

Honest Toun Lagoons

[Craig Herbertson](#)

It was a cold dark morning when I bid Tranent adieu
I braved the snow to Fisherow tae Stags for a pint or two
Then in you walked as bold as brass wi a boy, you seemed over the moon
And my heart sunk low as the cold grey snow by the honest toun lagoons
On my birthday morning wi many
unhappy returns
I took the road to Prestonpans and stopped at Sammy Burns
Where I found a watch stuck at ten past two that played delightful tunes
And my heart missed a beat like the times wed meet by the Honest Toun lagoons
So fair thee well dishonest lass
and fair thee well the toun
Of all the girls that er I kent you were the first tae let me down
Now I cook and clean and of you I dream as I drink in darkened rooms
And my hearts as low as the grey spent coal in the Honest Toun lagoons

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