

Throw The 'R' Away

The Proclaimers

I've been so sad
Since you said my accent was bad
He's worn a frown
This Caledonia clown
I'm just going to have to learn to hesitate
To make sure my words

On your Saxen ears don't grate
But I wouldn't know a single word to say
If I flattened all the vowels
And threw the 'are' away

You say that if I want to get ahead
The language I use should be left for dead
It doesn't please your ears

And though you tell it like a leg pull
I think you're still full of John Bull
You just refuse to bear

Some days I stand
On your green and pleasant land
Now dare I show face
When my diction is such a disgrace

Oh what can I do
To be understood by you
Perhaps for some money
I could talk like a bee dripping honey.

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