

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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