

Aye, Like Soup You Will

The language of my childhood returns once in a while
It wasn't very "fancy"; some say it had no style
But those confusing words from my family and friends of old
Still warm my nostalgic senses and return me to the fold

"What about ye mucker" meant I was in a welcome place
And a "face like a pebble-dashed wall" meant I had a spotty face
C'mere I want you" meant it was time to leave my friends
And "you're doin my head in" meant I was drivin you round the bend

"Aye like soup you will" just presumed you wouldn't
And "no way Jose" meant you really couldn't
"I'm not standing for this" didn't mean I sat
And "being in bed with the doctor" didn't mean I slept

To be "in the middle of your dinner" meant the meal had just begun
"That wane's drivin me up the walls" referred to an over-active son
"Ach you're lousy" gave no reference to personal hygiene
It had more to with selfishness and just being "tight" and mean

G'in, g'out, g'up, g'over and g'under where places you should go
And "yes" was not affirmative but a word that meant hello
Getting "joined" didn't mean you had been parted
It was just a telling off for trouble you had started

There was no Celtic Tiger but many things were "cat"
And the "brew" was a place the unemployed signed at
We're told that things are better now in many, many ways
But I liked the innocence and the language of those halcyon days