

**MRS NAE OFFENCE**

by Gregor Steele

We cry her Mrs Nae Offence -  
That's whit she likes tae say,  
Afore sayin somethin awfie,  
Then heidin on her way.

“Nae offence, but see yon skirt ye bocht,  
It maks ye look gey fat”

“Nae offence, ye're like a standard lamp  
When ye wear yir new blue hat.”

“Nae offence, but see yir perfume,”

She whitters like a doo,

“It minds me o thae yellae cubes  
Ye get in a laddies' loo.”

“Nae offence, but see yir hairdo,

Ye must hae been a mug

Tae fork oot twenty quid for that -

Ye look like a Pekingese dug.”

It fell upon ma granny

Tae pit her in her place.

Gran skelped her wi a broolly, sayin,

”Nae offence, but shut yir face.”