

# The Heiland House Hunter

The Corries

Roaming for a homing, the bonnie countryside  
Roaming in the gloaming, just a place for me to bide  
When the sun has gone to rest, I'll be either east or west  
It's bloody lonely roaming in the gloaming

Cold winter was howling o'er me on this mountain  
Thick was the mud, caked up to my knees  
I was there in response tae an Aunt in the paper  
A fine country house shaded gently by trees

Well at length with a haul and some hard work behind me  
The remains of a house with a view I could see  
It appeared at an angle, its featureless forum  
Was leaning towards me at sixty degrees

So here's tae the lawyer I ne'er will forgive him  
For sending me up with spruce in the trees  
And I hoped that his briefs and his trusts will annul him  
His missive and scrolls dangled doon to his knees

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By yon bonnie banks where they say the money stays  
And I heard they took an interest in accounting  
But when I asked for an advance, they said no f-ing chance  
So I left a wee deposit in their fountain

Then I took the high road, and I took the low road  
But I couldnae get them baith in my lorry  
So I took this forest track, but they made me put it back  
Cause they said it didnae belong to an English Tory

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