enough to gag her, withoot a doot  
She'll yell "you're drunk" and slam the door, and lock me oot

## **Tae a Password (To A Password) by Ian Rae**

My heart is fu' o' deep forbode, Wee password, you, yestreen I know'd  
But noo forgotten, o my Goad, withoot a doot  
If I should get you rang once mair, I'll be locked oot

On helpdesk, to some Indian brother, I'll try tae take the problem futher  
But we'll nae understand each other, wi' accents strong  
And password-less, I'll try again and get it wrong

At bedtime I kneel doon an' pray, That all mankind can find a way  
To understan' what helpdesks say, God make it soon!  
But till that day arrives, ma password, I'll write doon

## **Tae A Mobile Phone (To A Mobile Phone) by Ian Rae**

Tell me oh wee mobile phone, What is this great power that you own  
That everybody on their own, Just can't resist you  
I didnae have one in ma day, So I have nae missed you

I see them a' on bus and train, Or a' packed in an aeroplane  
They tap tap tap - then tap again, Instead o talkin'  
Or so engrossed fa' doon the drain, When they're oot walkin'

So if, as oot that drain you climb, You find you've maybe got the time  
To on, your mobile, read this rhyme, I'll no be sad  
I've found a phone on Amazon Prime Wi price no bad

Wee mobile phone I will nae lie, You'll nae be Apple o' my eye  
In U.S.A. they have a name more apt, And in my cell phone I will no be trapped

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